TRUE STORIES OF THE AMERICAN WEST
DECEMBER 1973 60¢ PDC 58878-1

THE WEST

THE GOLD HOAX THAT SWINDLED SAN FRANCISCO!

The Heartwarming Story Of
THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH FROM 10-YEAR-OLD PRIVATE TO MAJOR GENERAL!

THE PONY EXPRESS BEATS THE U.S. POSTAL SERVICE— BY 22 HOURS!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

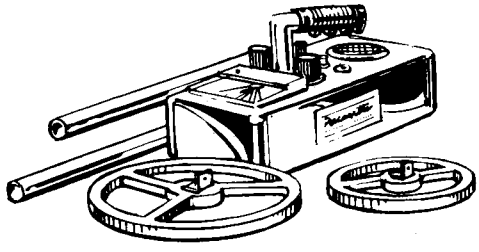
Come with Relco . . . to Uncover Treasures Lost for Centuries . . . With a RELCO METAL-MINERAL DETECTOR

All Relco detectors will detect buried gold, silver, coins, ancient firearms treasures, valuable minerals, etc. They are extremely sensitive and accurate.

Relco detectors are manufactured under carefully controlled conditions using the latest space-age equipment and technology. Kits and assembled models available. Our staff of over 100 highly skilled engineers, technicians and other personnel are trained to see that our customers receive the finest equipment and services available. In most cases you will receive same-day service when you order from Relco. You can charge your Relco detector to any approved credit card. Financing is also available.

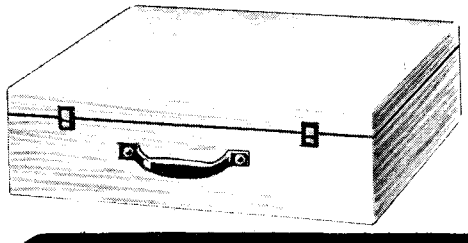
ALL MODELS HAVE THESE SUPERIOR PROFESSIONAL FEATURES

- ★ Fully transistorized for maximum performance.
- ★ Powered by low-cost batteries available wherever batteries are sold.
- ★ Works through earth, water, mud, rocks, vegetation, etc. Excellent near salt water.
- ★ Lightweight, easy to carry.
- ★ Extremely easy to operate.
- ★ Handsome styling for pride of ownership.



DISASSEMBLES FOR EASY TRANSPORTATION OR STORAGE

Sectional exploring stem and exploring head detaches in a jiffy for convenience of transportation or storage.



PROTECTIVE CARRYING CASE FOR YOUR DETECTOR

Sturdy carrying cases custom designed for each model are optional.

FREE Write for free catalog and unusual souvenir coin

RELCO, Dept. D-238
P. O. Box 10839
Houston, Texas 77018

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

USES POWERFUL EXPLORING HEADS . . .

$19.95 TO $198.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

0919 **THE STORY OF ROY BEAN: Law West of the Pecos** By C. L. Sonnichsen. Biog. of the crafty entrepreneur whose first shingle read: "Justice of the peace, notary public, ice-cold beer." He collected his own press clippings as he created his legend. (Pub. ed. $5.95)

7005 **WAR CRIES ON HORSEBACK** By Stephen Longstreet. Vivid history of the Indian Wars of the Great Plains and the leading chiefs — including Sioux Chief Rain-in-the-Face (above), who is supposed to have personally killed Custer. Illus. (Pub. ed. $7.95)

1040 **THE WILD BUNCH AT ROBBERS ROOST** By Pearl Baker. True history and lore of Butch Cassidy's Utah stamping ground, and of famous "Wild Bunch" gang of bank and train robbers, including Harry Longabaugh (above), The Sundance Kid. Illus. (Pub. ed. $6.95)

7302 **THE GUNFIGHTER: Man or Myth?** By Joseph R. Rosa. The truth about Earp, Hickok, Masterson, and dozens of others, some still famous, some not — including Rowdy Joe Lowe (above), Wichita saloonkeeper who ruled his bar with a gun. Illus. (Pub. ed. $5.95)

The men, not the myths.

Not the way they look in the movies?

That's not surprising. Not much of the real West was the way it usually looks in the movies or on TV. But when you meet real men like these, you know that the West as it actually was tops any screenplay for excitement and fascination.

The Western Writers of America is the *only* book club that brings you this West, month after month.

Here's how WWA membership works:

1. Upon acceptance of your application (coupon below), you become a member of The Western Writers of America Book Club. *Every* book the club offers will be endorsed by the WWA, the association of the country's leading Western writers.

2. If not completely satisfied with the 4 books that make up your introductory package, you may return them within 10 days. Membership will be cancelled and you will owe nothing.

3. If you keep your introductory package (for which you will be billed just 10¢ plus shipping and handling), you will receive a free copy of *Spurs*, the WWA bulletin, about every 4 weeks (14 times a year).

4. Each issue of *Spurs* announces the forthcoming two Featured Selections and a variety of Alternate Choices. If you want the Featured Selections, you do nothing, and they are automatically sent to you. Most Selections are priced at just $1.69. Extra-value Selections are more — but always at big discounts off publishers' prices.

5. If you do not want a Selection, want an *Alternate*, or *if you want no books at all*, you simply fill out the enclosed form accordingly and mail it back so that we receive it by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

6. The date specified will give you at least 10 days to decide if you want the Featured Selections. If through delays you have *less* than 10 days to make your decision, and thus get unwanted books, you simply return them at *our* expense.

7. During the first year of your membership, you agree to buy 4 more books, choosing from literally hundreds of the best current books in the Western field. After 4 purchases, you may resign at any time.

Meet all 4 for 10¢ with membership

(Any 4 books for 10¢ with membership)

2147 **ROAD AGENTS AND TRAIN ROBBERS** By Harry Sinclair Drago. Documented true saga of 50 years of outlaw life. (Pub. ed., $7.50)

2139 **THE COWBOY AND THE COSSACK** By Clair Huffaker. Epic bestseller of American cowboys in Siberia. (Pub. ed., $7.95)

7773 **CHIRICAHUA** By Will Henry. "First-rate . . . Filled with savage and beautiful Apache lore." — Publishers Weekly. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

0901 **JORY** By Milton R. Bass. 15-year-old gunslinger. Extraordinary . . . tops 'True Grit'." Worcester Telegram. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

8136 **SOME MORE HORSE TRADIN'** By Ben K. Green. 15 of Doc's irresistible yarns. (Pub. ed., $6.95)

3251 **CHEYENNE GOLD** By Max Brand. Authentic, action-filled — one of his best. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

0992 **THE COWBOYS** By William Dale Jennings. Wayne film and a best-seller. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

2014 **THE BEAR PAW HORSES** By Will Henry. Desperate Sioux attempt to get herd of stolen horses. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

0794 **TRAILS PLOWED UNDER** By Charles M. Russell. Stories, color paintings, drawings by famous cowboy-artist. (Pub. ed., $9.95)

0885 **OUT OF THE OLD ROCK** By J. Frank Dobie. Vivid portraits of western old-timers by the Southwest's best-loved storyteller. (Pub. ed., $6.95)

1081 **BUNKHOUSE PAPERS** By John Upton Terrell. True reminiscences of pre-WWI life as cowboy. (Pub. ed., $6.95)

0869 **GREAT STORIES OF THE WEST** Ed. by Ned Collier. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

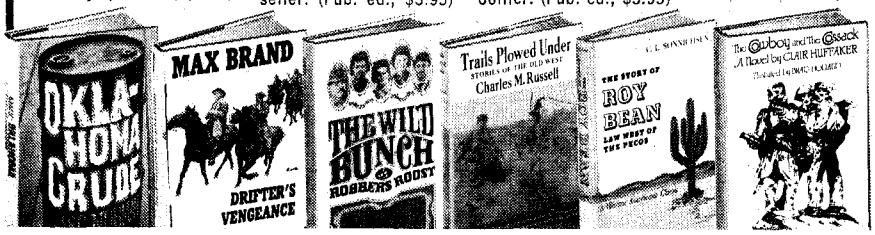
2071 **THIEF HUNT** By William O. Turner. Ancient Cherokee robe sends patrol on date with death. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

8672 **OKLAHOMA CRUDE** By Marc Norman. Oil field adventure. Big bestseller, movie. (Pub. ed., $6.95)

8839 **CRIMSONED PRAIRIE** By S. L. A. Marshall. Top military historian on Indian Plain Wars. "A masterpiece" — Cornelius Ryan. (Pub. ed., $8.95)

2006 **DRIFTER'S VENGEANCE** By Max Brand. Stranger in hostile town is marked for murder. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

2022 **THE CHILD STEALERS** By Fred Grove. Cavalry vs. renegade kidnap band. (Pub. ed., $4.95)



THE WESTERN WRITERS OF AMERICA

Dept. DL764,
Garden City, New York 11530

Please accept my application for membership in The Western Writers of America Book Club. I agree to all the terms and conditions of membership presented on this page and will purchase 4 books in the coming year. Send me the 4 books whose numbers I have written in the boxes below. Bill me only 10¢ plus shipping and handling.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

The Western Writers of America offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses—thus ensuring that members get the biggest possible discounts off publishers' prices.

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.

8-WW-6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

DECEMBER 1973 VOLUME 17, NUMBER 5

IN THIS ISSUE

6 OLD TIMER'S CORNER

8 THE MAIL POUCH

9 ROUNDUP TIME

10 HO-TAH-MOIE—ROARING THUNDER

12 BUCKSKIN DERBY

16 EMMA NEVADA, THE COMSTOCK NIGHTINGALE

18 THE HIRED GIRL

22 OUTLAW TURNED HERO

24 PIONEER DAYS IN KANSAS

28 THE PONY EXPRESS BEATS THE U.S. POSTAL SERVICE—BY 22 HOURS

30 A LINK IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN

COVER STORY

34 THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH

36 THE GOLD HOAX THAT SWINDLED SAN FRANCISCO

39 THE CRUEL DOCTOR WHO PLUNDERED THE WEST

65 PEN PALS

STANLEY WESTON
Publisher and Executive Editor

STEVE ENDE
Editor

ROBERT J. THORNTON
Managing Editor

JEFFREY SUPER
BILL APTER
Associate Editors

CHARLES SARGENT
Chief, Production

HUBERT PATRICK
MICHAEL GRECO
JODY HOPE
Art Staff

THE WEST is published monthly by Stagecoach Publishing Co., Box 58, Rockville Centre, NY 11571. Single copy price 60¢; annual subscription rate $7. Not responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited articles or photographs, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing the proper amount of postage. No part of this magazine can be reproduced without written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. Printed in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLD COINS THAT ARE PART OF AMERICA'S PAST

The trend in numismatics for the past few years has been to collect type coins (instead of one of each date, you save one of each type). Before that, while everybody was collecting pennies and nickels, these old type coins were virtually ignored. Now everybody wants them and there just aren't enough to go around. Consequently, the value of these rare old coins has been skyrocketing. You think wheat-back cents, silver dimes, and buffalo nickels are rare? Well, when was the last time you saw a flying eagle cent, 3 cent nickel, or 20 cent piece in circulation? Think about it. These coins are truly scarce.

A word about grading; all our coins are graded strictly by Photograde. We grade on the conservative side and stand behind our coins and our customers 100%. Our Choice Uncirculated type coins are the finest available on today's market.

To answer our customers' many requests, this month we are running the prices of the minor (as well as the major) type coins. The time for buying these beautiful old coins is now! Start a type collection today and we will include with every order over $100 a free Dansco type album.

We have purchased a large hoard of Lincoln cents, Mercury Dimes and Walking Liberty half dollars. We are offering these coins in bags which for the most part have not been sorted for better dates. We also have sorted a portion of the hoard and can offer a specific number of different dates at a very reasonable price. Check the lots below for some fantastic bargains!

LINCOLN CENTS

Lot 1. 100 mixed before 1940 ..... $3.95
Lot 2. 100 mixed before 1930 ..... 4.95
Lot 3. 100 mixed before 1920 ..... 5.95
Lot 4. 300 mixed (1, 2 & 3 combined) 13.95
Lot 5. 3000 mixed (10 times lot 4) 135.00
Lot 6. 101 mixed S-mints before 1940 (guaranteed at least one 1910-S) 12.95
Lot 7. 1910S, 11-S, 12-S, 13-S, 14-S & 15-S one of each in at least good 24.50

BUFFALO NICKELS

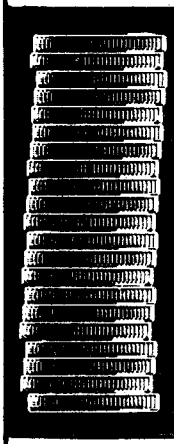
Lot 8. 100 mixed, all with full dates, at least one 1931-S 19.95
Lot 9. 255 mixed, all with full dates, at least one 1923-S, 25-S, 26-S, 27-S & 31-S 39.95

MERCURY DIMES

Lot 10. 25 different dates 6.95
Lot 11. 35 different dates 8.95
Lot 12. 50 different dates 13.95
Lot 13. 74 different dates 37.50
Lot 14. 1916-S thru 1945-S one of each S-mint 17.50
Lot 15. 100 mixed dates before 1940 ..... 22.50

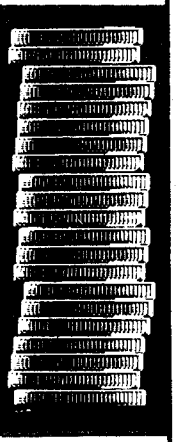
WALKING LIBERTY HALVES

Lot 16. 100 mixed dates 105.00
Lot 17. 100 mixed dates before 1940 ..... 115.00
Lot 18. One of each S-mint 1918 thru 1946 all in at least Good cond. 34.50
Lot 19. Complete set 1940-1947 all in at least Good condition 29.95



INVESTOR SPECIALS

Original roll of Brilliant Uncirculated 1955-S Lincolns $12.95
10 rolls for 124.50
100 rolls for 1195.00
1961, 1962 & 1963 Proof Sets
10 of each for 124.50
100 of each for 1215.50
1964 Proof Sets with the only silver Kennedy Proof half ever minted.
10 sets for 49.50
100 sets for 485.00
1968, 69, 70, 71 & 72 Proof Sets
1 of each 31.50
10 of each 305.00
Brilliant Uncirculated Roll of 1938-D Buffalo nickels 195.00
10 rolls for 1850.00



ATTENTION INVESTORS GOLD, SILVER or SILVER DOLLARS

We buy and sell bulk gold, silver and silver dollars. Call us for up to the minute market quotes.

CHOICE PROOF SETS

1950	112.50	1960	5.75
1951	89.50	1961	4.50
1952	54.50	1962	4.50
1953	42.50	1963	4.50
1954	17.50	1964	5.50
1955	23.50	1968-S	5.50
1956	9.50	1969-S	5.25
1957	6.75	1970-S	9.95
1958	11.50	1971-S	6.25
1959	6.50	1972-S	6.25

	Good	Fine	Ex-Fine	Choice Unc.
HALF CENTS				
1800-1808 Draped Bust	14.50	19.50	47.50	POR
1809-1835 Classic Head	12.50	14.50	24.50	275.00
1840-1857 Braided Hair	14.50	17.50	29.50	275.00
LARGE CENTS				
1796-1807 Draped Bust	12.50	24.50	125.00	POR
1808-1814 Classic Head	14.50	47.50	145.00	POR
1816-1839 Coronet Head	3.75	4.75	17.50	325.00
1840-1857 Braided Hair	3.50	4.25	12.50	275.00
Flying Eagle 1857-1858	5.50	8.50	32.50	295.00
2 Cent Piece 1864-1872	3.50	5.00	14.50	89.50
3 Cent Nickel 1865-1889	2.75	3.50	6.75	42.50
THREE CENT SILVER				
Type 1 1851-1853	5.95	12.50	24.50	125.00
Type 2 1854-1858	7.95	17.50	57.50	475.00
Type 3 1859-1873	10.95	17.50	39.50	125.00
HALF DIMES				
1829-1837 Capped Bust	9.50	14.50	29.50	245.00
1840-1859 Seated	3.50	4.50	13.50	99.50
1853-1855 with arrows	3.75	4.95	17.50	195.00
1860-1873 Seated	3.25	4.50	12.50	94.50
SHIELD NICKEL w/rays	5.95	12.50	47.50	195.00
without rays	4.50	6.50	14.50	72.50
DIMES				
1809-1837 Capped Bust	7.50	9.50	49.50	750.00
1839-1860 Seated	3.50	4.50	13.50	99.50
1853-1855 with arrows	3.95	5.50	17.50	295.00
1860-1891 Seated	3.25	4.25	12.50	94.50
1873-1874 with arrows	9.95	17.50	57.50	395.00
1892-1916 Barber	—	—	7.50	64.50
20 CENT PIECE				
1875-1878	19.95	34.50	79.50	475.00
QUARTERS				
1815-1828 Large Bust	27.50	39.50	195.00	1950.00
1831-1838 Small Bust	19.50	27.50	79.50	1450.00
1840-1865 Seated	5.25	6.50	17.50	295.00
1853 Arrows & Rays	6.50	12.50	49.50	850.00
1854-1855 Arrows	5.25	7.50	27.50	495.00
1866-1891 Seated	5.25	6.50	16.50	275.00
1873-1874 Arrows	17.50	24.50	67.50	425.00
1892-1916 Barber	—	—	24.50	195.00
HALF DOLLARS				
1807-1836 Capped Bust	11.95	15.50	24.50	350.00
1836-1838 Reeded Edge	14.50	27.50	62.50	550.00
1840-1865 Seated	5.95	12.50	27.50	350.00
1853 Arrows & Rays	12.50	27.50	250.00	1750.00
1854-1855 Arrows	6.50	17.50	34.50	495.00
1866-1891 Seated	5.95	12.50	24.50	345.00
1892-1915 Barber	—	—	42.50	350.00
DOLLARS				
1840-1865 Seated	39.95	57.50	94.50	595.00
1866-1873 Seated	37.50	52.50	84.50	495.00
1873-1885 Trade	29.95	37.50	59.50	295.00

MASSIVE BUYING CAMPAIGN

We are in desperate need of coins to fill our retail orders. We must spend $10,000.00 a week in order to keep our customers happy. If you have any coins for sale, please consider that we are in a position to offer you absolute top dollar for your collection.

You can ship your coins to us with your asking price, if agreeable we will mail you a cahier's check the same day we receive your coins. If not we will return your coins and, of course, we will pay the postage.

We are earnest buyers of all collections, accumulations, and dealers stock. Rare or Common, No collection is too big or too small. If your holdings warrant it, we can have a man in your city within 24 hours.

WRITE! SHIP! CALL! WE NEED COINS!

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
FULL 10 DAY RETURN PRIVILEGE

DAVID HALL NUMISMATIC ENTERPRISES

13841-WM West Street · Garden Grove, California 92643
All orders under $15 please add 75¢ postage and handling.
California residents please add sales tax.
(714) 536-7474

ANA ANA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD TIMERS CORNER

By Bill Salisbury

PORCUPINE QUILLS

THIS IS SOMETHING I think every person who has animals and lives anywhere near where they are apt to come in contact with a porcupine should know.

We were on a little farm near Hayden, Colorado, consisting of some very hilly ground we used for pasture for our horses and a few milk cows. At the same time we raised potatoes and oats on the little bit of flat land in the bottoms. There was very little water available except by well. This was in the '30's and it was nearly impossible to finance for a deep well and a pump and at that time there was no electricity in a lot of that farm country.

As we made a living for our family by selling sweet cream run through a cream seperator and by what few potatoes we could sell, we were pretty careful of our cows.

One day I had to be away for a time on business. My wife was left with the tending and milking of the cows.

We had among those milk cows one delicate little Jersey that was as perfect in all ways as an artist's picture. My wife went to bring the cows in one evening when lo and behold she noticed that the little Jersey had her nose completely covered with quills.

Not having had to take care of a thing like this before (although she had seen me pull them out with a pair of pliers noting the pain etc. that went with it) and being alone, she racked her brain to think of something that would maybe help ease the pain.

After putting the cows in the barn and fastening each in their stancions, she went to the house after milk pails and started to look through the medicine cabinet to see what she could find to put on poor Jersey cow to ease the pain while she wielded the pliers. In the process she noted a box of baking soda. So, taking a container of water and the pliers plus the soda, she trod out to the barn.

She proceeded to sprinkle those quills with water and dust them with soda. She later said, "I couldn't believe what I saw. Those quills just wilted. And I pulled them out without pliers and apparently without pain to the cow."

This to me was hard to believe as the quills are normally as stiff as wire and are laden on the tips with hair-like barbs that cause them to really cling to the flesh. But later on, when my dog got them in his nose, I tried it and it really worked!

Years later I took my wife and children on a fishing trip way back in the hills at what is known as Groundhog Lake. We naturally took camping equipment as we meant to stay several days.

The second day we were there a fellow camper from the other side of the lake came over to see us. After greetings and how has fishing been, he asked me, "Do you have a gun in camp?"

I laughed and said no, because I thought fishing was the only season open at the present time.

He said, "No, I want to kill a couple of dogs."

I said, "Whoa, you could get in trouble getting rid of someone's dog."

"The dogs are my own," he added, "and are pretty good dogs. They are setters with a pretty good pedigree but I've got to dispose of them as they got mixed up with a porcupine."

I told him, "Well this is no bother. We'll just pull the quills and they'll be okay."

He said, "Man are you crazy? They are my dogs and are well trained and mind as good as any man's dogs but they will not let me even touch those quills. And besides, they don't only have them in their noses, but their mouths are full!"

"Cool down man. Will you let me at least try?" I said.

So he agreed he'd let me try but he remained rather skeptical about it and looked at me as if I was a little bit teched.

Well I got the trusty package of soda and we took off for the walk to his camp. When we arrived and I saw those two dogs and how desperate they acted I became a little doubtful myself. Anyway, I got him to hold one of them while I mixed some soda and water and made a thin, creamy paste. Then I applied it to the quills on the dog's nose. As the quills wilted I picked them off and, lo and behold, the dog hardly whimpered and, of all things, didn't snap at me even once.

Well, when I got all quills from her nose, I pried open her mouth. Brother I nearly fainted. It was full, roof, jaws and tongue.

But I took the paste on my fingers and applied it to the inside of the mouth with quite a little struggle and several times nearly giving up. But pride and sympathy wouldn't let me quit.

Anyway, when the soda finally went to work she let me hold her mouth open with one hand while I literally swept the quills out with the other. After finishing the task with one, naturally I got those from the other who was in equally as much trouble.

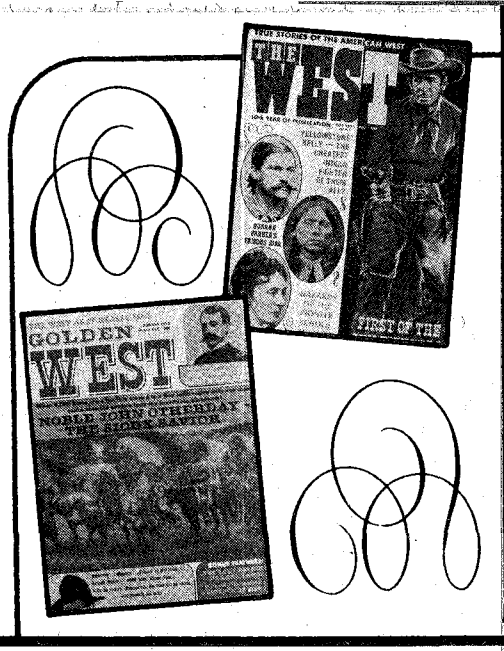
Needless to say, the owner of the dogs was very happy as well as amazed at the project. Then he asked me, "Sir, are you a veterinarian?"

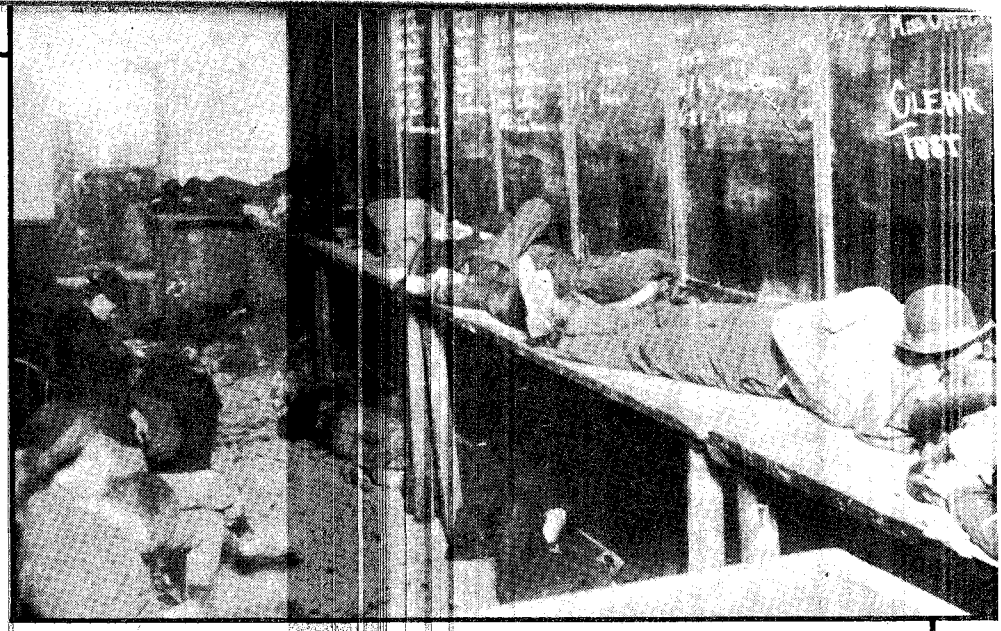
I said, "No, just a plain old hillbilly."

He said, "Did you ever think of

(Continued on page 66)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





OUR EAGER STAFF
IS ANXIOUS TO SERVE YOU

DON'T WORRY ABOUT RAIN, SNOW, HAIL OR BLAZING SUN. THEY DON'T. THESE CHARACTERS WILL SOMEHOW MAKE SURE THAT ALL YOUR COPIES OF THE WEST AND GOLDEN WEST REACH YOUR MAILBOX ON TIME, MONTH AFTER MONTH. WE LIKE THE IDEA BECAUSE IT WILL AT LEAST GET THEM OUT OF THE OFFICE FOR A LITTLE WHILE. SO HELP US PUT THESE GOLDBRICKS TO WORK BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE BEST DARNED MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION YOU'VE EVER SEEN. AND YOU'LL BE SAVING MONEY, TOO! SO KEEP OUR EAGER STAFF ON ITS TOES BY FILLING OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR ONLY $12, AND MAIL TODAY. THEN GET OUT OF THE WAY AND LET OUR BOYS GET TO WORK!

Just think, not only will you be saving $2 over the regular newsstand price, you'll receive, and have delivered right to your mailbox—in a weatherproof, plastic bag, a total of 24 big, exciting issues packed with the best stories and exclusive pictures which will help you become a part of the Old West As It Really Was. Our dramatic, true-to-life story layouts will actually make you feel like you're riding alongside ol' Jesse James or Wyatt Earp, depending, of course, which side of the law you cotton to. Take your choice, pardner.

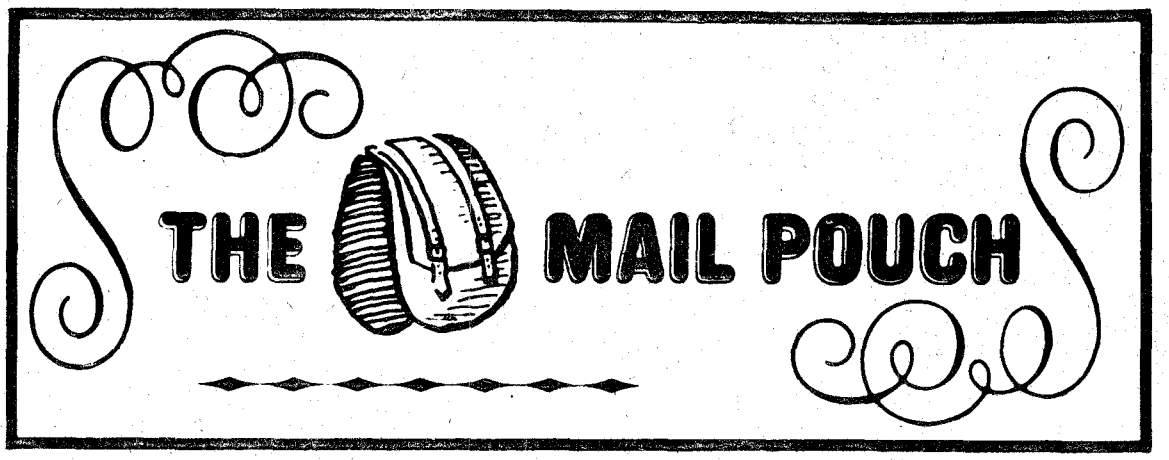
STAGECOACH PUBLISHING CO.
BOX 58
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, NEW YORK 11571

24 BIG, EXCITING ISSUES FOR ONLY $12

Please enter my combination subscription to both THE WEST and GOLDEN WEST. I will receive a total of 24 issues (12 of each magazine), two different issues every month for the next 12 months. I am enclosing $12 as payment in full ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ other.

YOUR NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____
(Please Print or Type)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



INDIAN SYMPATHIZER

After reading the letter from Cherokee June Cash, I was very much in sympathy with the Indian people. I am not of Indian blood, but have lived among them and have lots of treasured Indian friends as well as a son in law who is half Apache. When I lived in Oklahoma my neighbors and pastor were Indian people. I would like to hear from any Indians who would take time to write. I am semi-retired and still do a little private nursing. But mostly I do quilting and handwork at home. I would especially love to hear from someone at Wounded Knee since I kept up with all that went on there, and am on the Indians' side. So let me hear from you.

VERDEL SEWARD
Wickett, Texas

Editor's Note: Readers interested in hearing from other readers should write "Penpals" in care of this magazine.

GUN ALWAYS LOADED

In reference to the story about scalping and beheading in the September 1973 GOLDEN WEST, the author has the impression that not much scalping was done by Indian tribes of the east coast regions. A little research would reveal scalping was quite common by Indians of the east during the period when such well known frontiersmen as Davey Crockett, Lew Wetzel and Daniel Boone lived there.

Although Crockett spent a lot of time in the west and southwest, he grew up in the east or southeast. And it seems strange that so much has been written about many frontiersmen, but very little about Wetzel. He was one of the few frontiersmen who learned to reload his gun "on the run" and this saved his life and his scalp many times. Many an unfortunate Indian discovered this too late and never lived to tell about it. Eventually the bad news about this reloading trick became known to many Indian tribes and they called him "Death Wind" or "Him with Gun Always Loaded." While out hunting Wetzel was taken prisoner by the Confederate Army during the Civil War and sent to Andersonville Prison as a suspected spy for the Union Army. Eventually he was released, but the long imprisonment broke his health. He died while still a young man.

W. THAYER
Wenatchee, Washington

REAR FIRST, MY FOOT!

I think if James Hines, who writes Cow Country Quiz, would go back out on the farm or ranch, he would find his answer to quiz question 3 in October's GOLDEN WEST is wrong. A horse always gets up on its front feet first and a cow gets up on its rear legs first. I'd like to read more of these magazines and plan to buy more copies. They're very good.

GORDON MARINER
Lead, South Dakota

BARBED INFORMATION

Some information for Glenna Housek on that Kelly barbed wire. It may be obtained from Bill Powers in Scottsdale, Arizona. According to an article about barbed wire in the Arizona Highways magazine, Powers is a collector of old barbed wire. The article states that Michael Kelly's thorney fence barbed wire was patented on February 11, 1868. Powers could probably tell her more about it than I could.

MRS. ROBERT ETTER
Trenton, Missouri

BIG FAMILY TREE

I have gathered records for years on my people and I have a family tree that is 18 feet by 15 feet. There are 8,226 people now in my files. These people had a colorful past. One was killed by Indians in the California Gold Rush. A family was captured by Indians. Two sons lived with Indians and never wanted to come back since they could no longer live like whites after being taken captive when children. All they could remember was the sister who had lost a finger. I have microfilm proof on this story.

But the best story is about my great grandfather, Isaac Borton. He was said to have rode with the Daltons. But I want more proof of this. He was born in New Jersey in 1835 and came west. He was a real ladies' man. For as the story goes he had six or seven wives, with children by five of them. He was a Quaker. But because of his many well talked about wrong doings he was disowned by the Quakers. His attitude, I gather, was "go to blue blazes... I'll do what I want."

He had children in Indiana and in Illinois. I have records of my great aunt Kiz born in Illinois in 1869. The next child born in Indiana was by a different wife in 1870. And my great aunt Julia was born in 1871 in Illinois by the same mother as great aunt Kiz. Isaac married in 1862 to Mary Swartz and in 1867 to Julia Ader Patch. I have these marriage certificates. Julia up and left Jewell County, Kansas in 1880.

He remarried in 1885 to a gal half his age, Henrietta Sabin. He was always in trouble from getting whiskey to Indians. But he himself was a half-breed. He got shot and,

(Continued on page 66)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROUND-UP TIME

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. How early was trade opened with the Mandan Indians of North Dakota by white men? H.L., Fremont, Nebr.

A. Jacques d'Eglise, ascending the Missouri River, met the Mandans in 1790 and traded with them. The previous year Juan Munier had made a treaty with the Poncas on the Niobrara River in northern Nebraska for exclusive trade. d'Eglise was later turned back by warlike Sioux and Aricaras, but by 1794 the Missouri Company was formed and dealt with the Aricaras. By 1831 the American Fur Company was using steamers on the Missouri River and the fur trade began to truly flourish.

Q. When did the cattle industry in Montana begin to assume its importance? What brought it about? H.G., Williston, N.D.

A. Though the beef industry was an important factor in Montana during the early mining years, it did not compare with mining as a money-producer until after 1865-'66. In that period mining reached its peak ($18,000,000 in 1865) then began to decline. Many ex-miners, and much capital from mining, started to pour into the cattle industry, the nutritious grasses of the state assuring livestock men a good future. By 1880 the Montana census showed nearly 500,000 head of cattle on the range. By that time mining had assumed much less importance. The influx of settlers caused a large demand for beef, and cattle were then being shipped to market.

Q. What single factor, in your judgment, gave to the cowboy his flair that has brought him immortality in western literature? I.S.M., Cheyenne, Wyo.

A. The fact that he was mounted on a horse, mobile.

Q. Why was the Spokane, Washington, region so important to the Indians? H.A., Ada, Ohio.

A. The falls on the Spokane River halted the salmon and made them available to the Spokane Indians.

Q. Why are the American Indians causing so much trouble, seizing buildings (Alcatraz) making demands upon the Bureau of Indian Affairs? F.O'R., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. Indians have many old grievances to settle with the U.S. They are now making their demands for changes in policy of the BIA. For example, the BIA budget of $500 million must pay for an army of 50,000 mostly whites to "administer" to the 600,000 Indians on reservations. Indian income ($1500 per year *per family*) is the lowest for any group in the U.S. Unemployment among Indians is ten times the national average. Indians have never felt they have received justice under our flag, nor have they been paid in full for the hundreds of millions of acres of land seized *from them*. Their basic demand is that Indians be permitted to administer their own affairs, that Indians be permitted to take their own place in our society, preserving the best of their old culture while at the same time pledging allegiance to the nation. Their problem is just another facet of the greater problem of *Change* that affects our country today.

Q. Was the American cowboy always the heroic figure he has been pictured in film, story and song? H.E., South Haven, Minn.

A. No. In the 1870's and 1880's journalists slandered his character, his work and his appearance. On June 30, 1882, the *Las Animas* (Colo.) *Leader*, a newspaper in the cattle country, rose to the cowboy's defense, stating: "There is a class of uninformed writers who make the word cowboy synonymous with all that is bad. Their day of influence, however, is passing."

The *Leader* spoke of the Cowboy's "manliness, fidelity, generosity and energy," qualities that all America came to appreciate and understand by the 1890's, by the time the genuine cowboy was disappearing from the American scene.

Q. What type of house did Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) live in as a youth at Hannibal, Missouri? U.L., Alvaton, Fla.

A. The home was a rather small, two-story frame affair with shuttered windows, but a nice home for its time. Today it occupies a place beside the larger Mark Twain Museum and is, I believe, a part of it. The board fence that "Tom Sawyer" persuaded his gang to pay him for whitewashing occupies the prominent lot next to the Clemens home. The home is in downtown Hannibal, Missouri, not far from the Mississippi River near which stands the large marker erected to Tom and his friend Huckleberry Finn.

Q. A friend from California tells me the temperatures in Death Valley range as high as 125 degrees. Can this be true? F.L., Bancroft, Ga.

A. Yes. The highest recorded temperature in the U.S. was 134 degrees Fahrenheit, reported July 10, 1913 at Death Valley.

Q. Was Butch Cassidy killed in South America as shown in a recent motion picture? J.G.H., Buffalo, Wyo.

A. Mrs. Lula Parker Betenson, his sister, who is now 86 and lives in a small town in Utah, says that Butch died a natural death at age 69 in the U.S.A. This was reported in a recent issue of *The Roundup*, official organ of the Western Writers of America, Inc.

Q. Why is there so much dope traffic and crime in the West today, when there was little of such in the old days? H.L.O., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. Don't you believe it! There was both crime and dope in the old days, too. The *Idaho Statesman*, Boise, Idaho, in 1876, carried the following: "Our city is becoming rotten to the core... There are too many lecherous loafers who live on the earnings of fallen women; too many hop (dope) fiends; too many yegg men and fakirs; too many saloon bums, and men of the never-sweat stripe. Crime in every form from murder down..." But why go on, sounds like any western city today, doesn't it?

Q. I have heard that many young Southerners fled to Mexico to escape the Civil War. Is this true? K.F., New Orleans, La.

A. Yes, particularly Texas men who were pro-Union. Also many German immigrants who hated slavery and militarism fled to Mexico.

Q. What sort of a horse is called a "stumpsucker?" M.D., Petersburg, N.D.

A. An animal that chews wood, such as its manger, stall or, in wooded areas, a tree branch or stump. Need for salt or other body chemicals is said to cause this. Also, nervous racing animals.

Q. What was the "Mother Hubbard" or "Mother Machree" style saddle? U.H., Rush Center, Ks.

A. F.A. Meanea, Cheyenne saddle maker, about 1890 made a saddle with a *mochilla* (similar to old Pony Express) built on to the saddle. It had saddle bags, and was quite ornate. Because of its long skirts cowboys called it a "Mother Machree." ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This rare picture shows Ho-Tah-Moie, Roaring Thunder, with his dogs.

Author's Photos

Pah-Se-To-Pah, the Keeper of Ho-Tah-Moie.

HO-TAH-MOIE,

by Olevia E. Myers

Even the strongest braves became pale from fear when the great hunter returned from the grave

HO-TAH-MOIE, Roaring Thunder, whom the "civilized world" called John Stink, became a living legend. His own people thought he was a lost soul, a wandering spirit who had returned from the happy hunting ground to wander among them and bring bad luck and curses upon his people. The white man, too, shunned Ho-Tah-Moie, John Stink.

Roaring Thunder was given the name John Stink by the Osage Agency because he was afflicted with the smelly, loathsome disease of Scrofula as a very young man. No amount of bathing in the clear rushing streams of his native Osage hills could erase that terrible odor.

Records made by an Indian trader and found at the old Grey Horse Trading Post, deep in the fastness of the rolling hills of the Osage Nation, tell us that Ho-Tah-Moie was born in Southern Kansas on the banks of the mighty Arkansas River and that his parents died when he was a small boy. Thereafter he was cared for by other members of the tribe. When Ho-Tah-Moie, or John Stink as we shall call him, was still quite young the Osages were moved to the Osage Nation in Indian Territory and here John grew to young manhood.

He was known as a great hunter and often brought in more game than many of his fellow hunters. An excellent horseman, he kept several of the lovely spotted ponies so well loved by the tribe. By the time he reached maturity when he fell heir to the most unending torture ever devised by white or red man, he had amassed considerable wealth in the eyes of his Osage brethren. He owned saddles, ponies, guns, knives, blankets, a lodge, tent, and many of the other things coveted by the simple Osages.

John also owned several hunting dogs and took great pride in caring for them, just as he did his ponies. His dogs were always well fed, fat but frisky, and worshipped their master.

John suddenly fell ill. The tribesmen gathered, and tenderly cared for him until at last the old medicine men sighed, gathered up their medicine bags and left the tent of death. Others came in and prepared the body for last rites. John was washed, wrapped in his favorite blanket and carried to the Hill of the Dead, some distance away. After a solemn ceremony of talking to the four winds, pointing and praying to the gods of earth and heaven, he was set up, knees under chin, with his arms wrapped around his knees. A rock cairn was erected around the body. Sadly his young companions walked back to camp from the Hill of the Dead, and many are the stories they told recounting the achievements of the brave and daring hunter, Ho-Tah-Moie. The faithful dogs whined about the rock cairn and that night they slept in a circle around it, whining softly and sometimes scratching at the rocks that imprisoned their beloved master.

As the sun rose on the second day, the people in the camp looked up to see what was causing the joyous barks of John's dogs. Even the strongest braves became pale with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fear and fled in terror to their lodges. Ho-Tah-Moie, Roaring Thunder, had returned from the grave. He was lost from the happy hunting ground where brave warriors went! He was a walking ghost! In vain John pleaded with them, explaining he was not a ghost. He was their friend and companion, returned from a deep sleep or trance. He had not died, after all.

They all fled in terror. When he tried to corner one of his companions, that brave begged with white, terror-stricken face:

"Leave us alone, Spirit of Ho-Tah-Moie, Roaring Thunder!"

With these words the hunter fled to the chiefs and medicine men to ask what they could do.

A gathering of the leaders of the great Tall-Chief Band, of which John was a member, was called in solemn conclave, It was finally decided that the only thing the tribe could do was to ignore the spirit of John Stink, act as if he was not there at all, and perhaps he would go seek his happy hunting grounds.

John went back to his lodge only to find that it was occupied by another. He looked for his spotted ponies and they, too, belonged to another, as did his guns, knives, saddles, and everything which he had formerly owned.

The trader tells in his notes, that at night John would curl up on a large flat rock near Grey Horse Trading Post and sleep the night through with his dogs about him. At dawn when he saw smoke arising from the chimney of the trading post he would come quietly, never knocking or making his presence known, and sit on the back step of the trading post waiting patiently for the trader to open the door and give him a large mug of hot, black coffee. He would drink down the scalding coffee and without a word head back for his lodge in the hills, his dogs beside him.

Several years after John had come back from the Hill of the Dead, a member of his Tall-Chief Band, Pah-Se-To-Pah, Boy Hunter of the Osage, one cold, stormy day in January of 1902, was returning to the camp when his horse shied away from a mound of snow in the trail. All Pah-Se-To-Pah's urgings failed to make the frightened pony cross the mound of drifted snow. Pah-Se-To-Pah at last dismounted and digging into the deep piled snow, he found an Indian wrapped head and foot in a blanket, apparently frozen to death.

Pah-Se-To-Pah tried to unwrap the frozen figure but the wet blanket was frozen so solidly to the man inside that he could not pull it away from the body, so at once he built up a big fire, He gathered great armfuls of wood,

ROARING THUNDER

All but his dogs—no one could claim them for they refused to accept any master but John. It was the tribal custom to divide up the possessions of any one who had died, so John turned away, realizing what had happened. The orders from the chiefs and medicine men were to ignore him, therefore John knew that never again would any of his people accept or recognize him. He was a dead man, a walking ghost! The warriors warned the young people to ignore him, no matter what, and the squaws frightened the children with threats that "The Walking Ghost" would get them if they were bad.

AFTER HANGING around the camp, which had been home to him for so many years, and which sheltered all the family he had ever known, John sorrowfully took his beloved flop-eared dogs and left. He went far back into the Blackjack covered hills, where he pitched a small lodge and took up a new life, alone, unwanted, and ignored by all. He was a ghost, a spirit to be shunned forevermore.

The trader at the little Grey Horse Trading Post felt sorry for John, and not believing in spirits and ghosts returning to bring evil, he occasionally talked to the Indian. John Stink had this one connection with the race of men for many long years. Because of the taboo of the Indians, the trader could not afford to let them know he was friendly with John; and when anyone was about, he also shunned the Walking Ghost.

Often John would come down out of the hills to get tobacco or bread from the trader, always bringing a prize fur or wild honey or perhaps a quarter of venison in exchange.

hurrying to heap them upon the burning pile. Quickly he would turn the frozen Indian first one way, then the other and soon the blanket was steaming. Pah-Se-To-Pah knew that if the Indian was not already dead, that heat was much needed, so he kept the fire going and the frozen man turning, until, after a long time, it seemed he saw the blanket move. Now he knew that he had restored the man to life. Hurrying over he pulled the thawed blanket away from the frost bitten, blackened face, to see—Ghost Man, One-Who-Seeks-the-Happy-Hunting-Ground, Ho-Tah-Moie, Roaring Thunder!

He fled in terror and confessed to the chiefs and the medicine men what he had done.

Pah-Se-To-Pah was a deaf mute. He had been born normal, but a fall from a pony into a deep ravine when he was very young had left him totally deaf, and from that day he could not speak. Boy Hunter, as he was called, developed a sign language of his own. His pantomime was so clear that white or red men could follow his flying fingers as he made them see what he was telling. Once more the chiefs and the medicine men met in solemn conclave. Pah-Se-To-Pah waited in stoic silence, knowing that the judgment of the chiefs must be carried out. He wondered what his punishment was to be for once again bringing the Ghost-Who-Walks back to haunt his people.

The conclave was over. The medicine men walked with bowed heads to their lodges. The chiefs drew silently around a small fire and summoned Pah-Se-To-Pah to them.

They told him: "Ho-Tah-Moie, Roaring Thunder, tried to return to his happy hunting ground. His ghost wanted to leave us in peace, but you *(Continued on page 46)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mountain Man Isaac Graham's love for fine horseflesh won him a fortune but also landed him in an early California dungeon when Don Jose Castro wagered against Ike's unbeatable gelding and made history in the Golden State

Illus.: Courtesy Harold's Club.

BUCKSKIN DERBY

by Ed Earl Repp

No Californio could fail to meet Graham's challenge for a horse race.

Illus.: Courtesy Calif. State Libr.

One of two known likenesses of James P. Beckwourth.

TALL, RAWBONED ISAAC GRAHAM stood high in the ranks of the Buckskin Brigade, that fraternity of tough, doughty plainsmen, mountain men, trappers and Indian fighters who were the first Caucasians to pioneer the West. He was one of the most daring, cunning, shrewd and crafty of all the restless breed that planted the American flag west of the Rocky Mountains and kept it there with the barrels of their Hawken rifles.

Ike Graham survived the Fur Trade in which the golden beaver was king and where the death rate among the trappers was no less than 70 percent. He lived for many years along the bloody frontiers from the Mississippi to the very edge of the Pacific, while many other men, just as skilled in self preservation, were arrowed, scalped and left stone dead or, in the parlance of the plains and mountains, *gone beaver.*

Like most of his contemporaries in the early 1800's, Ike Graham must have been part thug and part horse thief, and general all-around freebooter. Buckskin legion leaders like Ceran St. Vrain, Colonel William Bent, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Jed Smith, Hugh Glass, Jim Clyman, Old Greenwood, Captain Joseph Walker and "Bloody Arm" Jim Beckwourth, Chief of the Crows, bore ample witness to Ike Graham's stature as a man.

Graham had no particular hatred for the Indians. He fought them out of necessity to survive in a raw, untamed land where sudden, violent death lay on every quarter and was to be had or handed out as a matter of course. Behind every rise in the terrain, every rock large enough to cover a man or behind each lonely tree—a bow string could be held taut. At night time you laid out your soogans or bedroll and slept somewhere else! That is, if you were inclined to be among the living come sunup. Isaac Graham learned all the tricks of survival early. You slept with one ear to the ground to pick up the slightest vibrations, your finger on the trigger of your weapon, your every animal sense tuned into the darkness for unnatural sounds.

The plodding thump of buffalo hooves went unnoticed. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illus.: Courtesy Calif. State Libr.

Sketch of Isaac Graham mounted on race horse.

Illus.: Courtesy Calif. State Libr.

Graham's greatest enemy, Jose Castro.

quiet lapping of water by an antelope, a deer or a wolf meant that all was well and normal. The staccato throbbing of a horse's hooves brought the eyes of the sleeper open instantly, instinctively, his finger tightening on the trigger, his torso rising ever so slowly to enable a clearer long-range look.

It was claimed that an Indian could smell a paleface a mile away. In reverse the white man's nostrils twitched under Indian scent, but his sharp ears were seldom able to pick up the silent tread of a moccasin. If the rustling of a pebble or the crush of a dry leaf under a red foot was detected by Isaac Graham one night in Crow country, he was aroused too late to do anything about it except reach for his butcher knife. The flat side of a tomahawk relieved him of further concern. He went out like a light. Why the night-riding band of Crows hugging the Powder River didn't kill him outright he was never able to understand or explain.

When he awoke, however, he was tied like a dead antelope across his own saddle and approaching a wide expanse of Crow tepees looming in the purple haze of the prairie.

The Crow town was already awake. Smoke was rising from the tops of the tepees and Crow bucks were out stretching arms and legs in the keen air of the dawning day. Squaws were already at work with the morning meal and youngsters were chasing the half wild dogs about the camp, children and dogs yelping in unison. The taut leather thongs lacing his wrists and ankles beneath his horse were cutting deeply into Ike's flesh when he was roughly cut loose and dumped in front of a tepee standing alone at one side of the compound. At the same moment, flexing giant arms that rippled with corded and rope-like muscles, a towering figure emerged from the tepee.

He was Jim Beckwourth, a mulatto sub-chief of the Crows known as "Bloody Arm." For an instant Ike was overwhelmed by his size and the magnificent mold of his swarthy face.

Although he had never encountered him previously Ike Graham knew him at once by reputation. Jim Beckwourth had earned the name of "Bloody Arm" fighting the Blackfeet, the hated enemy of the Crows.

When he first rode into a Crow Village to take a Crow wife, he was welcomed with open arms. (He swore to the Great Manitou that he was a Crow by birth, stolen when a child, and traded into the white man's world. Now he had returned to his people.) The Crows believed him and he had led them into battle, defeating the Blackfeet. They made him a sub-chief.

It was lucky for Ike Graham that he was a captive of Jim Beckwourth's braves. Ike learned that he had been under surveillance for two days. But why hadn't they killed him? Beckwourth's thunderous laughter echoed through the village as they breakfasted in his tepee, his expressionless squaw replenishing their empty bowls with beaver tail mulligan.

"You-all got a fine horse, Marse Graham," said Beckwourth. "Some says he is a one-man horse. Me'n my boys want to see if he kin outrun our best pony. Iffen you was dead, nobody else could ride yore one-man horse. Wagh!"

"Wagh!" Ike was momentarily relieved. "My hoss kin outrun any hoss you got, kin get, or kin dream about, Beckwourth. What's the stakes?"

Beckwourth scrutinized him closely for an instant as if weighing his worth as a man.

"The stakes, Marse Graham," he said simply, "is yore life an' yore sculp. I might be a sub-chief uh the Crows here, but I ain't the top dog. Bull Hump over yonder hain't got no love fer the white eyes. But he jist loves fine horseflesh liken yore's. I'm thinkin'—and it is only a thought—Bull Hump will turn ye loose iffen yore horse kin beat his best pony."

"What about my gelding?" Graham put forth. "Kin I keep him?"

"Wagh!" said Beckwourth, grunting like a true Indian. "No matter what the white eyes says about Bull Hump, he is a good loser an' sport. 'Sides, yore gelding ain't no good for breedin', an' bein' a one-man critter, he ain't no good fer nobody but you."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illus.: Courtesy Harold's Club.

Graham raced fine horses in California frontier towns and won.

Ike Graham won the race against Bull Hump's prize pony, (known today as an Appaloosa, a long-legged, beautifully marked mare that few quarter horses could now outrun.) Bull Hump was so impressed with Ike's riding ability that he gave him his freedom along with the gelding.

Jim Beckwourth, evidently tired of Crow living, packed his possibles and rode out of the village side-by-side with Graham. After a day's ride they separated. Beckwourth went eastward to join the white man's war against the Seminoles. Ike Graham headed westward toward California.

Isaac Graham, with a Tennesseean's traditional old southern love for fine horses, rode his gelding in a straight line course for the Sierra Nevada Mountain barrier. The gelding was the fastest horse he had ever seen. The great gelding had won the admiration of the Crows as it had done wherever horse-wise men of any breed gathered and beheld him. It had everything expected in a horse of fine breeding.

Ike rode him over the Sierras. His years of trapping were done. He wished to settle down, race his horse and raise others like him. He knew, from a previous visit, that the Californios around the Mission San Juan had ample breeding stock, but somehow lacked the knowledge of selective mating he had learned in Tennessee. The first thing he did on arriving at Mission San Juan was to challenge the best horses—the past sure winners—in the region.

Few Spaniards at that time could ignore such a challenge. All or most of them had fine horses among their rancho remudas and were eager for a chance to test the bragging Gringo's claims that his gelding could outrun anything on four legs. They thought him an utter fool. Of course California had the best of everything, including horses. Californios did not know the Graham gelding, but one look at him caused breaths to be held in admiration. Nevertheless, this gelding had to be beaten!

It was an unlucky day for the Californios, including Don Jose Castro, the shrewd, self-aggrandizing politician, cursed with an itchy palm and an insatiable desire for power, when the Isaac Graham Buckskin Derby was set. The best racing horses from as far away as San Fernando were brought in for the gala occasion.

Ike Graham's gelding won hands down. Castro found himself financially in debt to the despised Gringo. So did many another ranchero. With his golden winnings Graham built a distillery and produced some of the finest brandy the Californios had ever sniffed and swizzled. Fame and fortune were at hand for Mountain Man Isaac Graham. Combining skill with true southern acumen, his gin mill and horse racing were immediate successes. He bought a rancho and began breeding long-legged race horses, and from his stables came some of the finest quarter horses produced in California. They matched the excellent quality of his superb brandy.

The Ike Graham Derby became a yearly event. Each spring he promoted horse races with some of the finest mounts available in competition. No self-respecting Californio could evade the Gringo's challenges. Yet Ike's champion gelding won over them all. In consequence he incurred the enmity of many a charro and grandee ranchero. Hot Latin blood flared in jealous resentment and precipitated serious developments that came close to taking the lives of Graham himself and some 160 other Americanos whose presence in Spanish California was deeply resented. Graham's constant winning of the horse racing derbies did not alleviate burning tempers. Instead it aggravated them. There came a time, then, as a result of trumped up or imaginary infractions, when Graham and his fellow Gringoes were thrown into a filthy Spanish prison in Monterey. Graham was accused, falsely or not, of fostering a rebellion against the Spanish regime in an attempt to gain control of California. The keys to his prison were virtually thrown away when he was tossed into it.

The filth, privation and squalor would have killed him and the other unfortunates had it not been for the timely arrival in Monterey Bay of the sailing ship, *Don Quixote*, on April 18, 1840. Author J.T. Farnum was aboard that ship. His accounts of Graham's travail and the predicament of the others have been termed both fact and fiction. In either event it reveals that bribery was so rampant in early California politics that a fair trial for the prisoners was well nigh impossible.

One General Echeandia was the Commandante, at that time, of Northern California. Juan Batiste Alvarado was clerk in the customs office at Monterey. His palm always itched, according to Farnum, and he exacted such high "penalties" from visiting ships that it became known he was enriching himself with sizeable shares of the charges. Evidently he failed to divide his illegal profits with the General. Echeandia ordered his arrest!

In panic Alvarado fled and managed somehow to contact Ike Graham for advice and help. Graham had a plan—after learning of the ship's presence in the harbor. Alvarado bribed his way into the prison—and out—and following Graham's instructions, made his way to the decks of the *Don Quixote*. Just what flag the ship sailed under is not told definitely in Farnum's accounts, but most of the crew were Americans.

Alvarado presented Graham's plan to the ship's officers. It was a dangerous gamble and could have resulted in the execution of the participants as well as Graham and the 160 Gringoes. It was decided that an unidentified officer of the ship was to go ashore in full impressive naval admiral's uniform of the United States Navy or a close facsimile, and bulldoze Echeandia into releasing the imprisoned Americanos.

Speculation has prevailed for over a hundred years as to just who the unidentified "Admiral" actually was. Such an adventure by an officer of the United States Navy in a foreign land against a foreign government might have caused dire repercussions. In that light it has been assumed by many historians that author Farnum volunteered and was chosen to act as the would-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illus.: Courtesy Calif. State Libr.

be savior of the captive Americans. In any event the "Admiral" and some well-presented hints of turning the ship's cannon on Monterey's government buildings so over-awed General Echeandia that he caved in promptly and ordered the release of Graham and the other Americanos.

Possibly a bag of gold pesos changed hands along the line for the General was known to be steeped in wholesale bribery and the misuse of public funds, according to Farnum.

Once out of prison Graham wasted no time. Many of the Californios, including the powerful Jose Castro, hated him, because they were in deep financial debt to him as a result of racing losses. Efforts would again be made to put him out of circulation. Ike called together every American he could find. Most of them had been mountain men members of the doughty buckskin legion of trappers, Indian fighters, scouts and just plain mercenaries. The Californios called them "The Los Rifleros Americanos."

With their help Graham promptly overturned General Echeandia's regime and established Alvarado as Governor of "The Independent Republic of California." Graham protected his friend and benefactor and saw that Alvarado received the approval of Mexico. Then he returned in triumph to his horse racing and distillery. While Ike raced his finest horses and placed many more of California's *gente fina* aristocracy in debt to him, John A. Sutter was allowed to construct his fort at New Helvetia, now Sacramento. It became the key factor in the approaching struggle for American supremacy.

The lanky Tennesseean's fortunes prospered—and so did the hatred for him. He bought fine estates in various parts of California and became a wealthy man. Farnum's journals offer graphic accounts of Graham's *(Continued on page 50)*

Manuel Micheltorena became California's governor.

Author's Coll.

Graham had in common with most Californios great love of good horses.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Emma Nevada

THE COMSTOCK NIGHTINGALE

Born and raised in the Old West, this fabulous personality went on to become world famous, the toast of two continents

by Louise Cheney

Nell Murbarger Collection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN AN ERA and a land of fabulous personalities, she was unmatched in her field. Her rise to success was spectacular. Young, beautiful, gifted and dynamic, she became the the toast of two continents, the favorite of Queen Victoria and rose to immortal fame while still in her twenties. Born in an obscure mining camp in the California diggings and reared in Nevada, she took as a professional cognomen, the name of her beloved adopted state.

She was Emma Wixom, one of the most famous opera singers of her time. On the stage she was known as the great Emma Nevada. Virginia City, the booming silver town, conferred upon her the title, the Comstock Nightingale. Proud Austin, Nevada, her home town, labeled her the Sagebrush Linnet.

Emma's entire life was kaleidoscopic. She was born in the Alpha Diggings in Nevada County, California, Febuary 25, 1859. Her father, Dr. William Wallace Wixom, a graduate of the University of Michigan, had led the Michigan party through the plains to California in 1857. He helped found the town of Alpha in 1858. Soon after a fabulous vein of silver was discovered in Austin, Nevada, in 1864, he moved his family via ox-team over the Sierra to the new camp. A piano for his baby daughter came along with his household goods.

Dr. Wixom had been a civic leader in California and he continued this work in Austin. He helped stake and organize the new town site. As a physician, he ministered to the sick and wounded over the vicinity. He treated the Indians as well as the whites and Chief Toi Toi of the Shoshones gave him the title, "Heap Big Medicine Man". Dr. Wixom was instrumental in stabilizing relations between the white men and the red men and aided in establishing a lasting peace with the tribe which inhabited the high Toiyabe Range that surrounds Austin.

Emma grew up in the booming silver mining community. She played upon its slanting streets, in Pony Canyon and on the sagebrush clad mountainside. She began to sing almost as soon as she talked. Her voice was a pure soprano even when she was a tot. In 1870, when she was but eleven, she made her first public appearance as a singer in Austin. With a professional vocalist, Baron von Netzer, she sang a duet at a church affair on Christmas Eve. The child, although totally untrained, sang with ease and finish.

After her first appearance Emma was much in demand and sang at church sociables and other public gatherings.

Emma's mother died in 1873. Dr. Wixom enrolled his daughter in Mills Seminary at Fruitvale, California, the ultimate in fashionable female colleges in the West. There Emma became the pupil of a German vocal instructor, Alfred Kelleher. For three years he put her through a rigid and thorough course of training. Later, when Emma reached the pinnacle of fame, she gave Kelleher credit for her basic musical education. Her voice was a clear soprano of unusual quality and range and enchanted both pupils and teachers at Mills. She appeared weekly in the school musical programs and often Principal Susan Mills called upon the Nevada girl to entertain seminary visitors. Encouraged by Mrs. Mills and Dr. Wixom, Emma determined to continue her musical career in Europe, for she was fully decided upon becoming a grand opera singer.

At seventeen she graduated from Mills. Not only was she by this time an accomplished singer, but she spoke Spanish, French, German and Italian fluently. The same year of her graduation, 1876, the girl whom her classmates had fondly dubbed, The Mocking Bird of Mills left for Europe with the Adrian Abell group to study old world art and culture. En route Abell died suddenly, and his widow returned to America with his body. Alone, Emma continued on to Vienna where she enrolled to study under the great Madame Mathilde Marchesi, one of the foremost vocal teachers of her time. It was in Austria that Emma took as a professional name Nevada, and so became Emma Nevada.

In 1881 the girl from the great American West was securely launched upon her career as an opera singer. At the age of twenty-two she made her professional debut at her Majesty's Theatre in London as Amina in Bellini's La Sonnambula. This role, her very first, was thereafter always her favorite. With the swiftness of a shooting star, her fame rose. Queen Victoria was enchanted with the petite beauty from Nevada and later presented her with a hundred thousand dollar necklace. Her manager was swamped with requests from all over the continent for her appearance.

Nevada Historical Society Photo

Emma spent a happy childhood in Austin, Nevada.

Emma's next starring role was Mignon in Paris. The French went wild and showered the stage with flowers while applause filled the air. From Paris she traveled to Vienna, Milan, Rome, Naples, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Brussels, Amsterdam, Madrid, each appearance adding to her soaring fame.

Emma, a great scholar of languages, was and still is unparalleled in linguistic achievements as she sang in the living tongues of all the countries in which she appeared. On the Scandinavian Peninsula, she was received by the royalty of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and sang her arias in the native language of those countries.

PROUD Austin, Nevada, kept up with its famous daughter via the papers and letters from Dr. Wixom, who was with Emma in Europe. They were overjoyed when early in 1884 the news came that the American impresario, Colonel James Henry Mapleson, had added the great Emma Nevada to his troupe and that during the next opera season the girl from the sagebrush state would be featured in all the major cities of the United States including those on the West Coast.

The company of Colonel Mapleson reached San Francisco in March, 1885. When Emma appeared on the California stage she received the greatest ovation ever witnessed in the golden state. The audience whooped, screamed, clapped and shouted "Bravo! Bravo!" over and over again.

Great masses of flowers deluged the stage and fell at Emma's feet. Among the bouquets was a huge laurel wreath presented by the students of Mills, with the legend, "With fragrant bloom and living green, we crown thee song's victorious Queen." From Mrs. Mills came a basket bearing a single apple blossom branch on which perched a linnet, a bird native to Nevada. Already Austin and California had conferred upon the home town girl, who had risen to international fame, the title, the Sagebrush Linnet.

The Saturday after her performance in San Francisco Emma crossed the bay to Mills and sang The Last Rose of Summer and The Mocking Bird for pupils and faculty members at the seminary. (*Continued on page 54*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HIRED GIRL

To the eager Plains palate she contributed German strudl, Russian kulitch, Scotch scones, Bohemian kolachy, Irish stew, Scandinavian lefsa, Polish sausages, French pastries and Italian spaghetti, depending on her place of origin. She was the beloved Hired Girl of the western ranches

by Harry E. Chrisman

As the tide of immigration flowed from the wooded areas of the Mississippi Valley westward on to the Great Plains, a change in men's and women's duties began taking form to match the needs of the new economy being brought about by Plains farming. With few heavily-wooded areas now to clear before plowing and planting, the man's work became somewhat easier. Once he had plowed the buffalo sod and planted his crop, his work became lighter.

After his sod house had been laid up, the well dug and sheds and corrals erected, the man of the family actually found himself with a little leisure time. His animals helped him greatly, and the incipient farm machinery revolution played an important part in lifting that burden of ages, heavy farm labor from his sweating back. Furthermore, he usually had the help of a hired man or two to lighten the load when the work was too great.

Within the home, however, the old fashioned wood and coal range, the kerosene lamp, the churn and the wash board were still Queen for their day. Dishes were still washed and dried by hand. The chickens were watered and fed by hand. Milk was skimmed for its cream, then placed in crocks and jars for future use and disposal — by hand. All these tasks, and many more, meant that a great burden of farm work fell on the tired shoulders of the farm wife and mother. With all these duties, she was usually still enlarging her family at the rate of a new baby every twelve to eighteen months. Small wonder that her life-expectancy was short.

On nearby farms — but sometimes quite distant in the early days — lived other families, frequently with several older or half-grown girls. Occasionally a family would have four or five girls, with one of the older ones wanting to get away from her own home to meet other people, and perhaps to find a suitable Hired Man who would make her a good husband. And so the social and economic needs of the exhausted farm wife found its answer in this older neighbor girl who wanted work "away from home," and the farm wife took into her employ a "Hired Girl."

Once employed, the Hired Girl's work pattern became not too different from that of her employer. There were few *Ladies*

Advertisers were not slow to picture the Hired Girl admiring their products, as in this pitch for water softener.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the western frontier in the Eighties and Nineties, especially on the farms and ranches.

The stock that had emigrated westward was seeking land, not social activities. These middle and lower class immigrant women, though not Society folk, were from a polite society of their own classes. So at first they handled the cowchips for the fires with gloved hands. Later, without donning gloves, they faced up to handling the chips with bare hands, afterward carefully washing them. But water was scarce, and after a year or two of living in a Plains home, they found themselves stuffing chips into the firebox with one hand while they pulled the soda biscuits from the oven with the other, quite unconscious of their new attitude.

They had become Westerners. And their sons, eating at the "second table" were learning how to conserve water for dishwashing by "just eating off of pa's plate."

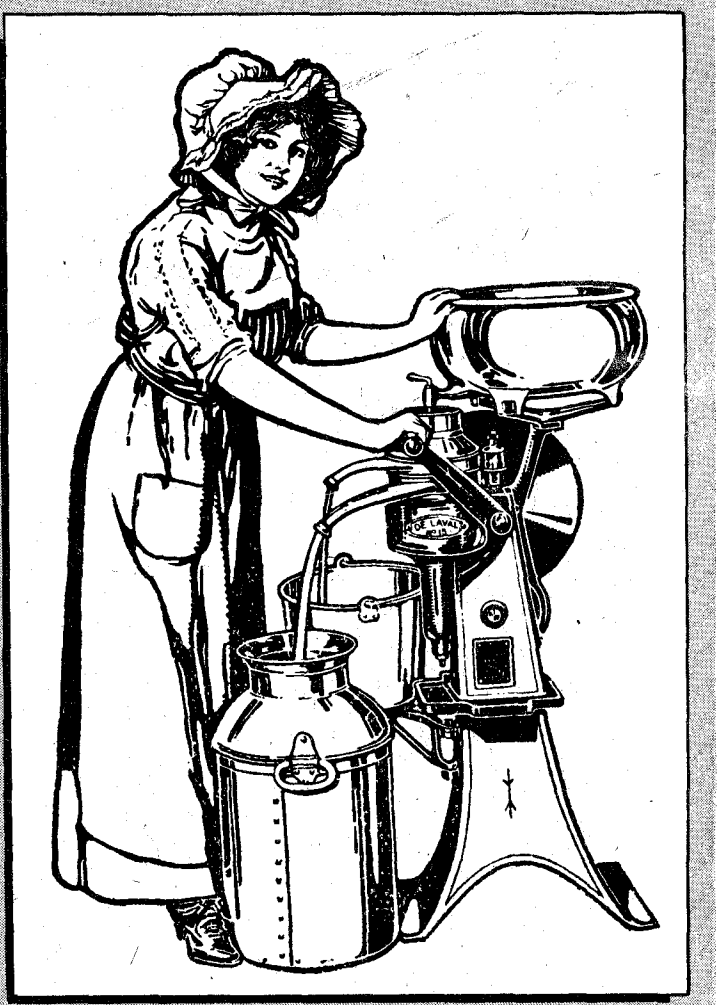
When the railroads crept west and changed "holding down a claim" into farming for a profit, the era of the Hired Girl bloomed.

"Working out," as it was termed, enjoyed little popularity in homestead days when there was no money reward and the Hired Girl labored for board and keep. But when an assured money income became possible for the farmer and his wife, they were happy to share a small portion of it with a Hired Girl to help lift the burden from mother's back.

Usually, the presence of a Hired Girl in the home gave the farm family the needed time to add those little extras that made the home and its surroundings brighter and cheerier. A little flower garden soon appeared. New rugs for the floors were woven. Patchwork quilts for the beds were pieced and handwoven coverlets created.

More clothes for the children could be made, and the home became pleasant for all members. Many of these old handicrafted items that were a part of the luxuries a Hired Girl's presence in the home helped to make possible are so valued today that antiquarians search eagerly in the shops of the nation for them.

Illus. by: Denver Public Library West. Coll.



Even ads can't picture Hired Girl scrubbing with a smile.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo: Kansas Historical Society

Emmaline (Upjohn) Lee, 18, in the wedding dress she made for herself, posing for posterity.

The social position achieved by the Hired Girl in her time was both unique and envied. She was regarded more as a dependable older daughter or maiden aunt than as a servant. She ate at the first table in many homes; she slept in one of the family beds — often with one of the smaller children. She remained in the parlor with the family when visitors came. She was respected by all family members, and she often rewarded her co-worker and closest companion, the farm mother, with her undying love and devotion.

In the writer's own family, Mandy Coffman was a beloved name, a Nebraska Hired Girl who helped our mother through many difficult times.

Another former Nebraska resident, Russ Langford, of Lookout Mountain, Colorado, related to the writer how, when he stood at the graveside of his own mother during the funeral services, a former Hired Girl of their family stepped over to his side, pressed his hand in hers and spoke quietly to him.

"Your mother was my mother, too, Russ," she told him. "No kinder or more blessed woman ever lived."

Sometimes the Hired Girl did actually become, through marriage, a member of the family. In the beautifully-told story of her family's life on an Oklahoma homestead, Catherine Ward Allen, Pond Creek, Oklahoma, related in her book, *Chariot of the Sun*, how her mother's loyal helper and good friend, a Hired Girl named RuAmy Jane Hart, became her beloved stepmother following her mother's death. This beloved step-mother raised Franklin Ward's children, two girls and a boy, aged 2, 5 and 8, respectively. She added to this nucleus of a family four more stalwart sons. To all of these children the young woman who had been "The Hired Girl" soon became "Mother RuAmy."

Another grand lady from Liberal, Kansas, that the writer knew in her late Eighties was called, by neighbors and friends alike, "Aunt Betty." She had worked as a Hired Girl for many neighbors and had served their families so well that the youngsters in most of the families called her "Aunt Betty," never realizing that she was entirely unrelated to them! Aunt Betty Lemert's memory is cherished by all the people of her community today.

And so it went, and as many nationalities from abroad fell into the American melting pot in the midwest and west, their young women "worked out" as Hired Girls, bringing their languages and old world customs as an added culture facet to the plains youth in whatever geographical area they settled.

The Irish, the Germans, the Dutch, the Scandinavians, the Bohemians and others were soon integrated as *Americans.* In that process of assimilation, they contributed many beneficial native customs, transplanted an ocean away from their native land.

The strange new names — Annie O'Flannagan, Mary Sogol, Rosie Olsen, Ruby Ingstrom and Katrinka van Volkenstein — brought amusement to the children. But they soon loved these young women of foreign extraction as members of their own families.

Sometimes the Hired Girl spoke a very broken English, and this brought snickers from the children. But never did the mother or the grandmother in the home permit the children to laugh rudely in the Hired Girl's face or make fun of her. For this was a process in which strange languages and stranger customs were being assimilated by both sides. The so-funny expressions soon became a part of our families' language, "Americanized," and the contributions to the American idiom brought over by the immigrants from foreign shores is now recognized by all lexicographers.

In the writer's own family, "Kommen sie an" and "Sitzen sie down" are familiar meal-time announcements, as well-known to us as "Come and get it" was to our fathers and mothers. They are the contribution of a pretty German girl, Rachael Preszler, a "sis madchen" who came to the United States in 1879.

Contributions to western cooking made by the Hired Girl are so many they will never be fully appraised.

Her work in the frontier kitchens brought many recipes from foreign shores into intimate relationship with the hungry stomachs of plains dwellers. Old world cuisine—Russian *kulitch,* German *strudl,* Bohemian *kolachy* and the delicious Scotch *scones* — has long been known for its appeal to jaded appetites. Here, on the fading frontier, with its bread-bacon-beef-coffee diet, the new recipes fron the Old World found great appeal.

Irish stew, Scandinavian lefsa, Polish sausages, French pastries and Italian spaghetti soon tickled our American tongues. Today, all these foods and scores of others have earned a respected place in our kitchens, making the American diet probably the most sophisticated, and certainly the most cosmopolitan, in the world.

Along with these succulent dishes the Hired Girl also learned to prepare the foods native to the land. Fried jackrabbit, antelope loins, roast beef and roast prairie-dog, lambsquarter greens picked fresh in late spring and buttered hominy were all prepared by her hands.

She also soon developed a taste for those strange farm and ranch dishes such as head-cheese from the hog, scrambled calves' brains, tripe and cottage cheese. In season she picked and dressed — and oftimes shot — prairie chicken and quail, and such migratory wild fowl as Canadian geese and the Mallard ducks, as they came down from Canada to their winter homes each fall.

In the spring and summer the Hired Girl also labored in the vegetable garden, and in the fall she helped to can the produce she had grown for the family. One young Dutch girl who could hardly make herself understood in English taught a farm

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

family a word they long remembered — *sauerkraut.* She put down a ten-gallon crock of the chopped cabbage, and taught the family how to combine wieners with it to make a delectable dinner dish.

The experiences of the Hired Girl were sometimes unique and humorous. Many such incidents have been repeated down through the years by family members who treasure the little stories. Mrs. Opal Harber of the Denver Western Library staff tells of a family who entertained a large group of young people at their farm home one night.

The Hired Girl, though welcomed, begged off and retired early, since she had put in a long, hard day at work.

During the course of the night a terrible rain and electrical storm came up, forcing the guests to remain at the farm home for the night, since there was a swollen river to ford. About two o'clock in the morning when the party spirit was wearing thin and the light refreshment had given out, the group was hungry enough to want a meal. They decided to play a trick on the Hired Girl, whom all knew well.

Two of the girls were sent to awaken her. They told her it was six o'clock, and time to prepare breakfast, since the farm wife was indisposed that morning. The Hired Girl quickly arose and dressed in the dark as was her habit. She went to the kitchen and prepared an enormous breakfast of cereal with thick cream, hot biscuits, ham and bacon, pancakes, fried eggs, potatoes and a gallon or two of coffee.

The guests assembled at the kitchen table and enjoyed a hearty breakfast before revealing to the Hired Girl that it was then only three o'clock! Everyone enjoyed the joke, including the Hired Girl who, refreshed by her night's sleep, stayed up and became the new life of the party!

All Hired Girls were not by any means patterns of feminine perfection. One farm wife related how a fraulein of their time, fresh from the old country, came into the parlor one day while she was entertaining her Literary Club, among whom were two very cultured ladies who had recently come from the East. The Hired Girl swept into the parlor without invitation, her face flushed and streaked with perspiration, a dishpan filled with the remains of a chicken clutched in her hands.

"Mrs. Hazelton," she inquired, without a second glance at the visitors, "vot shell I do mit dese chicken guts?"

But the Hired Girl's duties were not all concerned with just cooking and housekeeping. She worked some outdoors, she trimmed the Christmas Tree, she helped tie the quilts and make the children's valentines.

As she labored so closely with the mother and daughters of the household, she learned the American manners and social graces. The farm wife helped her, and she improved her mind by reading the ladies' magazines, books and newspapers that found their way into the household. The personal services the Hired Girl rendered to the family brought important advantages to her that did not always accrue to her counterpart who worked in the city at similar tasks, such as waiting tables in restaurants and cooking and housekeeping.

The wages paid her, though relatively little in cash money, was not all she received for her labor. She received board and room, light, fuel and laundry, all of which workers in trade had to purchase. Her work required no capital investment, no typewriter nor sewing machine. She was not required to have any particular educational achievements. And she spent nothing for transportation to and from her work.

Professor Lucy Salmon of Vassar College for young women once reported that a wage of $3.25 per week made it possible for a Hired Girl to save up to $150.00 annually. But this, of course, is drawing the noose too tight and shows a poor understanding of the Hired Girl's needs. But there *was* an opportunity to accumulate a nest-egg that young women working in the cities did not always have. And we all know young women today drawing salaries up to $80.00 and more per week who save nothing from a year's work!

One Hired Girl, well-known to the writer's family and whom we all love and respect, came from a small farm in a central-

Author's Photo

Ashby, Nebraska residents speak with fondness of the former Rosie Olsen, who helped build town.

Nebraska county. When she married she and her husband moved to the Sandhills country where they took out a homestead. After a few years of hard labor and little progress, the husband quit and left for another community, leaving the wife and their small children on the claim. The ex-Hired Girl hung on as long as she could, but when the children became hungry she left the claim and moved to the nearest small town on the railroad. But she kept title to the claim. In town she obtained a job washing dishes in a small restaurant. Being a good cook, and a most willing worker, she had soon established herself as the head cook. A few more years and she bought the restaurant! Then she added a dance hall for the young people of the area.

With the help of a sympathetic banker in another town, she bought a hotel in her town and put in a dining room. Soon her places were the major attraction for the ranch families and cowboys for a hundred miles around.

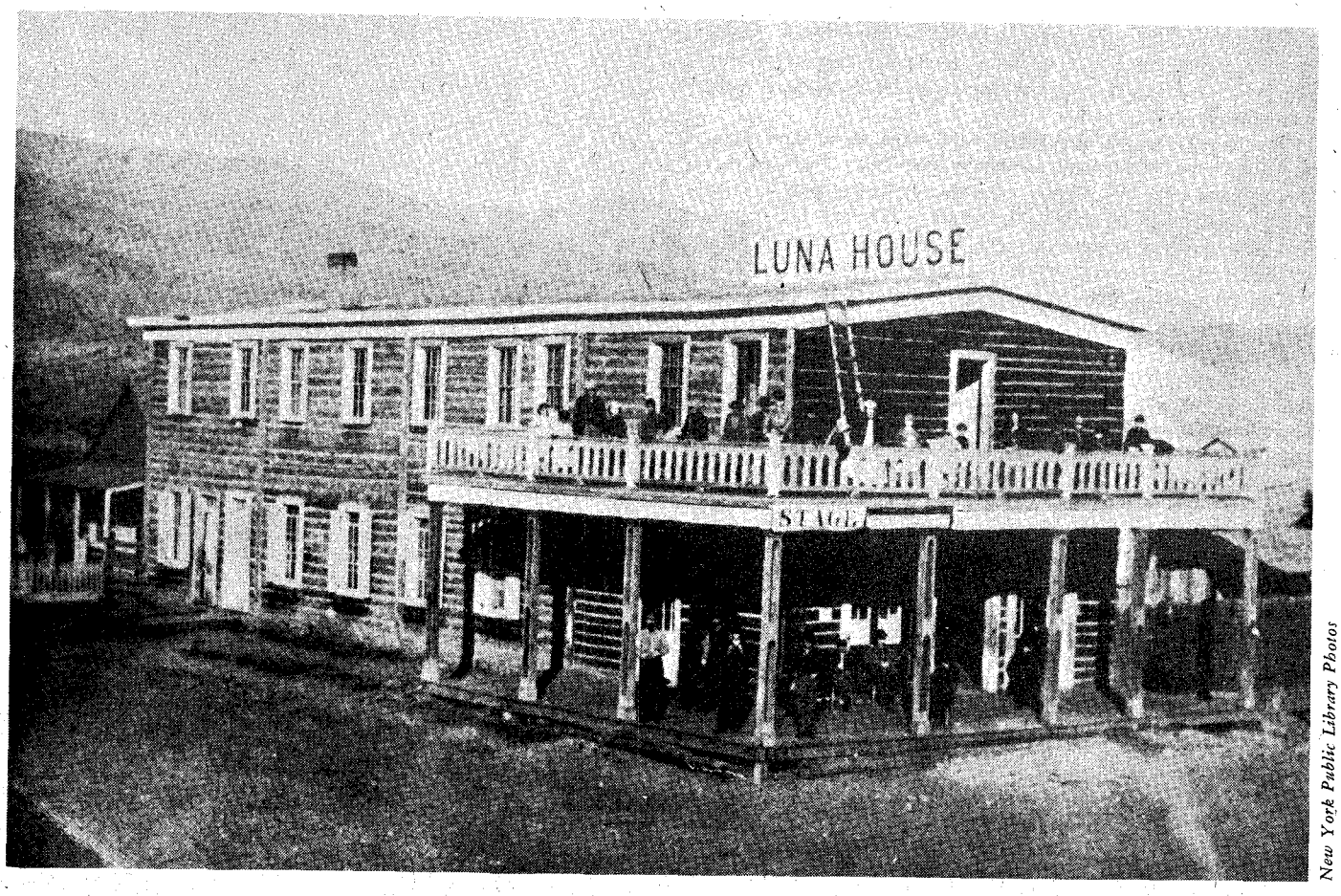
She prospered, made a good home for her children and educated them. Today her name is esteemed throughout the Sandhill area of Nebraska.

Those of us who knew her when we were children, who were cared for by "Rosie," love and adore her and will never forget her sweet disposition, her rugged Norwegian strength of character and her iron will and determination to always do what was right.

A few thoughtless mothers and householders may have treated their Hired Girls shabbily, but those mothers and farm wives who came from better families and brought more cultivated manners to

(Continued on page 61)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New York Public Library Photos

The Luna House in Lewiston, in what is now the state of Idaho.

OUTLAW TURNED HERO

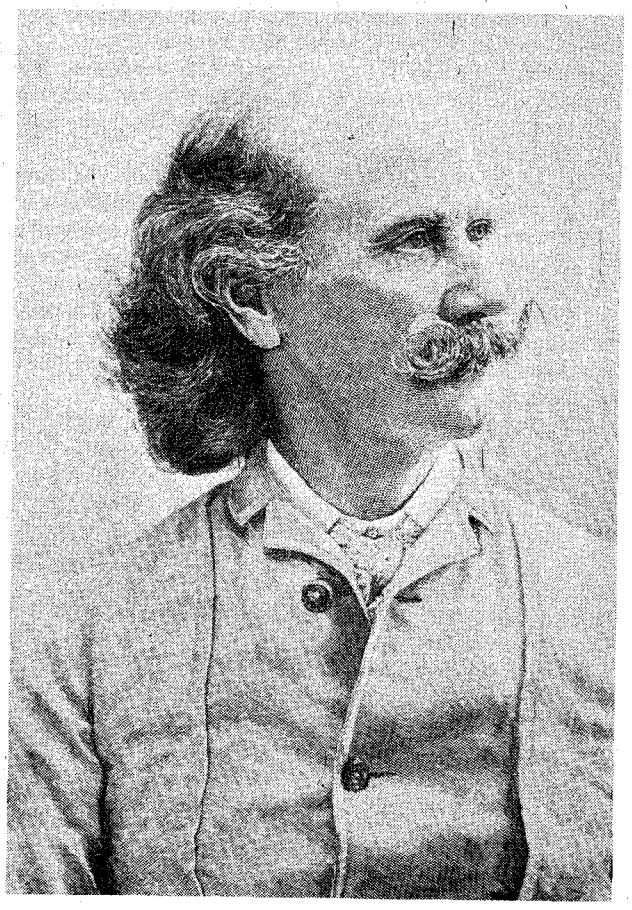
Dave English was waiting for the propitious moment to attack the miners and make off with their gold. What stopped him?

by Jonas Bayer

IN THE OLD Luna House Hotel register from Lewiston, in what is now the state of Idaho, it is recorded that Dave English, Charley Scott and Bill Peoples were lynched on November 9th, 1862, by vigilantes. The three were known bad men with a record of outlawry stretching all the way to the gold fields of California. No doubt, in accordance with the code of the times, they merited the quick justice they received in Lewiston.

The particular crime and ensuing quick trial which resulted in their demise at the end of a rope will be described later, pieced together from the fragmentary records which have survived. Those same records reveal that Dave English was an extraordinary man. In some other era and

Joaquin Miller was a member of the miners' party.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under different conditions he might have developed into an inspired leader. Within him were the seeds of greatness; and he won the respect and compassion even of the men who hanged him.

Physically, Dave was an impressive figure. He was, according to contemporary descriptions, thick-set and powerful. He had a commanding manner and his heavy black beard seemed to make him even more formidable. He was generally jovial and boisterous, good-natured and kindly. But when he was aroused, the hardness in his gray eyes could make anybody quail.

He was an odd contrast to his crony and partner, Charley Scott. Charley was tall and slim and patrician, almost as delicate as a woman.

With four other young ruffians, who also didn't believe in the cult of hard work, they had made a reputation taking gold from the California fields—not from the mines, but from the miners. Panning dust from the earth was hard work; they found it simpler to let some miner do the labor and their separate him from his profits with the help of a six-shooter.

Civil law was still non-existent and vigilance committees had not yet organized, so the Dave English gang was able to move about the various camps with complete freedom since few of the unorganized miners were daring enough to trade lead with them.

Dave and his pals followed the gold strikes, always on the lookout for easy picking, and when new discoveries were made the gang was never far behind.

To the veteran gold hunters of the great California strikes of '49 the grass was not only greener on the other side of the mountain but the gold was brighter and lay around in heaps just for the taking. Each time a new strike was rumored, a veritable stampede took place. Hordes of miners would abandon fields still rich with the precious yellow metal and make a wild headlong exodus to the new site. More often than not they would find themselves chasing a will'o'the'wisp and would gradually struggle back to the prosperous fields they had quit.

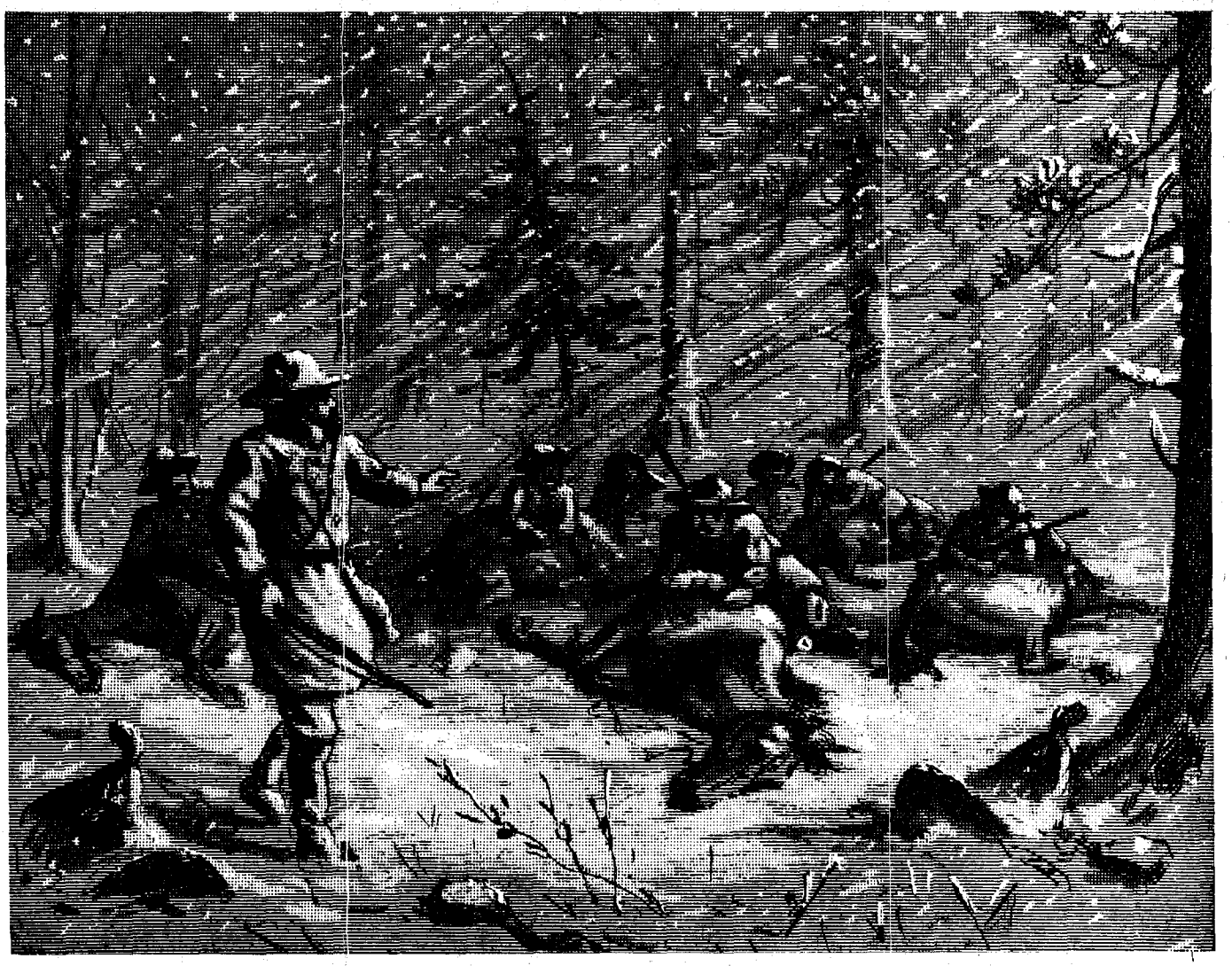
SUCH A mad stampede erupted when the news reached California that gold had been discovered in the watershed of the Columbia River. Few miners were coolheaded enough to wait for confirmation. The rumor was enough to spark the new gold rush. The last of the 1850s saw a flood of adventurous and roving miners pour over the mountain walls of California and Nevada into the Northwest Territories.

Most of the men in this new rush didn't have any luck. One by one they gave up and wandered back to their former diggings, enduring on the way every sort of hardship.

One party, half-starved, fought to make their way to Shoshone Falls through the thickly timbered mountains from Elk City. It was at the lowest point of their fortunes that their luck changed.

As they were searching for game, one afternoon, they came upon a small stream meandering down a mountain onto a stretch of prairie. (Continued on page 48)

Dave English showed rare courage, intelligence and shrewdness in saving his men and the miners from freezing.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIONEER DAYS IN KANSAS

The author's father worked in Manhattan, Kansas, in the 1860's and walked the 30 miles home on weekends.

Courtesy Mrs. Wallace Bachman

Emily Velen Johnson in her twenties, 1899.

A daughter listened and remembered what her mother told her about life in the Old West

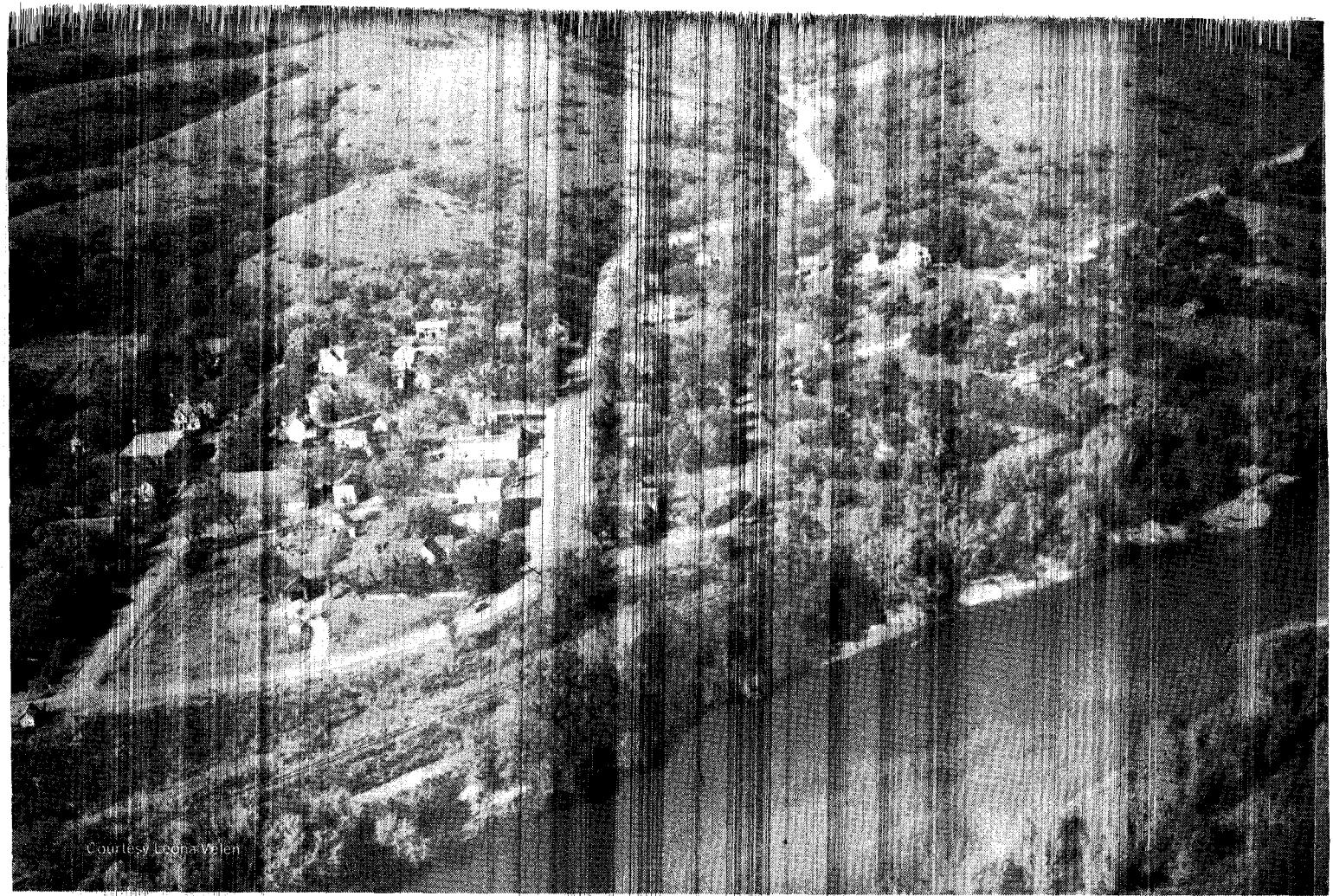
by Emily Velen Johnson

Submitted by Dr. Burl Hunt

(Editor's Note: This unusual story was written by Mrs. Emily Velen Johnson, who died in 1964. It was passed on to Dr. Burl Hunt by one of his students, Miss Leona Velen, while he was teaching at Kansas State University. It is published here with the kind permission of Mrs. W. T. (Johnson) Bachman, the author's daughter, now living in Home, Kansas.)

I will try to give all the information I remember that mother told to us about her pioneer days in Kansas. Grandma Velen, as the children called her, lived with us for many years before she passed away and she often talked about her past life and the great hopes she had when she and her first husband left Sweden to come to America. They were accompanied by his father, mother, sister, and brothers. There were six children in the family. They came across the Atlantic Ocean in a sail boat and were on the water for more than nine weeks. Some days the wind was in their favor and some days it was against them. On other days it was perfectly calm which was why it took them so long to cross the ocean. They ran short of water and many people took sick and died and were buried at sea.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An aerial view of Cleburne, Kansas, taken in 1958 before the coming of the Tuttle Creek Reservoir.

Mother's first husband was one of those who died and was buried at sea.

When they arrived in Rockford, Illinois, in 1864, the rest of the family was sick and three more of the children died. Out of a family of six only two were left, one girl and one boy. Luckily for mother she had one brother in Rockford, Illinois, namely Charley Holt. He rented a house and mother kept it for him.

My sister Hilda was born three months later. Mother sewed shirts all day by hand for a company who paid so much apiece for them. She could not make much but she was busy and the work kept her mind on something beside her great sorrow. Remembering her great hopes when they left Sweden, two young people awaiting the arrival of their first child and accompanied by his family, it seemed very sad to the young woman alone in a strange land with her new baby. Her brother was very kind to her at this time and for this she was grateful.

All was not sadness however. There were lighter moments, too. Mother used to laugh when she told about her brother bringing home a hoop skirt and saying that she must wear it when she went out on the street. A hoop skirt was made of bands of wire in graduated rings which hung from the waist and made a woman's skirt stand out around her. Mother said it was so wide that she had trouble getting through a door.

Father's first wife died shortly after he came to this country and he also settled in Rockford, Illinois. Father, too, was left with a little girl two years old, my sister Amanda. One night, mother went to church which was not well lighted. She felt shy so she sat down beside someone she took to be a woman who was also alone with a child. But she found to her embarrassment that it was a man with a little girl and recognized him as the widower who had lost his wife. She sat quietly, being careful not to look his way and as soon as the service was over she slipped out quickly, pulling me after her.

Father was told mother was a widow and some time later came to call on her. After a time, they were married. In the spring of 1865, father in the company of several other young men left for Kansas which was new country. They came as far as Atchison by train and from there by covered wagon (the railroad went no further), as far as Irving is now. From there they walked down the Big Blue River Valley until they came to the home of a settler. It was Fjalin's place, and was later bought by the Johnson brothers. It was located about one mile southeast of Cleburne, Kansas.

People had to go to Concordia to file a claim, more than 50 miles away. Father walked all the way down there and then found to his dismay that he had forgotten his citizenship papers and would have to walk back for them and return again; in all a trip of more than 200 miles by foot. It was a bad prospect for father, but a settler by the name of Christensen lent father a pony for the trip.

Coming home, father stopped to rest and took the saddle off of the pony and tied the pony to some brush. Then he laid down and slept. When he woke the pony was gone. There was nothing to do but pick up the saddle and travel the rest of the way by foot. He was very worried and sad about the loss of the pony. There were no roads, of course, only paths and trails. Can't you see him, the weary, worried young man carrying the saddle as he traveled those narrow trails? When father got to Christensen's he was met by Mr. Christensen who said the pony had returned a short time before. What a relief it was to father when he found the pony had arrived safely.

Father homesteaded the place where he built the stone house which still stands. But, first, he built a two story log cabin with lean-to kitchen east of the stone house. He borrowed a pair of oxen to break up the sod around the cabin to protect it from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prairie fires. It was very easy for a prairie fire to race across many acres and there were few settlers to fight them. All they could do was protect their homes as best they could. When a prairie fire started they worked hard and fast to throw up more furrows around their cabins and if the wind was right they started a back fire which cleared an area around their homes.

In the fall father sent for mother although his cabin was not yet complete. She came with the two little girls, Hilda and Amanda, in the company of other young wives who were also joining their husbands in Kansas. They came by train to Atchison and then by "mover wagon" the rest of the way. Uncle Jacob Velen asked them to share his cabin until father's place was finished. He got it finished the next spring so his family spent the winter there.

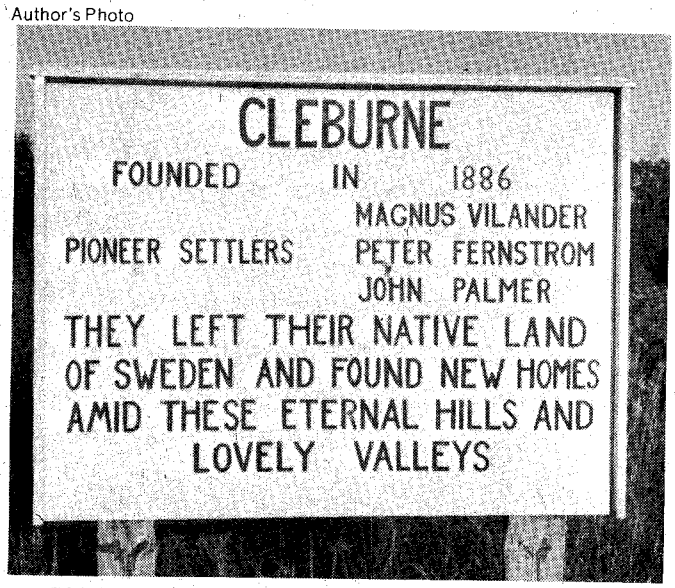
Uncle Jacob's cabin, like many new ones in this country, had a dirt floor. Someone had given mother a setting hen and some eggs and that fall she hatched out some baby chicks which she kept outside. My aunt also had a hen and chicks, but she kept them in a box inside the house next to the outside wall. Uncle Jacob dug a hole under the logs so that the baby chicks could run in and out. One day a heavy rain storm came up suddenly and mother ran to gather in her hen and chicks and my aunt ran to help her. They put the box with aunty's chicks on the bed before they left the house. And when they came in there was water all over the floor which had rushed in through the hole which Uncle Jacob had dug for the chicks to run in and out. They tried to keep the water from coming in, but seeing it was impossible they cut a hole on the other side where it was possible for the water to run out. With such resourcefulness they solved their problems as they arose.

What a mess it was to keep the children off of the muddy floor until it dried out. They had to keep them on the bed as it was the only dry place. By spring, father had his cabin finished and he obtained some lumber for the floor so it was considered quite a log cabin. In turn, he and mother took in many settlers and kept them until they could find a place to live.

My grandmother, father's mother, stayed part time with us, and she would care for Amanda and Hilda while mother picked corn for a neighbor several miles away to feed the two hogs which they now had and the chickens that first year until father got land broken up to plant his own crops. Mother was alone most of the first summer and had to carry water from the river because father worked on the railroad, and came home only over Sunday.

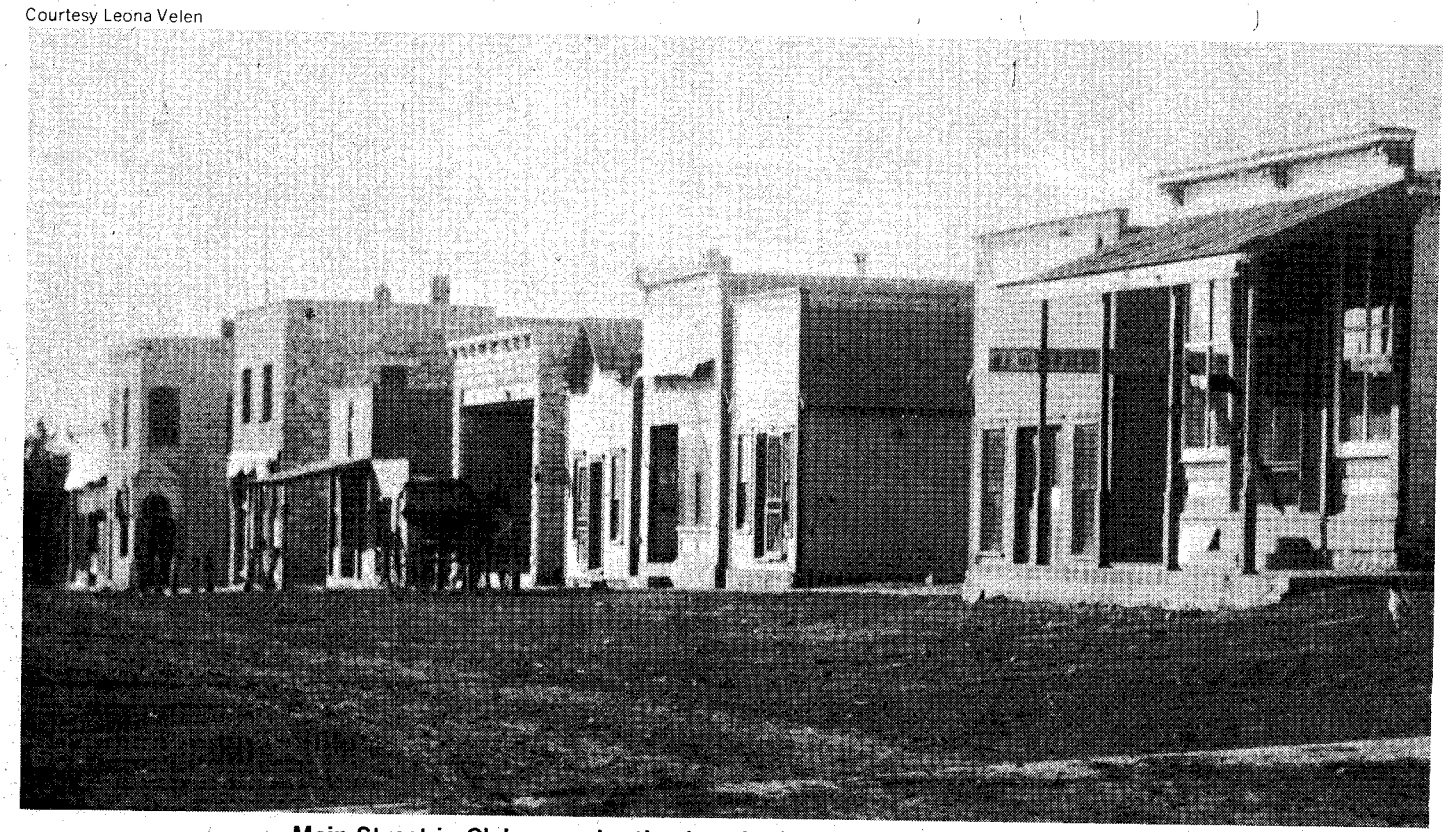
The first summer was an unprofitable one for father. He worked from spring until fall and only got a pair of boots and a very little money for his labor. He worked in Manhattan (30 miles away) and walked back and forth each weekend. He collected only grocery money as he wanted a stake in the fall. All he got from the boss was money for a pair of boots which he needed badly and the little money for groceries. Then when fall came and the summer's work was over, the boss took the pay roll and departed for parts unknown. The others in the

Author's Photo



This sign welcomed visitors to Cleburne, Kansas.

Courtesy Leona Velen



Main Street in Cleburne, shortly after the founding of the town in 1886.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crew got nothing from him except what they asked for as they needed it. Since there was no law to speak of there was nothing they could do.

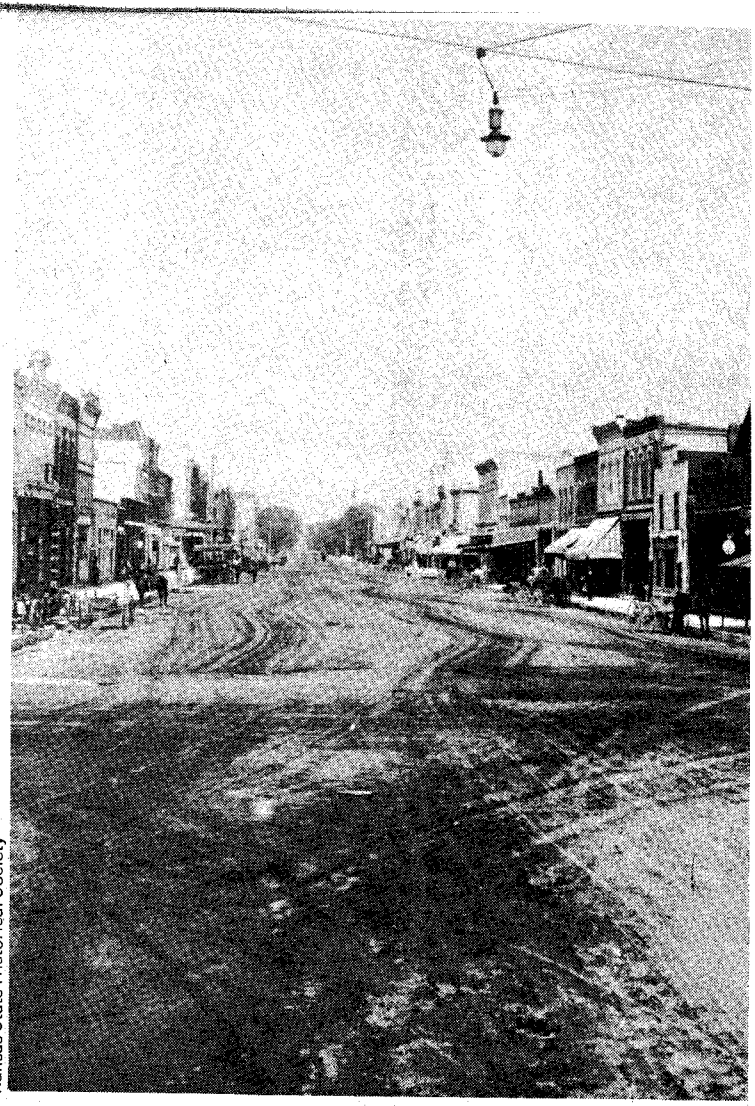
That summer while father was away working on the railroad, mother had a bad experience with the Indians. They were not unfriendly, but they would help themselves to anything they wanted and the settlers would not oppose them, naturally, as they wanted the Indians' friendship. That summer there were a number of red men traveling up and down the Big Blue River trapping and hunting. One day several of them walked into the cabin and helped themselves to everything that was there to eat. Mother sat crying in the corner with her two little girls in her lap. Father would not be home for several days and there would be no food 'til he came.

Just as they were going out the door with their hands full, one of them looked back at mother crying in the corner. He said a few words to the other men and they put everything they had taken back on the table. Mother was very happy and thanked God for moving the heart of that Indian who took pity on her. It seemed strange that she had felt less fear of the Indians than worry about her little ones having something to eat.

Father always carried the food home from Manhattan on his back as he walked the weary miles to get home for the weekend with his family. Often, a sack of flour was among the supplies and this made a heavy load for the many miles he had to walk. And, to think that all that summer's work netted him so little profit, only a pair of boots and some money for groceries.

In 1876, father began hauling stone from the nearby hills for the stone house which was to have two stories and a full basement. What wood was used was taken from the place. It was sawed and cut into lumber and they used walnut for the windows, mop boards and stairway. For the floors they used light oak or cottonwood. The carpenter finished the wood after it was cut at the mill.

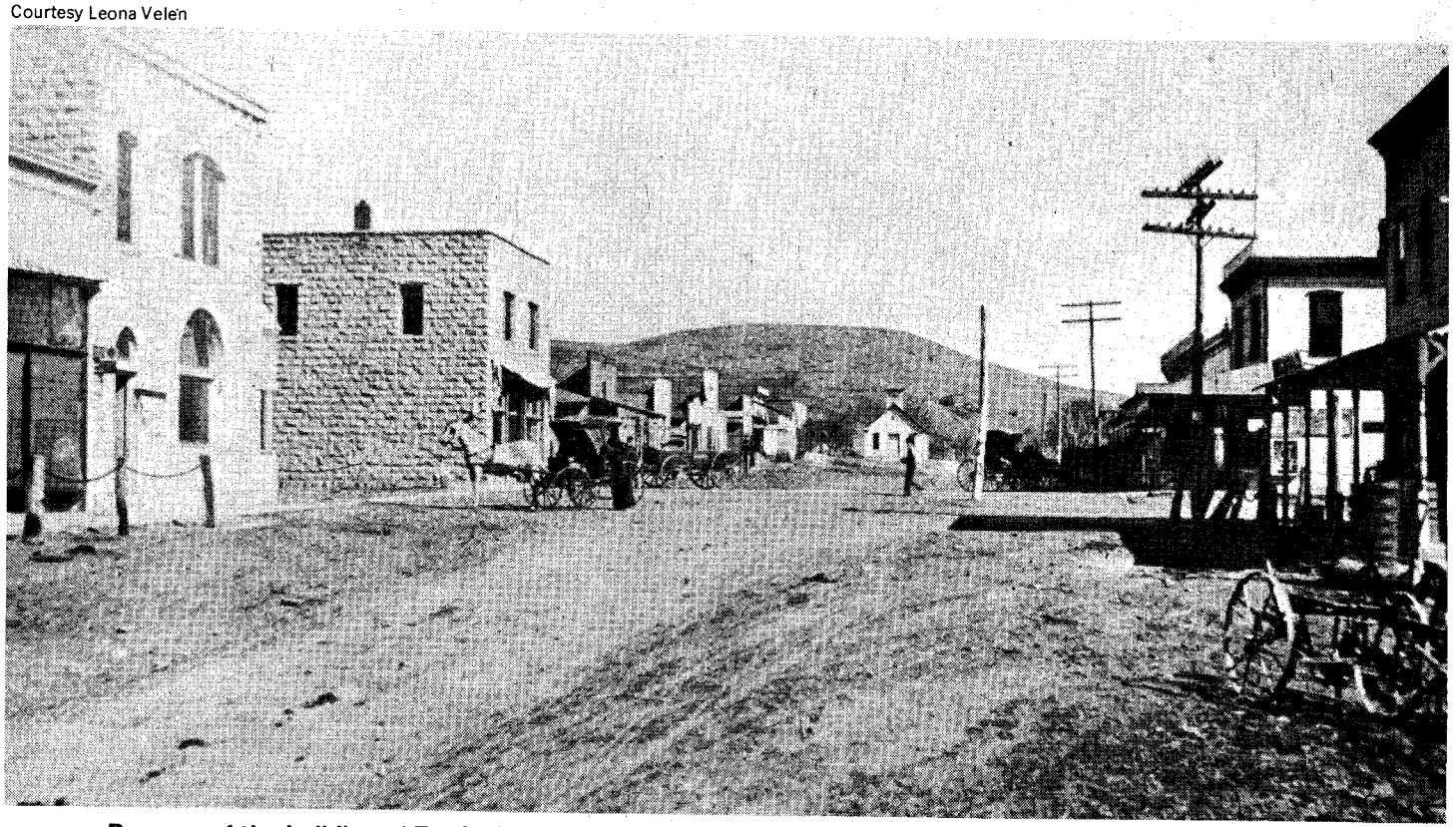
The first pieces of nice furniture were a bed of walnut, a dresser and a lounge also of walnut. I still have the lounge and my sister, Alma, got the bed and dresser. They have great sentimental value for they were all made from walnut trees that were grown on the farm. They were *(Continued on page 58)*



Kansas State Historical Society

Manhattan, Kansas, looking north in 1880.

Courtesy Leona Velen



Because of the building of Tuttle Creek Dam in the Big Blue Valley, Cleburne was destroyed in 1960.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1973's Most Unusual Match Race:

It's still a close race just after the gun sounds sending pony express rider and mail truck driver on their respective ways from Alpine to Fort Stockton, Texas. The Pony Express riders put the U.S. Postal Service to shame by covering the 66 miles in just under four hours while the mail truck took nearly 26 hours!

THE MAIL MUST go through. Regardless of wind, rain, snow, sleat or various other types of difficulties, the United States Postal Service vows that the mail will get through.

The problem, however, as pointed out by L.V. Arnett, President of the Board of Directors of the Fort Stockton, Texas, Chamber of Commerce, is that the Post Office doesn't say WHEN the mail will get through.

And because of that, the citizens of a small Texas community revived the Pony Express. Not only did they revive it—they challenged the United States Postal Service to a mail delivering race and won! By 22 hours!!!

It seems that mail delivery to and from the communities of Fort Stockton and Alpine—a distance of 66 miles—is usually routed through El Paso. And that takes awhile. The Fort Stockton Chamber Of Commerce decided to do something about it. The Chamber issued the following proclamation:

"WHEREAS, the Fort Stockton Chamber of Commerce strives to look after matters of public interest; and

WHEREAS, the United States

The people of Fort Stockton, Texas got fed up with federal red tape that sent incoming mail everywhere but there. And what they did about it may turn into an annual event

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PONY EXPRESS BEATS THE U.S. POSTAL SERVICE— BY 22 HOURS!

The mail is loaded aboard the first horse as Tom Polson, Pony Express ride Grand Marshal, checks out his saddle. He rode the first leg and radio personality Tumbleweed Smith, after surviving an Indian attack on the outskirts of Fort Stockton, brought the mail to Mayor Gene Cummings some 54 riders afterwards.

Postal Service Statement, 'The mail must go through,' neglects to mention when it will 'go through;' and

WHEREAS, said mail in fact travels to either El Paso, Texas or Midland, Texas, a distance of 614 or 305 miles respectively;

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT PROCLAIMED that the Pony Express was and is a much faster delivery service.

FURTHERMORE, the Fort Stockton Chamber of Commerce CHALLENGES the United States Postal Service to a mail delivery race via Pony Express on August 4th, 8:00 a.m., from Alpine to Fort Stockton, Texas.

Passed by unanimous vote of all members present, of the Board of Directors, Fort Stockton Chamber of Commerce, Fort Stockton, Texas this 4th day of June, A.D., 1973."

Arnett, President of the Chamber of Commerce, challenged the local postmaster to the match race. He also challenged President Nixon and Postmaster General Classen, though neither could attend. Of course, if Arnett's challenge was sent through the mail, it's quite possible they still might not have received it.

Anyway, the race was set for August 4th and the Fort Stockton Chamber of Commerce decided to make a big celebration out of the whole thing.

Upon the arrival of Pony Express rider Tumbleweed Smith at the new Fort Stockton Indoor Arena, festivities began which included a fast draw contest, a silver dollar toss, a tobacco spittin' contest, mule races, a fiddler's contest ($600 in prize money distributed by various age groupings), greased pig and wild goat races, trained dog acts, rolling pin

(Continued on page 53)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LINK IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN

by Harriett Farnsworth

A CENTURY AGO miners called Murphys, California "Queen of the Sierra." It is still one of the "queens" on the "Golden Chain" that leads into the heart of the historic Mother Lode country of Northern California. And it is still referred to by a few lucky oldtimers as the "pocket miner's paradise."

Along this chain of colorful mining towns, including Columbia, Angels Camp, Amador, Fiddletown, Hangtown (now Placerville) and others, is Murphys—situated at a 2200-foot elevation, a bit southwest of famed Ebbetts Pass on highway 4, and slightly northeast of the Golden Chain Route 49.

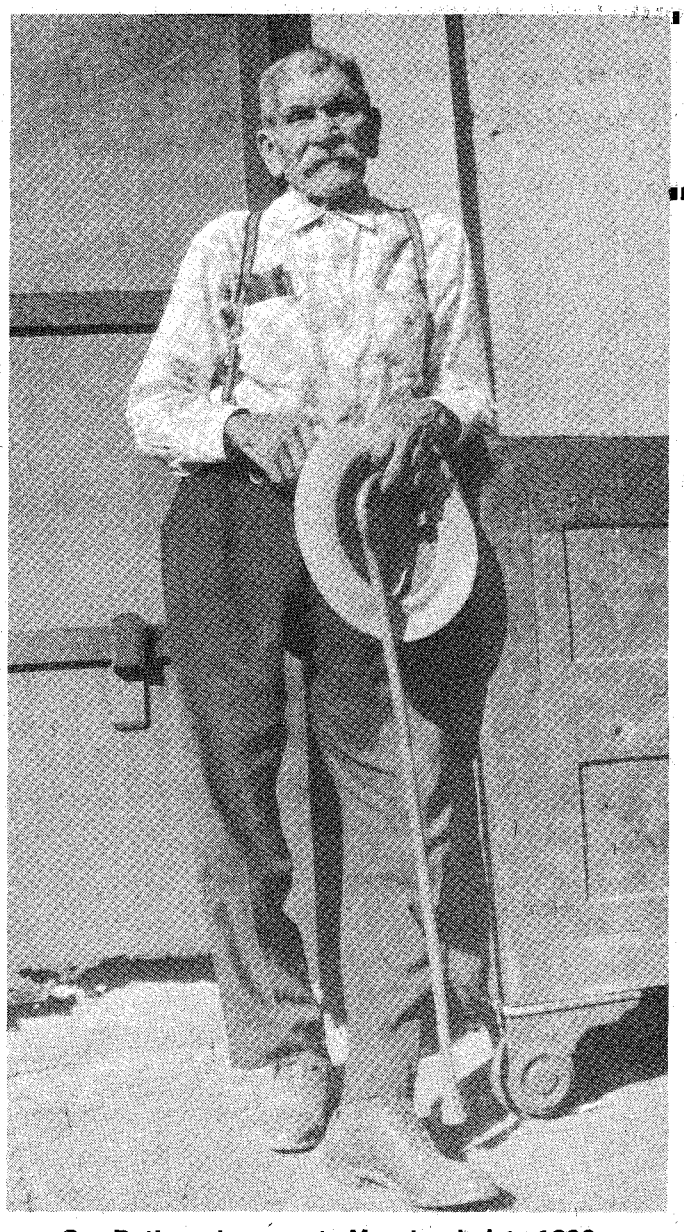
This summer while searching for the ideal vacation spot, these charming old towns up and down the "Chain" with their quiet, sun-splashed streets, century-old buildings with heavy iron doors, faces of mellowed old-timers who were there "when," invited me to tarry... but I finally chose Murphys, one of the best preserved towns of early mining day fame.

My decision, perhaps, had something to do with the ancient locust trees on Main Street, and the grizzled old-timers chatting or dozing on the "whittler's" benches; the ginger-bread trimmed homes set back in flower-filled yards enclosed by white picket fences or gray stone walls; the music of Murphys Creek chuckling through town on its way westward to join Angels Creek below...

Leisurely I strolled about town: in the stores with the quaint iron doors; in the Museum; in the Murphy Hotel. Then I stopped at the Golden Nugget—owned and operated by genial Frank Tucker. Frank introduced me to a long-time resident, Charlie Williams, and his friends, who were helping the agile old-timer to celebrate his 92nd birthday.

Charlie, tall, slender and energetic, said he was a native of the Mother Lode country, and a long-line skinner when he left Amador County in 1902 and settled at Murphys. Charlie said he continued freighting and eventually bought a home—a neat white cottage on Murphy Creek—and settled down to raise a family.

After the birthday party was over, Charlie gave me some facts about the area, also the highlights of his life as a part-time miner when gold was easy to come by in this district.



Gus Butler, who came to Murphys in late 1890s.

The history of the Mother Lode country began when a series of gold-bearing veins—known as "source veins"—were discovered deep within the earth, and again appeared at the surface of the foothills on the Western slope of the Sierra Nevada, in California. It was from these gold deposits that the Forty-Niners panned fortunes from the alluvial, or placer gold, found in streams, gulches and creek beds.

Calaveres County—made famous by Mark Twain's jumping frog story—flared into prominence in 1848, shortly after James W. Marshall, a wheelwright and carpenter by trade, known to be "harebrained, flighty and ingenious," discovered gold.

The way it happened was that in 1847 John Sutter, needing more lumber for his colony, New Halvetia, on the American River, hired Marshall to build it. However, something went wrong with the race which furnished power to run the mill. It was Marshall's habit, while the Indian workers were at breakfast, to check it, and in so doing he proved he wasn't too "crazy" to know gold when he saw it glinting below the crystal clear water.

When the word "GOLD" was on every tongue in Amador County, and later when gold was also discovered in Calaveres County, the stampede was on! Prospectors and miners flocking to the scene of activity began panning millions from placer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A series of nostalgic anecdotes about fortunes won and fortunes lost—and the improvidence of certain irresponsible miners.

Charlie Williams, 92, a delightfully informal historian of Murphys, recently refused $10,000 for his cottage.

claims, in an atmosphere electric with anticipation.

The town of Murphys, in Calaveres County, was first called Murphys New Diggings. It was named in honor of the Murphy brothers, who came in from Monterey early in the winter of 1849, discovered gold, and built the first trading post in the area.

The trading post, however, seems to have been only a side line, for the brothers, shrewd business men, prospered more from their mining venture. Their rich claims demanded manpower to develop them, and the white men who had come into the district were too busy working their own claims to consider mere daily wages.

In this emergency, the Murphy brothers had to turn to the Miwok (Mi-wuk) Indians, and as pay for this labor they supplied them only with their barest needs from the Trading Post. This set-up was terribly one-sided, for when the deal was called off, the Miwoks had nothing to show for their labor. The labor which had helped deposit $1,000,000 in the Murphy brothers' treasure chest.

The word gold, of course, could not be kept secret, and in May of 1849 thousands of miners were scrambling over Murphys New Diggings, staking out rich claims.

"It was not unusual," said Charlie Williams, "to pick up an ounce of gold from a pan of gravel, for gold could be found at a depth of from four to ten feet, the latter considered deep."

By late summer of '49, miners panning gold in and around Murphys New Diggings didn't even stop panning long enough to build shacks, or erect tents to live in. Men simply tossed down their bedrolls and scanty cooking utensils under the tree nearest to their claims and kept panning.

"That year," informed Charlie, "claims proved so incredibly rich that each miner was limited to only eight square feet up and down Murphys Creek. In good mining season—barring hard rains and deep snows—these small claims often averaged $3,000. One lucky fellow panned $80,000 from his small footage. In all, something around $5,000,000 was taken from one four-acre placer area the first year after gold was discovered at Murphys Flat."

By 1851 Murphys Flat had become an important trading center for outlying camps: French Gulch, Missouri Gulch, Douglas Flat, Pennsylvania, Vallecito and smaller mining centers around it. From its modest beginning, Murphys Flat now boasted four trading posts and several stores along Main Street, providing the milling population not only with mining necessities—powder, shovels, steel, fuses, etc., but also advertised "a few luxuries for sale."

Miners, flocking into town to blow their gold, also had half a dozen saloons to accommodate them, in which were twenty gaming tables never lacking customers. For those who wished

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to indulge in milder amusement, a "skittle" ground was within easy reach.

For both townfolk and hardy miners who enjoyed good food, and a variety of it, three American and four French restaurants were ready to cater to simple or sophisticated appetites. The restaurants never lacked customers.

By now Murphys Flat had also attracted two doctors, who not only dispensed pills to the ill, but stood by to "dig out bullets and bandage wounds."

Miners who had been panning for gold hastened the process by turning to rockers—a method developed by miners in Georgia—and sluicing, to extract the precious metal from sand and gravel.

News of Northern California's great gold discovery was, by now, booming around the world! Like thirsty burros following the scent of sweet water, hardrock men and mining engineers followed in the wake of placer miners.

In came the Irish, the Swedes and the Cornishmen, better known as "Cousin Jacks," who, during this period, knew more about hardrock mining than any other men in the world. Up from the Barbary Coast at San Francisco came also the "Sydney Coves"—better known in California as "Sydney Ducks"—desperate men, criminals who had been banished from England by the shiploads to Australia, and who, knowing nothing about mining, filtered into the Mother Lode territory to rob and often murder any man carrying gold.

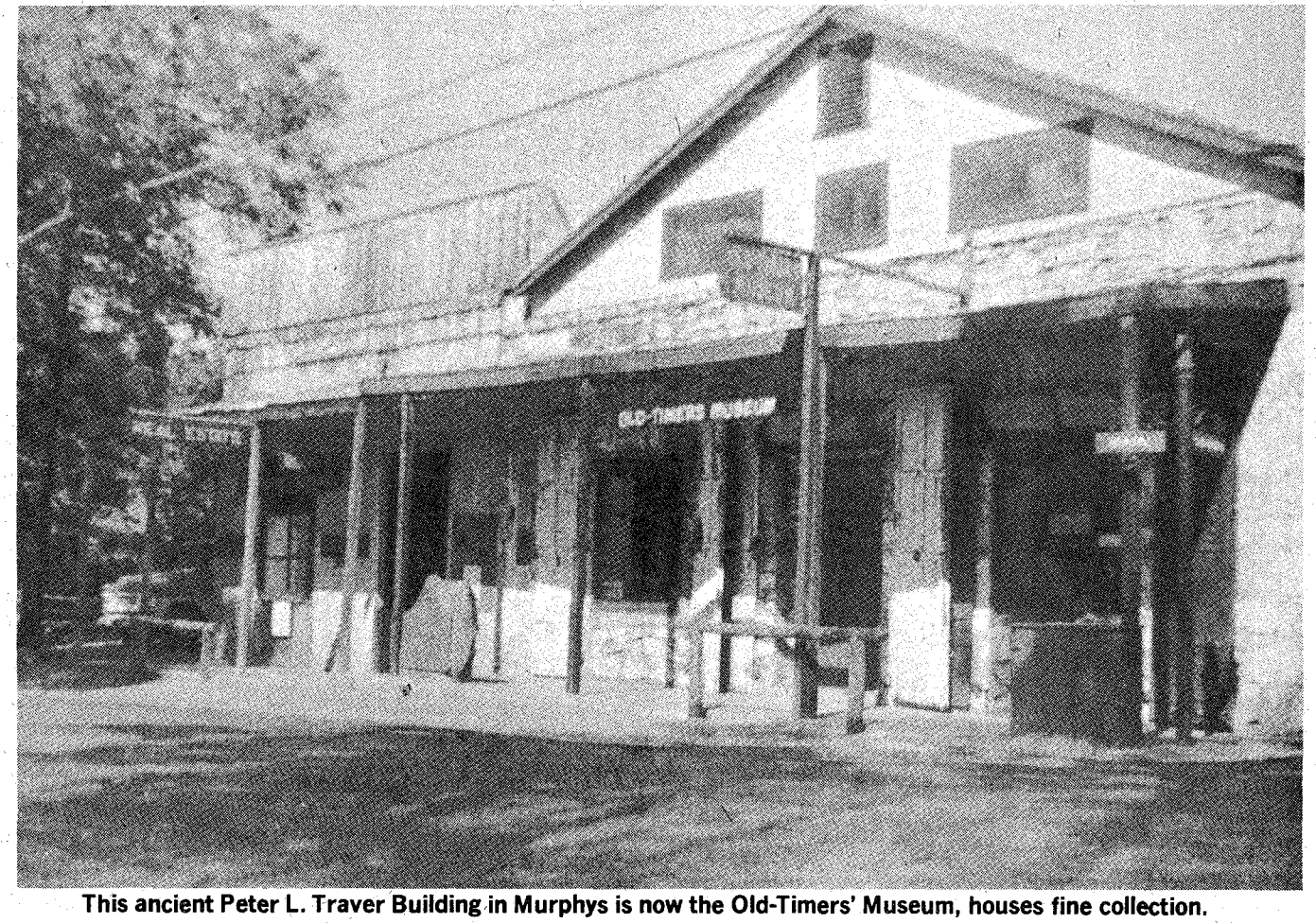
Soon after the hardrock men arrived, important quartz mines began operating throughout the district. Among these the better known properties were the Eureka, owned by Hetty Green, and the Argonaut, owned by a New York Syndicate, blasting and drilling more millions from this gold-rich earth. From a Wells-Fargo record it is estimated that in the years between 1850 and 1860, more than $15,000,000 in gold was shipped out of the Murphys district—not counting what was carried off unofficially.

"The placer rush was about over when I got here," reminded Charlie, as we visited on the honeysuckle-shaded porch of his near-century-old home, "but not all of the excitement. Murphys still had a half-dozen saloons and several dance halls going pretty strong. And, as I recollect, some 'sporting women' were having a bad time of it. I mean by that, 'girls' came and 'girls' had to get out! Fancy women were like ticks in the sides of the town's good wives, who kept such women heading back down the road to Banana Flats, near Angels Camp.

"But a German Madam, Hattie Gray, sneaked in some 40 of the finest looking 'girls' that ever hit town. Didn't stay long, though. The last 'Madam' that wiggled into town was right smart! Before anybody guessed what was goin' on, she'd bought a big fine house at the edge of town, and installed a dozen or more 'fancy women' in it. Her place didn't last long, either," Charlie ended on a nostalgic chuckle.

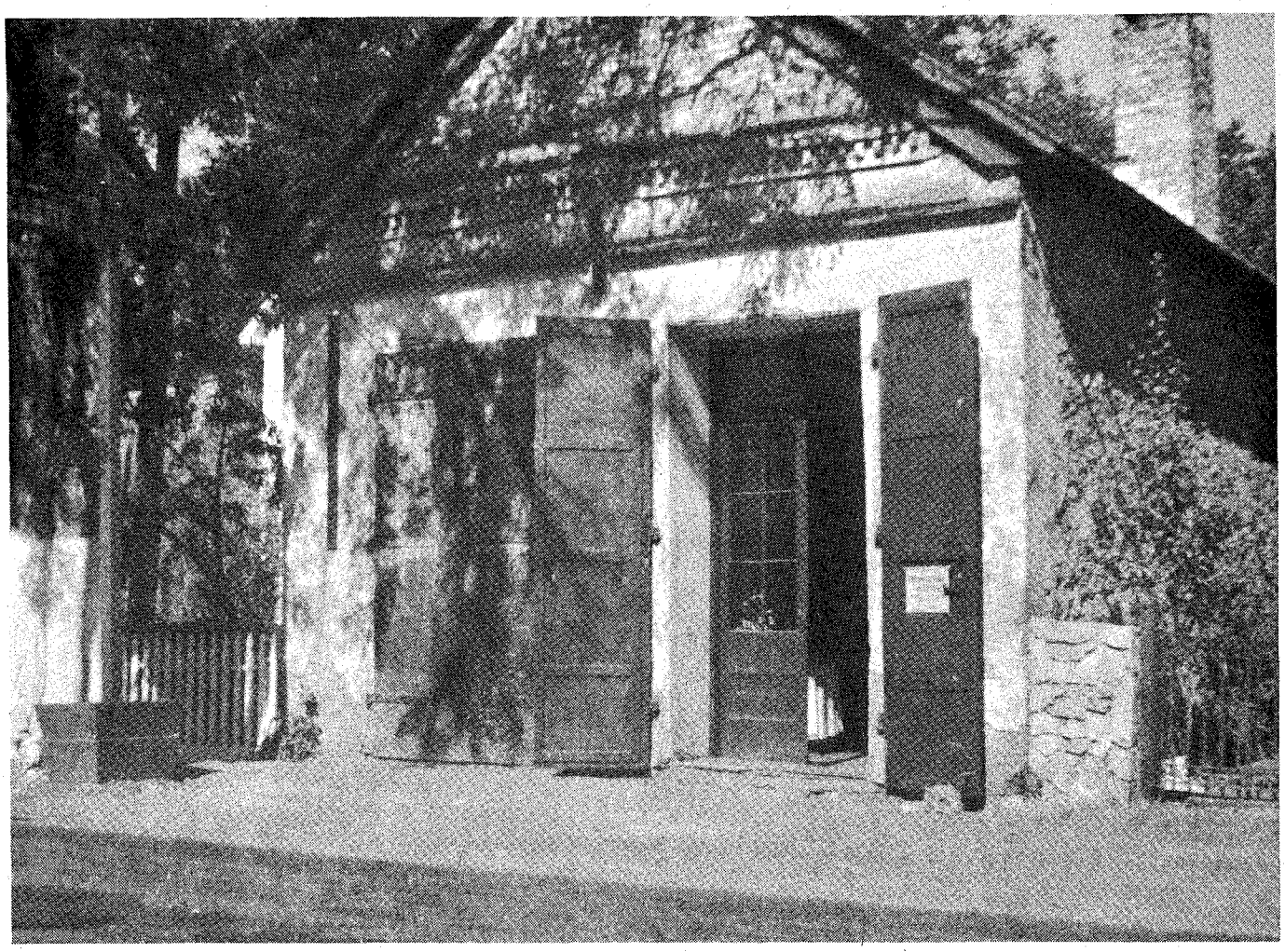
"I was a family man. Saw little, heard a lot, as men do. Between my freighting jobs I was busy staking out a few claims—doin' a little placer mining on the side, making it possible to buy this cottage here on Murphys Creek. However, I got nothing from placer mining like they did in the early days. Then, plenty of free gold could be picked out of pockets and crevices of bedrock in creeks. Small streams that could be easily diverted, often exposed virgin gold that was dug out with an ordinary hunting knife. But most of the placer mining was still being done on sand bars and gravel beds up and down the numerous mountain streams."

"A shootin' scrape took place right here, durin' the gold rush," said Charlie. "That was when riff-raff and prospectors kept pourin' into town and miners decided that if *this* kept up, gold sure wouldn't hold out! So the locals held a meetin', all agreein' something had to be done about the situation. So, one



This ancient Peter L. Traver Building in Murphys is now the Old-Timers' Museum, houses fine collection.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dr. Jones' Apothecary Shop, where pioneer doctor probed for bullets and dispensed pills and arnica.

day, the town fellers got goin' and met the oncomin' stampede right on this bridge... tryin' to shoot it out. It didn't work. Although several men were killed, both factions were out lookin' for gold... and gold they intended to get! So *that* ended that fracas."

By 1850 the population of Murphys Flat had zoomed to 5,000, and by now miners were facing a water problem, which was solved when the Union Water Company was organized. When the company completed the aqueduct, in 1860, with a huge flume rising 290 feet above the canyon floor and bringing water into the Central Mine from the Stanislaus River fifteen miles distant, this was considered an outstanding feat of engineering.

"Reckon I've done right good at placer mining," Charlie remarked. "It was nothing unusual to pick up quite a few ordinary nuggets. I hit it rich on the last big one... a beauty! Big as a fair-sized worm. Looked exactly like one. Never sold it. Had a stickpin made of that one to wear on my tie.

"Some old-timers 'round here talked pretty loose about nuggets they'd found. One, though, was a whopper, found by a mucker up at the Willard Claim Mine at Dogtown—later Magalia. It weighed 154 pounds and two ounces, by gosh! But up the road near Carson Hill, we did better. A nugget turned up there at the Morgan Mine around 1854 that weighed 160 pounds, valued at $45,000—second largest nugget in the United States. I call that a helluva hunk of gold in any miner's language."

Charlie, who had spent most of his 93 years in and around Murphys, had, through staking claims and taking partners to help develop them, met quite a few characters.

"For instance," said Charlie, "there was old man Ed Black who worked the upper end of French Gulch, three miles northwest of here, and two Mexicans, Joe Myola and Tony Martinis, who were workin' the lower end. Anyway, Tony told me they paid only $200 for the lease on the Gamblin' Mine that held a fortune. Had the boys stuck to business, they'd been millionaires. One wheelbarrow load of high-grade ore, so Tony told me, paid 'em $3,500. But gold seemed to burn their fingers... they just had to get rid of it!

"So off Tony and Joe went on a helluva bender, and from then on, every time they made a haul, they'd blow it in, get back to camp broke, and back to minin' until they made more spendin' money.

"On one of the boys' trips, I recall," said Charlie, "Tony and Joe hired a stagecoach for the two of them—cost 'em plenty—to go down to Jackson and Sonora where they boozed it up on a big spree. Tony and Joe, born of a restless nature, of course didn't stick it out long up here. When they discovered they had to work harder at the mine for spendin' money, they just took off and abandoned the Gamblin'.

"Some time after Tony and Joe left, Ed Black and a fellow named Gus McGan took over the Gamblin'. They, too, were doin' all right. Black told me they had mined $800 from just *one* rich pocket. But gold went to their heads, too. Every ounce of it they got hold of, was squandered on liquor, and both became booze fighters.

"It got so bad that when the Gamblin' furnished Black and McGan with only wine money, and they got down to one potato and one onion, between them, for a meal, Black went to his miserable shack—built of flattened coal oil tins—to ponder on the fortune he had tossed to the winds, and sorta straightened up. As for McGan... well, it wasn't long before he was found dead in his shack after drinkin' moonshine he'd made in carbide cans.

"Now it so happened I needed help *(Continued on page 62)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Heartwarming Story Of
THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH
FROM 10-YEAR-OLD PRIVATE TO MAJOR GENERAL!

So what if John Clem never made it to West Point? He still established one of the most incredible military records in American history

General U.S. Grant (left) fought side-by-side with the youngster and would later make him a personal aide. At the Battle of Chickamauga, 12-year-old John Clem killed his first "Reb"—a Confederate Colonel who had laughed at the undersized private.

By R.L. GRUBB

FORT SAM HOUSTON was getting a new commanding officer. He swung down from the railroad coach without hesitation, almost eagerly. And a few brisk steps down the station platform took him to a waiting Army carriage. As he got in, Colonel Clem let his eyes glance toward the buildings facing the depot.

A few people were about. And as the carriage moved out, Clem exchanged smiling nods of greeting with a few San Antonio citizens.

Many recognized him. He was a national hero. But the remarkable thing about John Clem was that he met, and passed, the test for valor at an early, a very early age.

Almost from the beginning he was in the war. He had "grown up" hearing slavery, state's rights, and cession or Union questions debated by storefront politicians. And there had been the troop parades. Blue clad men marching down the streets of his home town, Newark, Ohio, hoping to inspire men to join them. Finally, on April 12, 1861, came the guns of Fort Sumter.

A month later, nine-year old Johnny paid a visit to the recruiting offices of the 3rd Ohio and

(Continued on page 42)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOLD HOAX THAT SWINDLED SAN FRANCISCO!

EVERYONE IN SAN Francisco during the first days of 1851 knew the town was in a no nonsense mood. The Vigilantes were becoming a force to be reckoned with. Word was out that crooks, thieves, murderers and charlatans had better get out of town or end up strung from a rope, or be broken by stones and pummeling from angered mobs until it was merciful to die quickly.

That fate had befallen many who had dared to harass an angry and violent city. The town was jammed with down and out miners, rich merchants, and adventure hungry sailors with spending money in their pockets. There were also the solid citizenry, mostly struggling families saving pennies as nest eggs for the future.

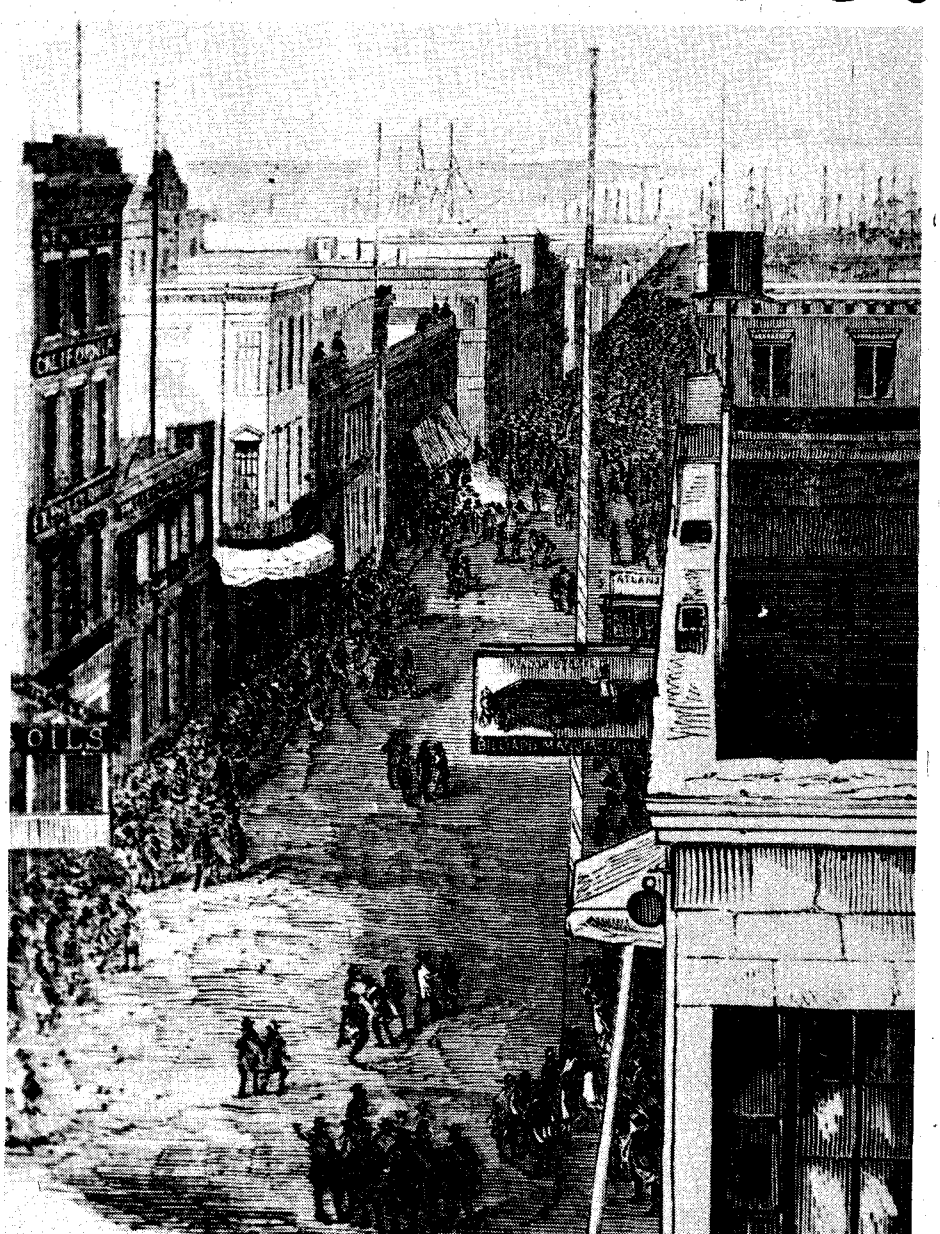
Thus it was, that on January 2, 1851, San Francisco was startled by banner headlines in *The Daily Alta* and *The Public Balance*, two respected newspapers whose publications were always accepted as gospel truth.

"Gold! Pure cliffs of solid gold stretching as far as the human eye can see, and tremendous wealth along the northern California coast near the mouth of the Klamath River. Sufficient precious and sparkling ore to make every man, woman, and child in San Francisco forever rich!"

The young newshawkers hit Market Street with their sheets at seven that morning and there was a sell-out of papers within the hour. For the remainder of the day, edition after edition was bought up until about 150,000 persons had the news sheets in their hands and trembled with excitement as greed and lust for gold began to take hold.

Nothing before, with the exception of the discovery of gold by James Marshall at Sutter's Mill in Coloma in 1848, had so captured the imagination of the San Francisco colony.

By nightfall, there were huge crowds in front of the bulletin boards of the newspaper offices throughout town and a great clamor went up for more details about the gold discovery. The details they longed to hear began to make themselves known.



An angry mob gathers along Montgomery Street heading for the docks. It happened after a ship returning from the Bluffs came back with no gold. The news set off a panic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A trio of prospectors (above) working the black and gray sands near the Gold Bluffs are using pick, shovel and pan to extract gold ore in this 1880 photo. Another pair of prospectors work at the base of the Gold Bluffs (below) at the turn of the century. They are sluicing the gold and using riffles to collect the very precious ore.

To this day the citizens of the West's most sophisticated city don't like to talk about the time practically all of San Francisco fell victim to a hoax!

By LEO ROSENHOUSE

A man named Reading had made a strike of gold along the coastline and had wandered into a prospector's camp in the high Trinity peaks, some of which ended abruptly in the wild high cliffs that jutted from the shore. He related a strange but luring tale to experienced gold prospectors named B. Nordheimer, Charles Moore and J.H. Stinchfield, and what Reading said caused the men to immediately break camp and head for the Klamath River.

Just as Reading described, they found a massive dark colored cliff measuring 400 feet in length and higher than any man in the party. The cliff was a glittering find with rich gold particles throughout. However, the mineral matter was solidly embedded in the cliff and it would take plenty of work with pick and shovel to break down the cliff so its soil could be put through rockers to extract the heavy deposits of gold.

The three prospectors allegedly purchased the find from Reading and then took into their confidence two other prospectors in the area, men whose names were J.M. Maxwell and a Mr. Richardson. An arrangement was made for the two to take samples of the find, enough to buy needed equipment so the cliff could be worked.

As San Franciscans then learned, Maxwell and Richardson decided the find was much too big for simple men and they took it upon themselves to consult two industrious and prominent men in the San Francisco area asking that they finance the project of mining the cliffs of gold.

Yet another newspaper gave a version of its own, stating two San Franciscans, one General John Wilson, philanthropist and well to do man about town, and a prospering accountant named John Collins, had accidently become stranded along the California coastline while heading south from Seattle and stumbled on the gold cliff. At the same time, Wilson and Collins found prospectors in the area and paid them to stay and guard the gold. Apparently there was more than one cliff and the find was of fabulous value.

News hungry San Franciscans were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

told Wilson had purchased a fast sail and paddlewheeler combination vessel named the *Chesapeake* and had returned to the gold site, landing at a forlorn place called Trinity Point. He again examined the gold cliffs at nearby Klamath River where it met the sea and the *Daily Alta* concluded with this remarkable statement:

"Twenty seven miles beyond the Trinity, there is a beach several miles in extent and bounded by a high bluff. The sands of this beach are mixed with gold to an extent almost beyond belief. The sand is of two kinds—a fine black sand and a gray sand. The gray sand can be separated very easily from the black sand and this seems to be a desirable object.

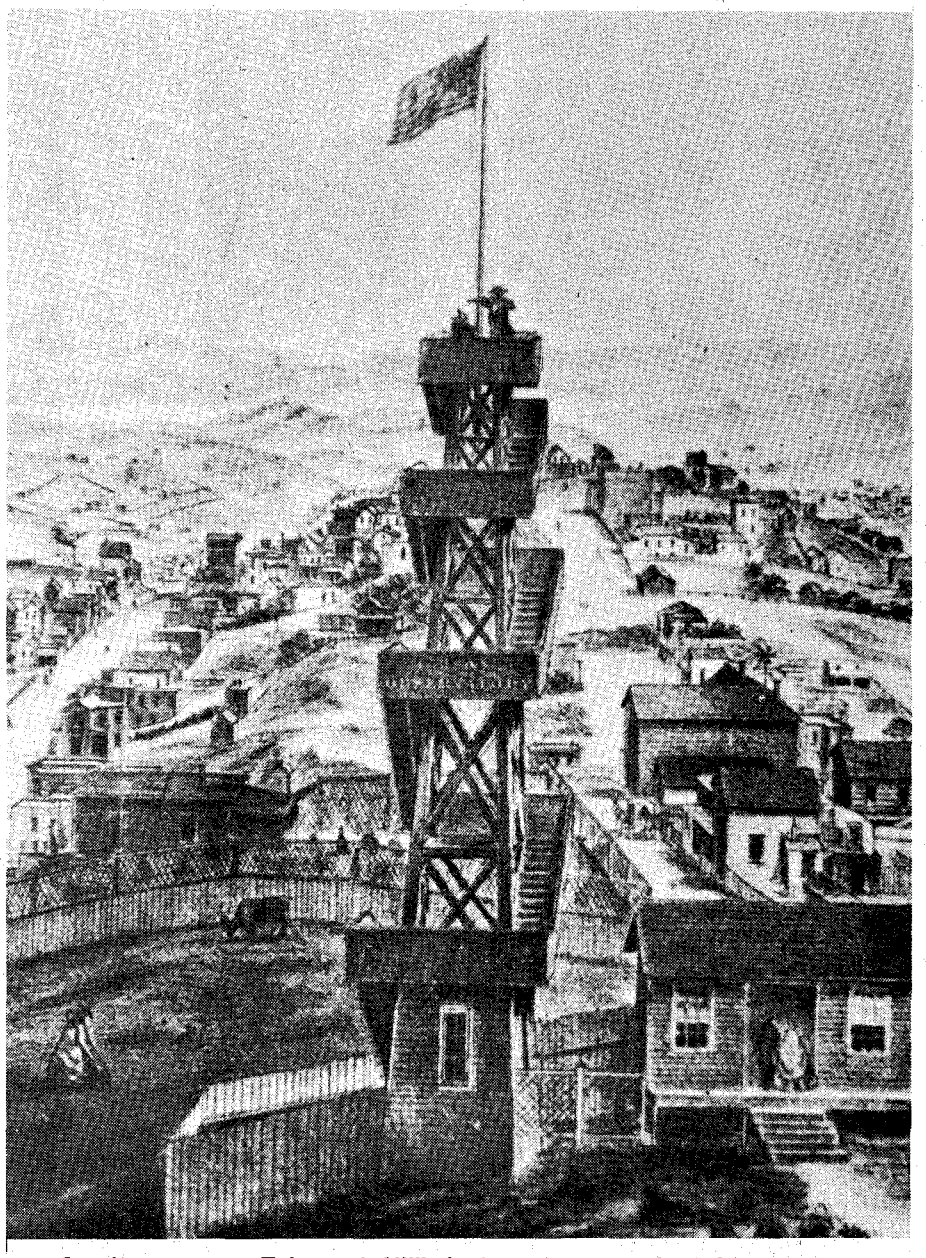
"The gold is mixed with the black sand in proportions of from ten cents to ten dollars per pound. At times, when the surf is high, the gold is not easily discovered, but in the spring of the year, the entire beach is covered with bright and yellow gold."

This news release turned San Franciscans into a wild frenzy, especially after General Wilson advised he had taken pains to secure an affidavit from the prospectors he left to guard the monumental wealthy find to the effect that everything the newspapers had printed about the gold cliffs was true!

Wilson was a giant of a man, both in personality and stature. He stood six feet, five inches tall and even seemed bigger because he wore a black stovepipe hat, then the newest fashion from London. His clothes were made by the best tailors in San Francisco, and the ladies seemed to swoon in his electric presence.

Weighing more than 270 pounds, Wilson was strong enough to crush a large coin in his fist. As for his title of "General"—that was slightly obscure and no one dared question him on the matter. He had simply come to San Francisco two years before, his suitcases bulging with money, and made the announcement he had fought valiantly in the Mexican War and earned his rank. Those were the times when to question a man was to insult him and be subject to his wrath. There wasn't a single man in San Francisco who could face up to Wilson.

Setting up an office by the Guild Restaurant off Montgomery Street in San Francisco's financial row,



An observer atop Telegraph Hill's lookout tower receives the first flashings of a mirror from a ship just returning from the Gold Bluffs. The signals announced that the trip ended in failure. The news caused the collapse of the Pacific Mining Company and cost people fortunes.

Wilson told newspapers he had formed the Pacific Mining Company, and that John A Collins, accountant, would be his immediate partner. The papers then told San Franciscans:

"Mr. John A Collins, Secretary of the Pacific Mining Company, measured a patch of gold and sand (presumably brought back on the Chesapeake), and estimates it will yield to the 19 new members on the Company board (mostly daring businessmen who threw in their fortunes with Wilson), the snug sum of $43,000,000."

The news went out in the form of a bulletin and spread to various parts of the world. But when it was recorded by the Sacramento Intelligence on January 19, 1851, hundreds of prospectors in the nearby Mother Lode deserted their claims and rushed to San Francisco, anxious to somehow get a share of the wealth.

When the doors of the Pacific Mining Company opened for the first day to sell shares in the corporation, Wilson and Collins had to hire private security men to hold back the milling crowds. Mobs were pushing each other in the street to buy stock and there was bedlam. But by closing time, several millions of dollars in fancy scrolled paper had been sold, and so it went for an entire week until the stock issue was sold out.

In order to keep the sale of stock

(Continued on page 55)

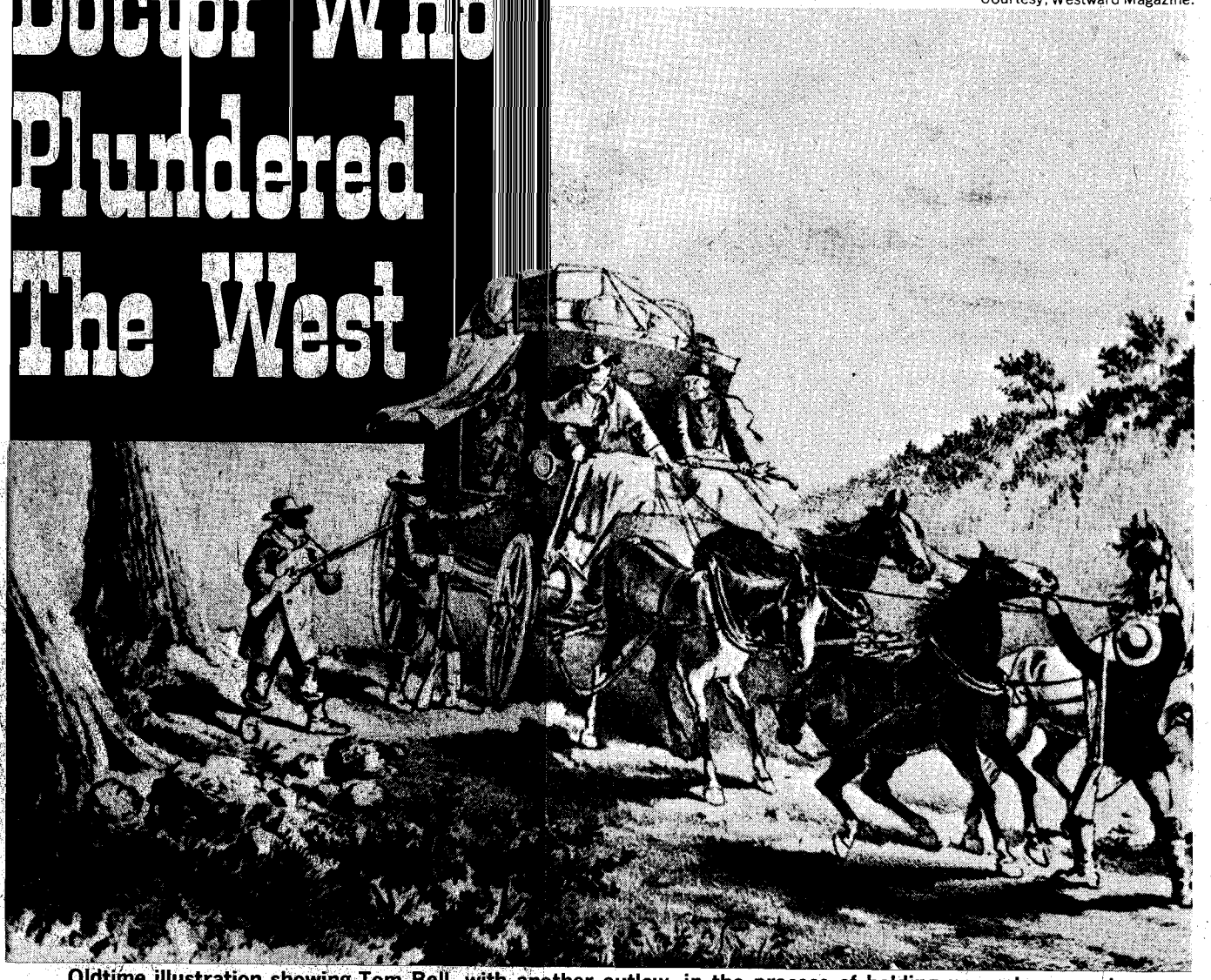
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cruel Doctor Who Plundered The West

When Tom Bell met gentle, beautiful Sarah Hood, he made up his mind to reform, but it was much, much too late for the belated change of heart...

by Leo Rosenhouse

Courtesy, Westward Magazine.



Oldtime illustration showing Tom Bell, with another outlaw, in the process of holding up a stage coach.

MARYSVILLE, California, on the late afternoon of August 11th, 1856, was simmering in a throat-parching heat that had driven most of the townsfolk into the shade of their trees, back of their homes. The taverns along the sun-drenched main street were filled with beer quaffers, and outside, dogs panted on the wooden walk plankings, hoping some one would pour them water from the pumps by the numerous horse troughs.

Suddenly the peaceful silence of the scorching afternoon was broken by a loud, frightened shout.

"I've seen Tom Bell!" a rancher yelled as he drove his horse along the street. "He's headed right this way and he has all of his cutthroats with him."

It was like a cry of doom! Women shrieked, and the more delicate ones fainted then and there. A few concerned males paused to help these ladies and drag them behind the protection of a doorway, but mostly, they cursed and sweated as they ran for home to get guns and horses. Would it be another massacre?

In less than 15 minutes, the entire town was absolutely still; nothing moved. The children had been hushed with threats and were locked in closets. Women hovered behind bedroom doors, and men tried to act bravely as they stood in the shadows of buildings, their trigger fingers trembling, ready for action!

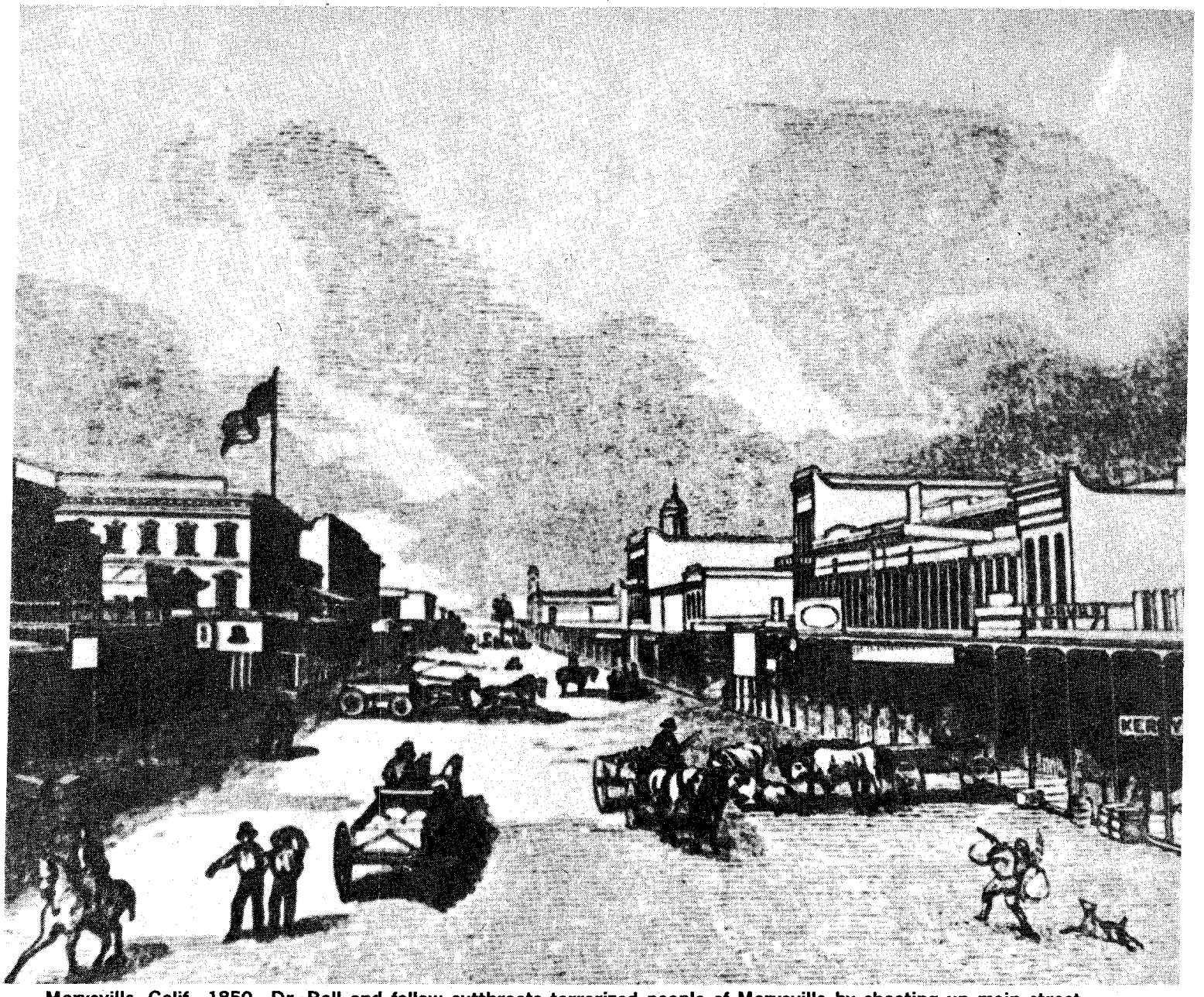
The last iron shutter had clanged tight on the merchants' shops, and a gathering posse at the sheriff's office waited nervously.

The mere mention of Tom Bell being in the vicinity struck a chill stronger than the first attack of fatal cholera. As killers went, there were few to compare to this unusual murderer.

He had come upon the peaceful Sacramento Valley only months before, and on his first saunter through Marysville, a stage coach town and farmers depot, this violent highwayman had shot up much of the town and wounded some of the citizenry. It had been a wanton, stupid, and cruel attack. Tom Bell was having his fun—he loved to play with human

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy, Westward Magazine.



Marysville, Calif., 1850—Dr. Bell and fellow cutthroats terrorized people of Marysville by shooting up main street.

lives—it made him feel powerful.

The west first heard of him in the saloons and fandango palaces of San Francisco, where brawlers lived by their wits and fists—as well as upon the earnings of dance hall tarts who prostituted themselves in order to keep their lovers in high style.

At the time, Tom Bell was quite handsome, with rich, curly blond hair falling far down his neck, as was the style of the gentlemen of the day. He was square-shouldered, tall, and always smiling, and his politeness was polished to perfection.

"I've come west to find me a real poke of gold," he told those who wanted to know his business. Actually, this was only partially the truth. Bell had just finished an arduous tour of duty in the Mexican War, serving Colonel Cheatham's famed Tennessee Volunteers, and had made a name for himself by heroically driving back bandits from the United States side of the Rio Grande.

When not busy shouldering a gun, he was occupied in the tiny field hospital of the Tennessee detachment. All the soldiers knew him to be a well trained medic and an expert with the scalpel.

"That's my home state—Tennessee!" He would answer somewhat ambiguously when he was questioned by the other doctors in the cavalry as to his medical background. They appeared satisfied that he was truly a graduate medical doctor. At least he showed a real knowledge of medicine.

What most of his associates did not know was that he actually practiced medicine in the Tennessee woods as Tom Hodges, M.D., until one mystifying morning. That morning he had suddenly abandoned his prosperous medical office and raced away out of town in a light buggy.

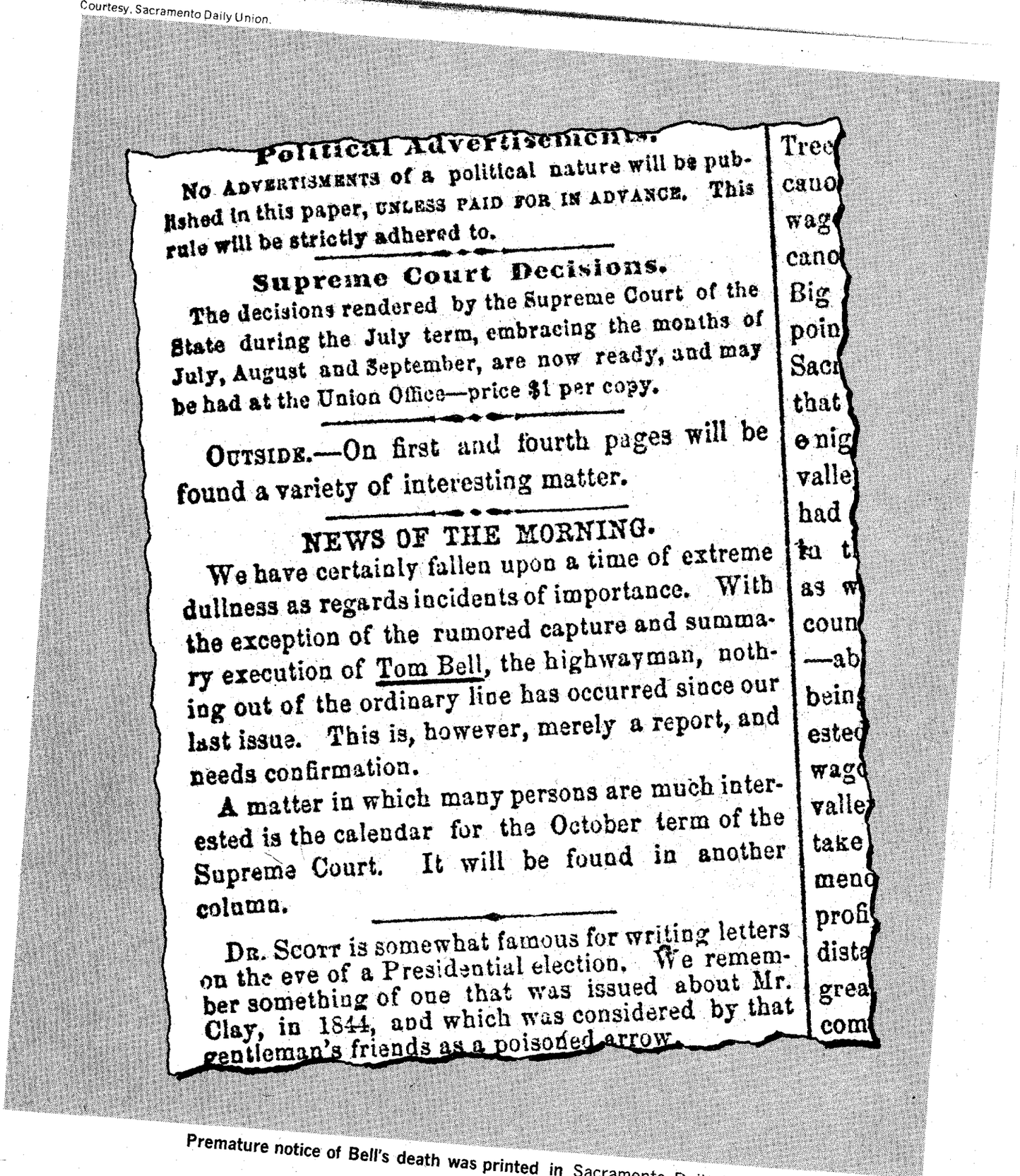
Many weeks later, he joined the Tennessee detachment and showed he was made of real stuff. His ability with a gun was uncanny, but he was even better patching up the wounded. Had Tom Bell remained a medical doctor after leaving the cavalry, he could have become one of the most famous of medical heroes of the early west.

Presumably, he turned criminal at the age of 26 when he couldn't make good his boast that he would find himself a fortune in gold in the Mother Lode country of California.

He could have opened a doctor's office in San Francisco and had a line of patients at his door, but instead, he haunted the dives along the waterfront and became a card sharp, playing for high stakes. He won nearly always, but managed to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy, Sacramento Daily Union.



Political Advertisements.

No ADVERTISMENTS of a political nature will be published in this paper, UNLESS PAID FOR IN ADVANCE. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

Supreme Court Decisions.

The decisions rendered by the Supreme Court of the State during the July term, embracing the months of July, August and September, are now ready, and may be had at the Union Office—price $1 per copy.

OUTSIDE.—On first and fourth pages will be found a variety of interesting matter.

NEWS OF THE MORNING.

We have certainly fallen upon a time of extreme dullness as regards incidents of importance. With the exception of the rumored capture and summary execution of Tom Bell, the highwayman, nothing out of the ordinary line has occurred since our last issue. This is, however, merely a report, and needs confirmation.

A matter in which many persons are much interested is the calendar for the October term of the Supreme Court. It will be found in another column.

DR. SCOTT is somewhat famous for writing letters on the eve of a Presidential election. We remember something of one that was issued about Mr. Clay, in 1844, and which was considered by that gentleman's friends as a poisoned arrow.

Premature notice of Bell's death was printed in Sacramento Daily Union.

gamble away every cent nevertheless.

One night, he angered a dance hall girl who had fallen in love with him, and she suddenly swung at his face with the convex side of a heavy shovel. Bell couldn't dodge quickly enough and there was a sickening crunch of bone and flesh as his face was smashed instantaneously into a flat, ugly, leering countenance.

From then on, it was a repulsive and broken-nosed Tom Bell that the West came to know, and he made a hell on earth for anyone who came within reach.

Finding people turned away from him, horrified by his repugnant appearance, and no longer able to seduce women easily with his put-on charm, Bell gathered a gang of desperate characters and became one of the first gang leaders in the country.

His first venture into crime was along the lines of finesse. He and his men practiced every card trick in the books, using 'the hand' is quicker than the eye' routine on dull-witted, mediocre players.

Bell was quickly becoming famous.

(Continued on page 52)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH (Continued from page 35)

22nd Michigan regiments.

"I gotta join up with you fellows," the precocious, dirty-faced youngster announced. "I wanna fight those damned Rebs."

A recruiting officer solemnly took the boy and a musket out behind the recruiting office. The gun was shoved at Johnny. He was told to demonstrate his shooting skills. But young John could hardly lift the gun, much less hit the target. The officer then threw a loaded knapsack on the boy's back and gave him orders to march. John buckled under the load. With that the amused officer took him back into the building, patted him on the behind, and told him to go home.

Discouraged but undefeated, Johnny wouldn't leave. He ran to a corner and picked up a drum he had seen there. And while beating on the drum, the inexperienced musician demanded to be enlisted as a drummer.

There were several men in the office and they all laughed with the recruiting officer when he told the youngster to "grow up." John went tearfully home.

For the next few months the chubby-faced youngster played "soldier" with neighborhood boys. But he wasn't happy. He dreamed of marching away to war. His dreams were often set afire as he watched troops and equipment being loaded onto rail cars for the long trip southward, to the war. One day he could stand it no longer. He decided to volunteer again.

His opportunity came when soldiers accidently left a baggage car door open on an outbound troop train. Johnny watched for his chance. When it came he climbed into the car and hid. The train was deep into Kentucky before he was discovered and sent back home. But a few weeks later the persistent stowaway was back in Kentucky. Again he was found and sent home. Johnny's luck started to turn good then.

When the train that was returning him pulled into Newark's railroad yards, a loaded troop train was waiting. Almost immediately the determined youngster was headed south again. He was hiding in a box car under some tents belonging to the 22nd Michigan Volunteers when he was discovered by two of the regiments officers.

Captains Alonzo Keeler and Edward Spaulding liked the boy they found. But they intended to send him back. Desperately Johnny begged to be signed up. The two officers tried to reason with him, to no avail. Finally, Keeler and Spaulding decided the only cure for their tormentor was to be a taste of Army life.

Ten-year old Johnny Clem was on his way to war.

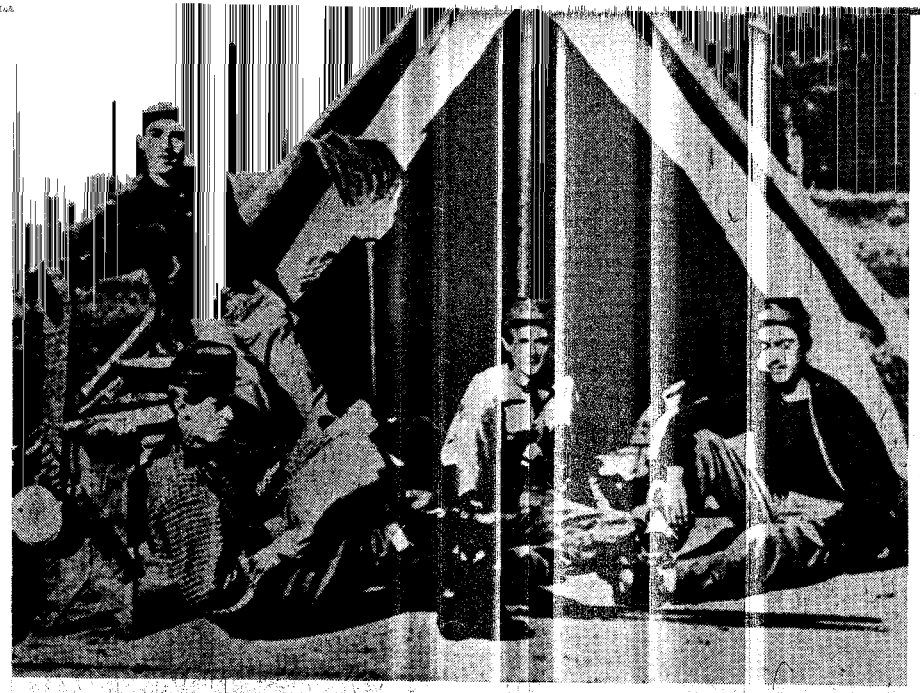
After the 22nd had reached its destination, off-loaded men and equipment, and set up camp, Johnny's "buddies" turned to the next order of business—outfitting their new soldier with a uniform. But the Army did not make uniforms for little boys. So the men did the next best thing.

They made do with what they had. The small men in the regiment were called on for pieces of clothing. Pants, shirt, boots, cap, and a jacket were collected. And these were altered. But it was almost hopeless. Paper was stuffed into his cap and boots. And still the cap hung on his ears and the cutdown trousers cascaded over his boot tops. Pins held folds in the jacket. It was still loose. But at least the youngster had a uniform.

In the meantime they found a regiment drum for Johnny. The young drummer thought it was beautiful. On the drum's side were

A two-year veteran at age 12, John Clem earned a battlefield promotion to Lance Sergeant at the Battle of Chickamauga. But it was at the Battle of Shiloh that young John first came to public knowledge when, with men falling to his left and right and gunfire everywhere, he held his position and would not retreat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Boys between the ages of 12 and 16 were used in the Union Army as drummers, buglers or fifers and were called "ponies" by other soldiers. But by age 12, John was already a battle-hardened veteran of the Civil War.

the arms of the United States. And under the arms was a scroll in which the numbers "22" and the letter "C" had been painted. This decoration was important. For it showed that Johnny and his drum belonged to Company "C" of the 22nd Michigan Volunteers of the United States Army. The boy should have been happy. He wasn't.

He practiced his drum calls faithfully. But he somehow felt he was being left out of "real soldiering." In true "giv'em an inch and they'll take a mile" style, Johnny thought he should carry a gun—and a drum—into combat. He pestered and pleaded. And finally, one of the men, Lucius Frank of Rochester, Michigan, gave in. He lightened a musket by sawing off the barrel and gave it to the boy. But the gun was still too heavy.

His benefactor found a good forked branch. He sharpened the end of it and gave it to the new "rifleman" to drive in the ground and support the gun when Johnny shot it. The very small boy in a very big uniform was ready for action. It was not long in coming. It began in one of the western campaigns, at the Battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862.

Shiloh was a testing ground. Raw volunteers—young men without, or with little, combat experience—fought the battle. Many of them had no military training. And it became their lot to be led into Shiloh by generals who were either not basically good strategists or who failed to show their brilliance in the battle. For young John Clem it was hell.

Americans have traditionally shielded the eyes of their young from the horror of war. But at Shiloh, on otherwise beautiful, gently rolling, and forested hills, 10-year old John watched as 3,482 men around him were killed. The boy watched as Tennessee soil soaked up the blood of another 20,264 men whose bodies were mutilated by shell fragments, wooden splinters, and withering grape and canister shot. Shiloh was a poor place for a boy to learn "soldiering."

Despite the horror, John's reputation got started there, for the story of "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" emerged from the battle. And Johnny Clem emerged as the story's hero.

The story may have been fact. Or, it may have been created in the fantasy of minds looking for inspirational stories to bolster the sagging spirits of fighting men and waiting women. But whether fact or fantasy, the story was inspirational. And it made Johnny the friend of General Grant.

It was said that during a charge up a hillside at Shiloh, John's drum was shattered by a shell fragment. The boy took up his gun to continue the battle. And when Union troops were overwhelmed and began to flee from the hillside, the young soldier stood his ground, firing as fast as he could reload. He was joined in battle on the side of the hill by General Grant.

They stood as though rooted to the ground, fighting side by side until, almost alone on the field, General Grant waved his sword and shouted, "Johnny Shiloh won't run. Don't let a boy and his General stand here and fight alone!" The troops rallied to the call.

Johnny had saved the day. And true or not, the story stuck.

The youngster had been a regiment mascot before the battle. But when it was over, the 10-year old was officially mustered into the 22nd Michigan Volunteers as a private!

After Shiloh, the young warrior marched with older comrades to Danville, Ky., Hickman's Bridge, Ky., and Pea Vine Creek and McAfee's Church, Tenn. And while the 22nd slowly fought its way towards Chickamauga, the Shiloh story was growing. Song writers, poets, and playwrights wrote flowery, glowing words about "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh." And the "Drummer Boy" fed hero-hungry minds.

Barely twelve, Private Clem went into the Battle of the Chickamauga a seasoned two-year veteran. In the battle the boy distinguished himself for bravery. And he earned sergeant stripes for his conduct. There was no hokie-pokie about what Johnny did at Chickamauga.

His regiment was again in the thick of it charging up a hill. Grape and canister shot quickly thinned the ranks of the 22nd Volunteers. But John continued on.

"The boy beat his drum," an Army friend observed, "as calmly as though parading down the main street back in Newark."

Men continued to fall. But the regiment fought on, towards the top of the hill. And when ammunition ran out, the order came—"Charge with naked steel!"

Gray coats began to give up ground in the middle of their line

(Continued on page 44)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH (Continued from page 43)

as the 22nd reached the forward Confederate positions and overran them. But the 22nd found itself trapped. As the center of the gray line gave way, rebel troops on the flanks closed behind John and his comrades. They were encircled!

Of 584 men in the regiment, 374 were killed, wounded, or were reported missing. Most of the trapped survivors were captured and taken prisoners. But a few—like the young drummer—managed to slip through the rebel ring.

The boy was trying to get through to his own lines. But a Confederate colonel saw John and called on the running soldier to "Halt!" John stopped. The officer stared in disbelief at the undersized boy in the oversized uniform.

The colonel cursed the little Yankee soldier. Then he laughed. And that was a mistake.

"He made me mad," John said angrily, remembering the meeting, "so I pulled up my gun and let him have it."

A red blotch appeared on the colonel's chest. He fell from his horse and died at the boy's feet.

John turned back towards the Union lines and began to run as fast as his little legs would move him. A barrage of Rebel bullets tore three holes through his cap before he found cover in the woods.

The boy continued running until he fell breathless into the arms of blue-coated Union soldiers, and safety. After the boy had rested, he made his report to an officer. And in the report Johnny included details of his meeting with the Confederate colonel.

When the incident was confirmed it was reported to General Rosecrans. He made 12-year old John Clem a sergeant on September 20, 1863, and assigned him to duty as his orderly. Thus John was "probably the only sergeant in the U. S. Army who had to be reminded to wash his face." He was, without doubt, a "spoiled pet" of the regiment.

Johnny liked being a pet. It saved him from the stockades one time when he violated his general's orders.

The incident happened when the 22nd was camped on war-prize soil near the Kentucky River. The general gave an order that his troops were not to forage and they were not to shoot anything. A little later the officer went on an inspection round. He came upon young John proudly sitting on a dead hog, a hog the boy had just shot.

"I gave orders!" the general growled, "that no one was to shoot anything!"

Looking up into the officer's face John realized the seriousness of his crime. He was, for once, thoroughly frightened.

"Yes, sir," Johnny sobbed. "But I ain't gonna let no damned rebel hog eat me up."

The tearful plea of "self-defense" made the general choke on his laughter. But he tried to keep the boy from seeing his smile. So hiding his face in his handkerchief, the general quickly wheeled his horse to ride away—leaving little John and the *villainous* hog in peace. After that, many Union campfire kettles could be found containing the corpses of chickens that had been killed in "self-defense."

Johnny missed the Union stockades. But a short time later he was captured by Confederate troops while he was carrying a message. The boy spent 63 days in a southern prison. "The worst thing happened," Johnny said grudgingly, after being released, "I lost my cap."

He was talking about the cap he had been wearing at Chickamauga when he had killed the Confederate colonel. It had three bullet holes in it. John Clem was a long way from the recruiting office, where he had tried to enlist.

On August 13, 1864, the young soldier celebrated his 13th birthday. He had over three years of combat experience behind him; he had been a sergeant for about a year; he had spent two months in a Confederate prison; and he had killed a ranking enemy officer. John Lincoln Clem was a veteran soldier.

A month after his birthday he was on the streets—back in his home town of Newark, Ohio—a civilian.

From battlefield to playground is a hell of a trip. And, as to be expected, John did not fit in too well at school. His teachers were as awed of the boy-man as his schoolmates were. The youngster's main source of companionship was with other veterans. They would gather and talk for hours, re-telling, re-living the hardships, the battles, and the glory. And perhaps they wished they were back in the thick of it, out and away from quiet Newark.

John tried to leave after he graduated from high school in 1870. Still longing for a military career, he took the entrance examinations for the military academy at West Point. But he failed.

Luckily for John, his old friend from Shiloh, General Grant (now President), rescued him. The young veteran went to Washington. He became Grant's special ward. And he was appointed Postmaster of the House of Representatives. But an Army career was still what the young man wanted. And according to a Dallas, Texas newspaper, Grant "undertook to teach him mathematics and otherwise prepare him for West Point."

In early December, 1871, President Grant felt his young friend was ready to take the entrance examination again. So on the 17th of the month, 20-year old John took the test, "but a rigid old officer there subjected him to a very fine examination and he was rejected."

Thoroughly angered, President Grant again rescued John.

"Any boy good enough," Grant raged, "to be a sergeant at 12 is good enough to be a second lieutenant at 20!"

On December 18th, the day after his second failure at West Point, Grant personally commissioned Clem as a second lieutenant in the Infantry.

John's dreams were realized. The former drummer—the former messenger on the staffs of General Grant, Granger, and Thomas, had become a commissioned officer in the U. S. Army. But Grant wasn't through yet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He assigned Clem to the staff of General Doubleday for training and study. And in 1875 the young officer (a first lieutenant by then), graduated from the artillery school at Fort Monroe, Virginia. He was married the same year.

His bride was Anita French, the daughter of General W. H. French. John and Anita shared 24 years together at Army posts that included Oregon and California assignments. In 1899 Anita died. There were many who thought John would not marry again. But they didn't know about Texas.

When Colonel Clem arrived [illegible] to take command of Fort Sam Houston, he didn't know it would be San Antonio and a Texas girl 27 years his junior that would win his heart. The girl's name was Elizabeth Sullivan.

She had been born in Indianola, Texas in 1878. And she was the daughter of San Antonio banker Daniel Sullivan. When Elizabeth and John met, she had apparently just returned to the United States from Paris, where she had attended the Sacred Heart Convent.

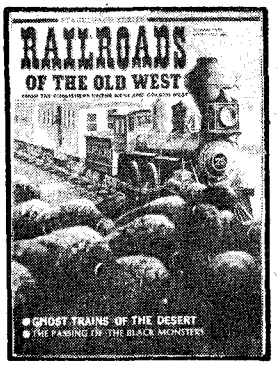
A 25-year-old Texas girl, a rather handsome, uniformed Army officer, and San Antonio skies were made for romance. A lifetime romance.

John and Elizabeth were married in 1903. They shared Army life at various posts with their son and daughter until 1912. The Clem family was then transferred to Washington, D. C., where Colonel Clem was assigned as the Assistant Quartermaster General. He held this assignment until his retirement at the final rank of Major General on August 29, 1916.

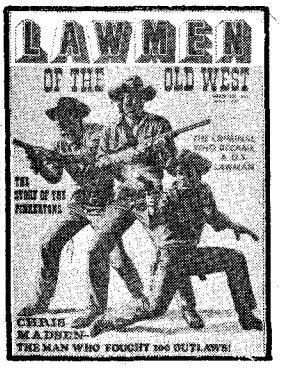
After retirement Elizabeth was active in charitable work and John devoted his time to social and fraternal military groups. From mascot to Major General, from drummer boy to Quartermaster General, John Clem had lived a full life in the service of his country.

According to *Who's Who in America 1936-37*, the Clem home was at 404 Broadway, San Antonio, Texas. And the *Army Register, 1938* states that "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" made his last roll call there on May 13, 1937.

THE GREATEST COMBINATION SINCE THE GOLDEN SPIKE JOINED THE EAST AND WEST



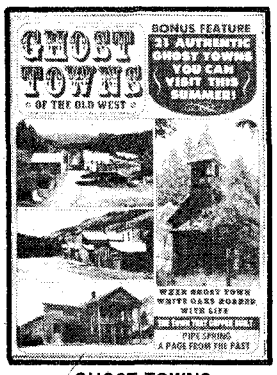
RAILROADS OF THE OLD WEST



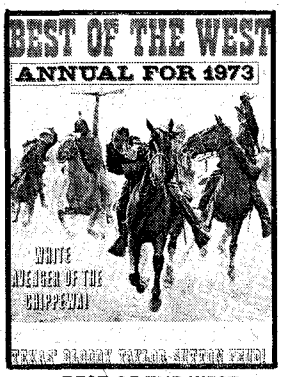
LAWMEN OF THE OLD WEST

Five of the greatest western magazines ever published are yours—if you act real quick! The five most wanted—special issues from the publishers of THE WEST and GOLDEN WEST are now being offered—in one package deal—for only five bucks! Fire off the coupon below, together with your payment in full (We pay all postage and shipping charges), and we'll shoot right back to you entire issues devoted to railroads, ghost towns, lawmen and outlaws of the old west, plus a collection of unforgettable western stories. If you're a true western buff, these magazines are guaranteed to keep you up better than sitting on a cactus! You can buy them separately. But why break up the most exciting combination since the James Gang?

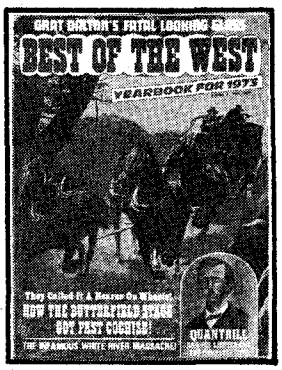
For only $5 you get all five of 'em, the best deal both sides of the Pecos. Move rattler-quick, before they're all sold out!



GHOST TOWNS
OF THE OLD WEST



BEST OF THE WEST
ANNUAL/1973



BEST OF THE WEST
YEARBOOK FOR 1973

Please rush me the issues checked below. I am enclosing $1 for EACH issue. Or shoot me all five great issues. I am enclosing $5 for the whole bunch.

STAGECOACH PUBLISHING COMPANY
P.O. Box 58
Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571

☐ RAILROADS OF THE OLD WEST ☐ GHOST TOWNS OF THE OLD WEST
☐ BEST OF THE WEST ANNUAL/1973 ☐ LAWMEN OF THE OLD WEST
☐ BEST OF THE WEST YEARBOOK FOR 1973

☐ SEND ME ALL FIVE GREAT WESTERN MAGAZINES

Your Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROARING THUNDER

(Continued from page 11)

brought back once again this lost spirit to haunt us, you kept him from rest, and now once again his ghost must wander about the hills and valleys and his spirit will not rest because of this thing you have done. Because you are responsible for his spirit remaining with us you must, from this day forward, be the keeper of his ghost. You must care for it, you must help the ghost to find food and shelter, you must see that it needs nothing that you can supply. From this day until Ho-Tah-Moie's ghost returns to his happy hunting ground, you and you alone are responsible for it."

That's how it was from that snowy day in 1902 when Boy Hunter of the Osage unknowingly brought back the ghost of he who had returned from the Hill of the Dead. He alone of the Tall-Chief Band, was permitted to converse with the Ghost.

JOHN DRIFTED over near Pawhuska after a few years. The Indian agency was at Pawhuska which was just a small trading post at that time. Sometimes he went into the agency after finding he could get money there to buy food for himself and his dogs. Often he slept in the doorway of the agency after it was closed for the night. There was a butcher shop nearby where John went to buy bologna and bones for his dogs.

My father and many others often told me of seeing John come out of this butcher shop, arms loaded with bones for his dogs and a great long stick or two of bologna under his arm. He would sit down on the edge of the small porch in front of the butcher shop—there was no sidewalk—and here he'd throw the beef bones, one for each dog. Then, taking out a big old Barlow knife he always carried, he'd cut each dog a piece from the long stick of bologna, making sure they were all about the same size. Then, and only then, would he cut a piece for himself. The hounds gulped their portions down in one gulp, and would sit whining, switching their tails and slobbering for more while John ignored them as he ate his own portion. Then he'd start all over again, cutting each dog a piece, then one for himself. When the bologna was gone, John without so much as a grunt would simply lay back on the little porch, close his eyes, and go to sleep. The dogs, each with a bone to gnaw, would wait for him to rouse, and then they all would take off for the lodge again.

Sometimes John came in almost every day for a while, then he'd not be seen for several weeks. People walked around him, never speaking, and the Osages looked the other way as they passed him. Often he looked longingly at one of his old-time friends but without a word he'd plod slowly on, maybe reaching out to tug at the ears or pat the heads of his dogs as if to assure himself they were his friends and were not afraid of him.

Mr. J. A. Heaps, who is now 79 and lives in Tulsa, tells this story of John Stink, whom he knew as a small child:

"John liked kids and we little boys liked him, but we were afraid of him. Then too, our parents would have skinned us alive had they known we were meeting Ol' John Stink down on Bird Creek where we often fished. Ol' John used to carry a great big stick of bologna and a sack full of soda crackers down to Bird Creek, and we boys would stick our cane poles in the soft banks and crawl up to where Ol' John would sit down under a big old cottonwood tree, his dogs scattered everywhere, and we'd sit down and talk to Ol' John.

"We cultivated him I'm afraid, for two purposes, one—that bologna and soda crackers, and the other, because we were not supposed to. How many boys could resist a combination like that?

"One time a bunch of us—four or five I think—sat there eating bologna cut with his big old Barlow knife which he always kept sharp as a razor it seemed.

"Then after we had eaten all the bologna and picked the crumbs of the old soda crackers off our overalls and eaten them, Ol' John took that big old Barlow knife and, pulling a plug of Star tobacco from his pocket, he cut a big chew and took it, then he proceeded to cut a chew for each boy. We looked at that Star tobacco and then we looked at that big old Barlow knife, and every boy reached out and took that tobacco and chewed. Injuns were strange people, and boys had been killed (and we imagined, scalped) for refusing a chew of tobacco or any other gift offered by the Indian. Pretty soon, one old-red-headed boy with a lot of big freckles began to get paler and paler, and his big brown freckles plumb faded away, and about then we decided we had better get home, as we suddenly remembered there were a lot of chores for us to do. We barely made it out of Ol' John's sight until we were all rolling on the ground, throwing up like anything and too weak to even walk, for a while."

ALL THIS was before the ironic bonanza of "black wampum" which blessed, or cursed, the Osages. When the Indians had been given this land the white man had said frankly it was not good for anything. When the great hidden pools of black gold began to gush forth, making the Osage the richest tribe on earth, the white man at once began to find ways to take back this "worthless land."

All Osages had held property in common until the coming of statehood when each one was given "head rights" of 360 acres of land to call his own. All mineral rights for the tribe was still held in common, thus came about the fact that because of the great oil fields developed in the Osage Nation all were wealthy, in spite of the fact that many head rights were dry of oil.

John Stink's 360-acre tract was just south west of the city limits of Pawhuska. Within months, or even days, the Osages were wealthy beyond their comprehension, as the black gold spouted up into the sky and filled their reservoirs faster than men could build them. The ordinary Osage had no idea of the wealth he suddenly possessed. All they knew was that if they desired anything, anything at all, it seemed they had only to see their guardian, or go to the Indian Agency at Pawhuska, and ask. It was forthcoming.

John Stink had a guardian who persuaded John to have a house built for himself instead of the little pole lodge that sheltered him and his dogs. The house was built on John's allotment and when it was finished John slept in it one night or two and then took off to the hills. He rarely stayed on his allotment, preferring the silence of the hills and the company of his dogs. He ignored the money pouring into his bank account which he never understood anyway. He proved a true prophet of his tribe when he prophesied to a new acquaintance he had made upon moving to his allotment. This friend, Wa-Go-She, was a full blooded Osage, but not of the Tall-Chief Band, therefore Wa-Go-She was not under the orders of the chiefs to shun John Stink. John told Wa-Go-She:

"Heap much wampum not good for brave, not good for squaw, heap much big trouble bring for Injun. Injun ridum automobile, not ridum pony, not walk any more, no needum feet. Injun eatum too much, drinkum too much white man's firewater, sleepum too much in white man house, not out on prairie, no hunt no more, no walk no more, no follow trail um deer, um buffalo, go meat-market white man town, buyum white man buffalo (beef). Wild meat heap much better for red man. Wampum no good Injun, makum heap much trouble."

Shortly after this prophecy the Hale-Ramsey case came to light and the whole world read of how two white men, marrying into the Osage tribe attempted to kill off a whole family of relatives, thus leaving themselves sole heirs to a vast fortune. After several Indians had been murdered the government men suspected a wholesale murder plot. Just as the two were getting ready to commit the final murders according to the FBI, they were apprehended and sent to jail for long terms. Many other cases of "heap much trouble" have sprung up for the Osage because of their black wampum.

Wa-Go-She continued to visit his friend John Stink. He often invited John to his home to join in the merrymaking that went on continuously there. Wa-Go-She was rich also beyond his ability to comprehend. He loved life and company and he loved running about the trackless prairies of the Osage Nation in his bright yellow automobile which his guardian had bought for him.

Wa-Go-She built a banquet room on his little yellow brick house that would seat 50 guests. Most of the time this banquet room was filled with eating, drinking, war whooping, dancing Osages. There was no need to hunt, or hold meetings of the chiefs for the Agency. Their guardians gave them everything they could possibly want, or so it seemed to the wealthy tribe.

So it was that John Stink at long last had a friend and companion who would talk to him and invite him to his lodge, but John never accepted the invitations. He had been a pariah too long. His deep distrust of people and perhaps his fear of being hurt again, kept him from really trusting anyone. Old John continued to roam the hills and creek bottoms of his nation. He often went to Pawhuska to buy meat for his dogs.

In 1918, the final great tragedy befell this poor, unfortunate man who, through no fault of his own, had been an outcast, scorned, feared, and hated by his tribe. John went to Pawhuska as usual after spending several days in the hills with his dogs. He made his usual purchases and then went to sleep on the little porch of the meat market. The roar of a .45 awakened him, and as he awoke another shot rang out. Two of his beloved dogs lay dead at his feet. The deputy was aiming at the third one when John Stink threw himself on his dogs that had gathered whimpering at his feet.

It seems there was a mad dog scare in the country and all dogs had been ordered kept off the streets. If John had heard of the order, he perhaps did not understand it. It is more likely he had never been told of the ruling. This was the final blow, the last full measure of the perfidy of man. John

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

took his remaining dogs and departed for the hills.

FROM THAT day forward, this immensely rich, old Indian never set foot in the white man's town. Never again did he go into Pawhuska. He moved out of his house the guardian had built for him and set up a tepee in his yard, where he slept with his dogs. Sometimes in the heat of summer the dogs would creep into the house to find shelter from the hot sun of Oklahoma. Here, too, they found a small measure of protection from the flies which made life a torment outside, or in the little tepee. Up to the time when his dogs were killed, old John had seemed to accept his fate without much bitterness in his heart knowing full well the beliefs and superstitions of his people. He realized that he undoubtedly would have taken the same attitude as the band if he had seen someone descend from the Hill of the Dead.

Now his hatred for the white man was bitter indeed. He had, by now, become a legend not only to all of Oklahoma but to a large part of America. People in their touring cars, when going near Pawhuska, made it a point to drive by the Ghost Man's home. There was almost always someone staring at John and his dogs. They'd stare, laugh or marvel at the old tepee in the yard, built by Pah-Se-To-Pah, and at the neat little house, built by the guardian, which stood empty with doors flapping.

His guardian bought old John an automobile thinking that he would be happier if he learned to drive, or at least to just ride in it. John refused to even get in it at all, so the guardian left it in the yard of his home. Sometimes old John would be seen sitting in the car, perhaps sleeping in the sun while some of his dogs curled up with him in the front seat and some in back, while still others sought the cool shade beneath the car. John would admire the shiny metal, rub the windshield in wonder, and raise the hood to gaze in awe at the iron horse that pulled the machine, but let the guardian start the engine and John and his dogs took off. They would have none of this noisy, smelly contraption.

John was approached through his friend Wa-Go-She to contribute to the building of the American Legion Hall in Pawhuska and when it was explained to him that it was for "soldier boys" he readily consented.

He pondered long, then asked, "Me give'um thousand dollar, me have plenty much left to feed'um dogs?"

At that time John Stink's estate was valued at $200,000, and the Indian did not know if $1,000 would impoverish him. When assured by his friend that he would have plenty of money left, he gladly consented to the gift of $1,000.

His guardian asked old John one time not long before his death if there was anything—anything at all that he would like. Without a moment's hesitation he replied:

"Me like'um heap much high fence around tepee. Me like'um keep people away, me no like'um stare alla' time at me and dogs."

John's wish was immediately granted, and a high board fence was erected around the little home. Now John had peace.

Soon afterwards he slipped on a rock while wandering through the Osage hills and fell, breaking his leg. He was found, carried to his home, and placed in bed. Here he lay for six months, nursed by a caretaker and by Pah-Se-To-Pah, his "keeper." John waited with stoic Indian patience

(Continued on page 48)

Birth Certificates $1 for 2

DIPLOMAS — WILLS —

Marriage Certificates, High School and College Diplomas, Last Will & Testament (Blank Forms). Any 2 for $1.- All 5 for $2. Prompt Confidential Service. Available only to persons 21 or over from ARTEK FORMS, 7471 Melrose Ave., Dept. 9082, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

MOVIE & TV PHOTOGRAPHS

Portraits. Pin-ups. Books. Physique Poses. Scenes from movies made last 35 years. Horror— Tarzan — Western -- Serial Scenes.
Posters available before 1962 18x23 Colored portrait of Tom Mix $4.95.
Rush $1.00 for 100 page catalogue.
STEPHEN SALLY, Dept. 3
Times Square Station, P.O. Box 846, N.Y. 10036

Poems Needed FOR SONGS & RECORDS

PUBLISHING CONTRACT guaranteed on selected material. Send your best poems or songs for FREE evaluation to: HOLLYWOOD SONGWRITERS SERVICE, Dept. H-18 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 1117, Hollywood, Calif. 90028 (Corner Hollywood & Vine)

RUPTURE-EASER®
A Piper Brace Truss

No Fitting Required
Right or Left Side
Double $8.95
$6.95

Amazing comfort for reducible inguinal rupture. Strong, washable, form-fitting, adjustable. Soft, flat groin pad. For men, women, children. Give measure around lower abdomen, indicate right, left, double. Add 75c postage.

PIPER BRACE CO. 811 Wyandotte Dept. WG-123 Kansas City, Mo. 64105

BILLS PRESSING ? "WE CAN HELP YOU NOW!"

Write Nearest Office for FREE Application

- Bad Credit No Problem
- Not a Loan Company
- Applications Accepted up to $10,000

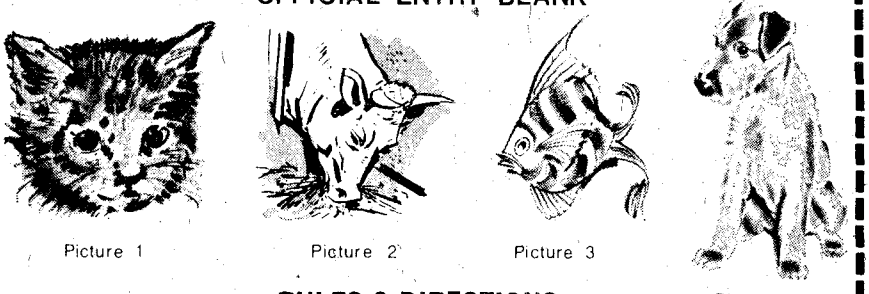
INTERNATIONAL ACCEPTANCE, dept. M-53
3003 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012
1550 Post Road, Warwick, R.I. 02888
325 2nd Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont. 59403
423 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La. 70130

$25,000
TOTAL CASH PRIZES!
$12,500 FIRST PRIZE!

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PUZZLE? IF YOU CAN, YOU MIGHT

BREAK THE BANK!

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK



Picture 1 Picture 2 Picture 3 Picture 4

RULES & DIRECTIONS

Look at the 4 pictures above. Which one do you think DOES NOT belong with the others? CROSS OUT the picture number that is DIFFERENT in the puzzle answer column below.

PUZZLE ANSWER 1 2 3 4 (cross out one number only)

GENTLEMEN: My answer is above. Please RUSH full contest details. Enclosed is 25 cents for postage and handling.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Puzzle Guild of America 6311 Yucca St. Dept. 9082 Hollywood, Calif. 90028

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HO-TAH-MOIE, ROARING THUNDER

(Continued from page 47)

for his leg to heal. His dogs slept beside him, and whined, wondering why their master did not take them for the long walks into the hills they had all enjoyed so much.

Ho-Tah-Moie, Roaring Thunder, alias John Stink, died September 16th, 1938, at the age of 75. When Ho-Tah-Moie was really dead at last, the Tall-Chief Band once more gathered to hold burial rites for him. One wonders why, since for half a century they had called him a ghost. Perhaps they felt if they gave him final rites then perhaps his spirit would at long last find his happy hunting ground. At any rate, they gathered at his little lodge and held the Osage rites for a departed brother, but this time they could not divide his belongings among themselves since as a ward of the United States Government, his estate involved some $200,000 in real estate, a head right, securities and funds held by the Federal Government.

After the Osages held their final rites over the Walking Ghost, the body was dressed in "store clothes," wrapped in John's best blanket, placed in a white man's coffin, and carried to the Catholic Church in Pawhuska where Christian rites were performed by the priest. John Stink had attended Catholic Church as a small boy, and still wore the crucifix given him many years before.

His dogs were permitted to follow the casket into the church and they lay whimpering and whining as the priest intoned the burial rites. They followed the casket as it was borne to the final resting place in the mausoleum at Pawhuska. They stood trembling and whimpering until the vault was sealed.

Now came the gathering of the claimants to the fortune of Ho-Tah-Moie. He had been shunned throughout life by these very people who now claimed an interest in his fortune. By 1940, according to records, John Stink's fortune was estimated at more than $50,000, and among the many claimants to the riches was Robert Morrell, May Agnes Lo-Ho-Wa and Joe Shun-Kah-Mo-Lah.

Shun-Kah-Mo-Lah was a harmless, friendly old full-blood who often visited in a little rock school where the young teacher who later became this writer's husband, was teaching.

For nine years the estate was in court and on March 2nd, 1948, the courts ruled that John Stink's friend, Wa-Go-She was sole heir to the fortune. Pah-Se-To-Pah the "keeper" of John Stink received no compensation for his 36 years of serving John Stink, the Walking Ghost.

On March 5th, 1960, a tax suit by Wa-Go-She's relatives was filed against the Federal Government, in U.S. District Court to recover $2,880.43, alleging that amount of tax was assessed on homestead property which was exempt under Federal Law.

A simple marker at the head of John Stink's final resting place says, "Ho-Tah-Moie, Roaring Thunder."

I stood before this marker and thought of the inscription which is recorded in an old cemetery at Athens and I could not but think how justified Ho-Tah-Moie would have been in using the same epitaph:

"Here am I laid,
My life of misery done.
Ask not my name,
I curse you every one." ●

OUTLAW TURNED HERO

(Continued from page 23)

By the side of the stream a tamarack lay sprawled on its side. In falling, it had uprooted the soil. Hungry and exhausted though he was, one of the party with the instincts of the incurable gold hunter still strong in him, took up a pan of earth and washed it in the stream. The water left behind a residue of gold!

The handful of specimens was not particularly rich in quality, being about the size of grains of wheat, but the find was the beginning of the great gold belt embracing Salmon, Warrens, Boise, Owyhee and Blackfoot that was later to provide the foundation for the political division of Idaho Territory.

News of the new strike winged its way to California. Thousands crossed the mountains to the new fields. With them, inevitably, came the gamblers, saloon keepers, swindlers, and desperadoes of every ilk. Dave English and his gang quickly built up a reputation equal to that they had established in California. The six were soon the most notorious outlaws in the camps.

With no civil law to turn to, the miners had to take care of themselves, always facing the risk of ambush as they rode. With their gold in the "catenas" hanging down on either side of the saddle bow, the reins in their right hand, they would ride along with a cocked pistol in the left. But plenty of the less wary would find themselves set upon by Dave English and his pals.

In November of 1861 a terrible winter storm hit the mine fields. Few of the miners had bothered to build a roof over their heads, sleeping on the ground without protection while they worked their claims.

Fleeing from the numbing cold, the clawing wind, and the heavy snow, they poured over the mountains in the direction of Lewiston, lugging with them the gold they had taken from bar and gulch.

One party of ten headed for Walla Walla, taking with them a large amount of gold belonging to the individuals of the party. One of the ten was Joaquin Miller, the famed "Poet of the Sierras". It is mainly to his account as an eye witness that we owe the details of the remarkable exploit of Dave English on the hazardous journey—an exploit that reveals the duality of his character, his capacity for nobility as well as evil.

Dave English was not a member of the miners' party. On the contrary, Dave and his pals were stalking the fleeing miners, waiting for the propitious moment to attack and make off with their gold.

With Dave and his boys never far away, the party of miners struggled through the snow and ice. Sleet froze to a crust over the soft snow, making the journey a nightmare for man and horse. Often the horses broke through, cut their legs, and staggered along leaving a bloody trail.

After six days, the party reached Lewiston on the first lap of the trip to Walla Walla. Dave English and his gang arrived the next day.

The miners pondered how to continue the journey. The Columbia River was frozen over, and the steamboats were all tied up for the winter. As they hesitated over their next move, the miners kept careful watch on the English gang; and the desperadoes, in their turn, never let the miners out of their sight.

When the miners finally crossed the ferry, the outlaw gang was right behind, well mounted, well armed, and clearly ready for anything. The game of cat-and-mouse went on.

It was some 24 miles to Petalia, the nearest station. The snow was deep, and the daylight hours fit for travel were few. Even with the best of luck, the miners didn't count on reaching Petalia before night.

At noon they left the Alpowa and rode to an enormous plateau with not a marker—stone, stake or sign—to point the way to Petalia, still some 12 miles distant.

The snow became deeper and resisted their every effort to fight through it. The cold cut through their thick clothing as through paper and numbed them to the bone. To make matters worse a furious wind, carrying snow and sleet with driving power, set in, blinding and discouraging the floundering, staggering horses.

Before they had been on this high plateau an hour, the men's faces were stiff with ice and their heaving, gasping mounts white with frost. Behind clouds as thick as soggy blankets, the dim blob that was the sun faded into the enveloping obscurity that the growing storm tautened around them like a hangman's noose.

In the semi-darkness, Dave English and his men decided to circle around the slow moving miners' party so that the outlaws would be in a better position to take command of the situation.

BY NOW, the miners in Joaquin Miller's party were beset by fear. It seemed impossible that they would not perish in the storm. As if the storm were not enough, ahead of them loomed another peril, for it was there—a short distance in front of the miners—that Dave English and his pals had taken their position. All during that frightful day, the desperadoes had maintained the same scant distance behind their prospective victims. Now they were in front.

Once, during the afternoon, Dave English and his men stopped. They spoke together for a few minutes, peered back at the miners, then moved silently on.

If anything, in the passing hours, the intensity of the blinding snowfall increased. Wind and snow seemed to work together like a team, obliterating the trail of the miners almost the moment they passed on. It was clear to the exhausted, freezing men that backtracking on their trail was impossible, even if they could find a way to recross the river should they manage to reach it.

Again the outlaws halted, huddled together in conference, and looked back. Again they struggled on, pushed by English, who was seemingly made of iron. He apparently supplied the will power for his pals whose plight was little better now than that of the miners they had planned to rob.

Then, about three in the afternoon, the miners heard a dim shout from ahead. Dave English, standing waist high in snow, was beckoning them. It was evident that he wanted them to approach. With their heads bowed and their necks bent like cattle to shield themselves from the driving blast, the miners pushed their horses on through the snow to where Dave and his men were huddled. Dave's face was frosted white and his beard jutted from his jaw like a huge wedge of solid ice.

"Hell's to pay, boys," Dave greeted the miners. "I tell you hell's to pay, and if we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don't keep our heads we'll go up the flume like a spring salmon. Does anyone have a guess as to which way the station is?"

None of the miners could venture a guess. They had long since lost all sense of direction and had no idea where they were.

Dave English stared at them, his gray eyes hard as the ice which coated their lids. "There were ten of you when you lads set out from Lewiston. What happened to the others?"

The miners, hardly able to sit in their saddles, stared dumbly at each other. Joaquin Miller counted noses only to discover that the party of ten had shrunk to seven. The miners shouted into the howling wind for the three missing men. Again and again they called, but received no answer. They never saw them again.

(It was not until the spring thaw that the death of the three was definitely established. Indians in the vicinity came upon some bones and a tattered notebook. In the notebook was scrawled the following: "Lost in the snow, December 19th, 1861. James A. Keel, of Macroupian County, Illinois; Wesley Dean, of St. Louis; Ed. Parker of Boston." The three were the men missing from Joaquin Miller's party of miners.)

If there was one man in the group of outlaws and miners capable of leading all to safety, that man was Dave English. The men knew it; and Dave himself knew it. He took command.

"We're going to stick together," he said, "and you boys are going to follow me. I will shoot the first man who refuses to obey."

WITH THE BANDIT leader to whip them on with his bull-like roars, the group struggled on, numb, helpless, half dead. Dave's side-kick, Charley Scott, was as docile and obedient as the rest. The slim, delicate young bandit seemed like a child beside his iron-willed pal.

It was that dominating will that kept the troop alive. Dave English bellowed, cajoled, taunted. All the strength and ferocity of his nature were mobilized in defense of his weaker companions whom he prodded on as a shepherd would prod along his flock of frightened, faltering sheep.

Swearing at times like a lunatic, he managed to keep the band of men and horses moving. The fury of the storm grew; then, suddenly a darkness came so deep that the men could see their closest neighbor only dimly.

English pulled up and yelled, "Come up up to me."

They gathered around like children.

"There is but one chance," Dave told them. "Cut your saddles off your horses."

This done, he brought the animals as close together as possible and began shooting them dead, tossing away his pistols as fast as he emptied them. In seconds the luckless horses were sprawled corpses in the snow.

English put the saddles on the pile of dead horses, then had every man wrap himself in his blankets. He ordered the men to climb on the heap of horse flesh where they huddled together in almost a solid mass, warming themselves in the heat rising from the still steaming flanks of their dead mounts.

"No nodding now," English commanded. "I'll shoot the first man who fails to answer when I call him."

To sleep even for a moment could mean death by freezing. Dave English knew that and so did the others. But they didn't have his indomitable spirit and, without him to nag, torment, and revile them, they would have drifted off into sleep, never to wake again. They had given up all hope, but English badgered and pestered them, forcing them to live in spite of themselves. His powerful frame showed no signs of weariness. He was never still for a minute all through that incredible night. He made a track in the snow around the men and the heap of horses, and kept moving and yelling, moving and yelling.

Dave's crude method of providing life-saving heat for the men was a stroke of genius. Within an hour, the animal heat rising from the corpses warmed their numbed and chilled limbs. They huddled there for hours while the roaring, swearing bandit chieftain tramped the circular track, his pistol in his hand. How he managed to keep his own body from freezing as the night wore on was a mystery.

Suddenly, something made the benumbed men stare around them. Something had changed, and it took moments for them to realize that it was the absence of noise which had attracted their attention. English had stopped his yelling and swearing, causing the silence the men noticed.

They all stared at him, and he was looking up at the heavens. The storm clouds had parted like a curtain in a vast theater, and the moon, clear and bright was shining down.

The storm was over and somehow they had survived—all but one. A miner named Ross did not stumble off the pile of horses with the others. In spite of Dave English, he had fallen asleep and frozen to death.

At dawn the party moved on behind English. About eleven in the morning, he stood on the brink of a basalt cliff and roared with pleasure. He was gazing down on a pillar of white smoke rising from the chimney of the Petalia station!

Joaquin Miller and his miner companions realized they owed their lives to the remarkable outlaw who had guided them through the storm to safety. He had intended to rob them; instead he had rescued them. In the moment of crisis when the miners faced disaster, some metamorphosis had taken place in the strange soul of the desperado. For one brief spell he had revealed the man he might have been.

Anxious to express their gratitude to Dave and his men, the miners offered to share their gold with the outlaw band. Five of the bandits accepted a part of the gold. Dave English alone refused. One can only guess why. Perhaps, proud of his feat in saving the miners, he didn't want to tarnish the gallantry of his deed by taking payment. In any event he courteously turned down the offer.

Friends now, the two groups separated at the station, and the miners continued on to Walla Walla without further incident.

DAVE ENGLISH and his pals picked up where they had left off—robbing miners and stagecoaches. Resentment against the English gang and other bandits mounted in the months that followed. Civil law was still in the offing, but there was talk of forming vigilance committees.

In the fall of 1862, the Berry brothers were on their way from Florence to Lewiston with a pack train. Near Rocky Canyon, each of the men was confronted by a masked highwayman armed with a shotgun. The thieves made off with about $1400 in gold.

William Berry had recognized two of the bandits by their voices—Dave English and Bill Peoples. Mounting his fastest mule, William Berry took up the chase. He galloped into Lewiston only to find that the highwaymen had gone on to Walla Walla. He asked a few questions and ascertained that Charley Scott was also one of the thieves.

Joined by Gus Meambers and others Berry went on to Walla Walla. He traveled with a four-horse team and broke the record for the journey, reaching Walla Walla just behind the bandits.

He and his friends combed the town. Berry came upon Bill Peoples in a saloon, and had his gun on the outlaw before Peoples knew what was happening. Peoples was disarmed and taken into custody. Meanwhile, Meambers had found and captured Scott in much the same way.

Dave English was no longer in town, having continued on to Wallula. There he was captured by Sheriff James Buckley, his deputy, and a saloon keeper.

The outlaws had friends, and Berry had no official standing. Balking attempts to rescue his prisoners, he managed to transport them to Lewiston where the three outlaws were placed for safekeeping in a log cabin.

The small log structure was situated on the point formed by the juncture of the Clearwater and Snake Rivers. Two armed men guarded the prisoners day and night.

Bill Peoples' uncle headed a gang that tried to free the prisoners. Jonas Whaley, a guard, disabled the uncle with a shot from his Kentucky squirrel rifle, and the shot alerted the populace who drove the would-be rescuers away from the prison.

The three outlaws were brought to "trial" in George H. Sandy's store, at the corner of D and Second Streets. Needless to say they were convicted.

That night the guards were notified that their services were no longer needed, and the prisoners were left alone in their log cabin prison.

The records differ on what happened next on that night of November 9, 1862. Pieced together, the following sequence seems to have taken place.

Six men belonging to the local express company paid a midnight visit to the cabin and announced to the prisoners that they were a vigilance committee and that English, Scott, and Peoples were condemned to death.

Each of the prisoners reacted in his own characteristic way. Peoples was silent, Scott asked time to pray. English swore.

The Vigilantes had apparently provided themselves with only one rope. While Scott was kneeling in prayer, a Vigilante put a noose around his neck.

English roared, "Hang me first and let him pray."

Admiring the courage of English, the Vigilantes even considered sparing his life. Then they decided to continue with the executions. In accordance with Dave's wish, they transferred the rope to his neck. They asked English if he wanted to invoke the mercy of God.

Dave lowered his head, and mumbled something, then he turned to Scott.

"Charley," he said, "pray a little for me while I hang, can't you? Damned if I can pray."

He looked then at Bill Peoples who stood by, silent and sad. "Damned if I can pray, Billy. Can you?"

A few minutes later, Dave English, Charley Scott, and Bill Peoples were dead. Perhaps Dave English did not go to his doom unsupported by prayer. Perhaps some of the miners he had saved in that terrible storm had offered up the prayers he could not offer up for himself. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUCKSKIN DERBY

(Continued from page 15)

career and seem to delight in describing him as a lover of horses. Of his own role as a possible Graham liberator, nothing is recorded. The incident may remain a secret forever, although one might rationally conclude that Farnum was the "liberator."

"Graham loved a horse," Farnum wrote. "His gelding was trained for the turf. Every year he challenged the whole country to the course and as often won everything wagered against his noble steed. Jose Castro, a villain with a lean body, dark face, black mustachios, pointed nose, flabby cheeks, (and) uneasy eyes... and his Excellentissimo (Alvarado) were among Graham's heaviest debtors.

"Another reason for the general feelings against the Americanos was the fact that the senoritas preferred them as husbands. Jose Castro was heard to declare just prior to Graham's arrest that such indignities could not be borne by Castillian blood and they must be cleared from the land."

Aware of Castro's deep-seated hatred for him, Graham placed his case before his "friend," Governor Alvarado. Alvarado laughed it off as meaningless. But Ike was convinced it had been Castro who had seen to his imprisonment. What he did not know was that, heavily in debt to him, Alvarado shared Castro's sentiments and yearned to be rid of Graham and the burdensome indebtedness. He ordered soldiers to harass the Americans at every opportunity.

Alvarado dubbed himself "The Napoleon of Western America" and with his cohorts rode high, wide and handsome in California government. And had he so minded, Graham, with his Rifleros, could have invaded even Los Angeles and taken it from the Californios.

Actually Graham was a peaceful man, but these were the days of unrest in California. The conditions were ripe for men who looked for and found high adventure. Graham was a dead shot with a Hawken rifle or any other make, and his was one of the keenest minds in the land.

Despite their release from the prison, Graham and his compadres were still not out of the woods. The Rifleros were picked up and taken again to Monterey for trial. Pulling the strings, Castro and Alvarado hoped they would be found guilty of Revolt Against The Government of California.

"The old-fashioned American bluff," wrote Farnum, "had saved the Americanos from certain death in the Black Hole Prison of California. The trial that soon commenced saw each man singly summoned to a lower room in the governor's house and asked to tender his passport. Most of them were ignorant of passports and replied that they had been arrested without time to obtain papers in their adobes or haciendas.

Buckskin legion leader Kit Carson was one of those who bore ample witness to Ike Graham's stature as a man.

"To this the alcalde who sat in judgement informed them that he had no evidence before him of their lawful right to remain in California. They were quizzed at length regarding their knowledge of any revolutionary movement under Isaac Graham. To a man they claimed they knew nothing of any such a movement. (Graham was indeed active in such a movement along with many other settlers, including Captain John Sutter, General John Bidwell, Granville Swift and General William Ide, who was to become the first and only President of California).

"One Australian, however, known as Botany Bay Garner, turned state's evidence. Graham knew little of him, except that he had been a recruit in the Rifleros. Garner was called to the witness stand.

"He established the unqualified guilt of all," Farnum recorded. "Graham, in particular, who had been preferred over him as the commander of the Rifleros in the Alvarado revolution, and whom he had previously attempted to kill. He declared that Graham had formulated a scheme which, had it not been discovered (by Castro and cohorts) would have dug the grave of every Spaniard in California."

Graham knew Garner's statements were all lies. In truth Graham loved the Spanish people of California. Generally they were the kindest, most hospitable people on earth, but they were under the heels of the many governmental martinets sent up from Mexico to "oversee and protect" them from oppression. Oppression was the rule rather than the exception and none knew it better than Graham. The common people were literally slaves who were worked and taxed, until a wholesale explosion needed only an honest, trustworthy leader's torch. Graham may have considered himself that leader, as did many other adventurers.

"Garner," according to Farnum, "signed his testimony with his own murderous hand. It may be in due time a blister on his perjured soul."

The foregoing is one description of Isaac Graham. In *"Men To Match My Mountains"* author Irving Stone declares that: Isaac Graham presented an honest face to the Far West, but he was a scoundrel; he had never been anything but a scoundrel and had made no effort to dissemble. Graham was the worst of the foreigners and the cause of all the troubles by his boastful, quarrelsome spirit. (Quoted from Bancroft's works.)

That may be true, but the inescapable fact remains that writer Farnum was on the scene. He may have witnessed only the *honest face* of Isaac Graham. Hubert Howe Bancroft, monolithic historian of the Far West, possibly delved deeper into the man's character.

(However, in dealing with personalities like Isaac Graham, dredging into history for details and facts, in almost every instance the researcher is confused by a variety of accounts. Some are certain to be fabrication. Others evolve from the varied views taken by witnesses. Frequently incomplete accounts and records have been spliced together. The results combine fact with fiction. For that reason one historian may view another's work with a jaundiced eye.)

Isaac Graham enjoyed or rather experienced a wide variety of adventures. Around campfires other men spun tales about them, relating their own versions with relish.

Graham owed Alvarado a debt of gratitude, and he paid him off with the help of his Rifleros. But like Castro and many others, Alvarado remained so deeply in debt to him financially that he, like most of the rest, sought escape from the burden. To have Ike Graham dispensed with before a firing squad would certainly have relieved him of the indebtedness. (But he seems to have covered his interests in the frontiersman's trial well. To Castro, however, goes much of the blame, according to various accounts.)

All of the men brought to trial were found guilty of plotting the overthrow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Mexican government, *including Isaac Graham.* The *Don Quixote* still lay in the harbor. The mysterious "Admiral,"—with an eagle insignia engraved on his sword—attended the trials. There is no evidence available that Farnum "covered" them for his journals—another kernel of suspicion that the intrepid author was still engineering the Yankee Bluff. How else could he have obtained so many details of the trials unless he was present? Official records evidently were either not made by the court or were kept secret, and there is little or no authentication that they have ever been revealed. At least this writer has been unable to locate such in the musty records of old Monterey.

One point of interest stands out like a beacon, however. The officers of the ship feared the Mexicans intended to capture the vessel. The "Admiral" was observed sending signals out to it. Each night the ship pulled up anchor and moved out to sea. The American sailors were taking no chances of a surprise attack. But the unidentified "Admiral" took his life in his hands, although his presence still over-awed the Californios. At the trial he projected himself boldly in court in defense of Graham and his Rifleros. Apparently afraid of Yanqui power and reprisal, the Mexicans, (Californios), pardoned all but some forty of the prisoners.

The "Admiral" in his usual calm voice advised the Mexicans to permit all the captives to leave Monterey. He was never known to make an open threat. Nor did he claim any special authority. He did not plead or cajole. Everything he said was straightforward and meaningful. There was no doubt in the Californio minds that he meant business and that his ship was prepared to bombard the coast if his "suggestions" were not honored. The final verdict was a weak "exile" of the Gringoes.

But the banishment did not last long. Ike Graham was not the type to accept exile. He loved freedom too much.

Political developments moved with fluid rapidity after his release. Ike was confronted suddenly by his old friend, Jim Beckwourth. "Bloody Arm" had not returned to the Crows after an adventure against the Seminoles. Instead, he lined west for California where he stole some 3000 horses from the Californios in power. It put quite a crimp in Alvarado's ambition to remain as governor.

Ike Graham supported Manuel Micheltorena in a bid for the governorship in the Bear Flag Revolt, so well-known in history books. At his side were many of the Rifleros who had almost died in the fetid prison.

With Micheltorena's inauguration, Isaac Graham returned once more to his race horses, his estates and his distillery. ●

GOLD & SILVER

LOCATE IT FROM A LONG DISTANCE

With the SPANISH DIP NEEDLE, Gold and Silver treasure or ore deposits can be detected and traced from a long distance away. Many successful users report picking it up from over a mile away. This instrument is no Johnny-Come-Lately. This is the same device which the Spanish used in the 17th and 18th centuries to find and mine out the richest gold and silver deposits throughout our Southwest and Mexico. They had no modern electronic detectors, yet they were remarkably successful in finding the the most productive areas.

Send for my FREE INFORMATIVE PAMPHLET and read about this remarkable device.

CARL ANDERSON, P. O. Box 13441-KK Tampa, Florida 33611

PROFESSIONAL SOLID BRONZE $3.95 each BADGES

◆ #203 A Private International Investigator – $3.95

#203 B Private Detective $3.95 ◆

◆ #203 C – Official Press Photographer – $3.95

◆ #303 A – Special Investigator – $3.95

◆ #303 B – Special Agent Solid bronze – $3.95

#250 Deputy Sheriff "Law Man" 6-point star. $3.95 ◆

◆ #403 – Professional Investigator – $3.95

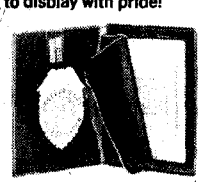
◆ #603 A – Special Officer – $3.95

◆ #603 B – Security Officer – $3.95

Now available — the same professional badges used by investigators and detectives all over the world. Not toys, gags—but the real thing to display with pride!

FREE with orders ONLY... Catalog of Police & Detective Equipment

#450 Genuine Leather Case Flash your badge in an official manner; Vinyl I.D. window. Slack strap. $3.00 ◆



PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
Send payment with order; we pay postage.
POLICE EQUIPMENT CO.,
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

Police Equipment Co., Dept. 9082
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

Send payment with order. We pay postage. No C.O.D.s.

☐ Send Style #_____ @ $3.95
☐ Send Style #_____ @ $3.95
☐ Send Style #450 Case @ $3.00

I enclose $_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CRUEL DOCTOR WHO PLUNDERED THE WEST

(Continued from page 41)

until several ships docked in San Francisco Bay carrying as passengers a number of skilled Mississippi riverboat gamblers. They had heard a killing could be made in fabulous San Francisco, and they had come to take the miners. They decided to finish off Tom Bell as well, and they proceeded to fleece the medic to his very last penny.

Sharp as he was at cards, Bell couldn't match their cheating skill at gaming. Disgruntled, he held up one of the fandango palaces where he lost most of his money, and was in the process of emptying the till when the police barged in and seized him.

The physician was hastily sentenced to the fortress prison on Angel Island in the Bay. There, he met California's most accomplished horse-thief, a man named Bill Gristy. They took a liking to each other, and Bell taught Gristy how to pretend sickness convincingly, one night. He joined his pupil in "misery"—with surprising results.

"We're dying from cholera," he and Gristy gasped, as they rolled on the stone floor of their cell, clutching their stomachs, and crying with pain.

Frightened guards, fearing an epidemic, hurried them out of the prison to a hospital in San Francisco, where the pair of them easily made their escape.

At the edge of the city, they broke into a blacksmith's shop and stole two good mounts. They made for Sacramento, intending to rob the town and then hide out in the Mother Lode.

Thereafter every rancher from Stockton to Shasta learned to fear Tom Bell and his gang. He had begun to be known as the Gun and Scalpel Bandit. He always carried a gun, but also was never without his small black medical bag. Tom Bell had learned to shoot first as he robbed, but his next move would be to patch up the victims unless a posse was too close for comfort. At times, he would even operate at the site of the hold-up, saving the life of a person he had seriously wounded.

Although every California sheriff had sworn to get Tom Bell, it was hard to pin the highwayman down. He made his headquarters at the Mountaineer House, a stage coach stop between Folsom and Auburn, not far from Sacramento. Lookouts at the place always warned him when lawmen might be headed his way.

One hot August afternoon in Marysville saw the forming of the largest posse in years! Not since the antics of Joaquin Murietta, was a man so feared as this gun-happy medic.

What the posse didn't realize was that Tom Bell had deliberately made himself visible to the rancher so his presence would be broadcast through Marysville. While this was taking place, Bell was racing toward an ambush he had formed near Camptonville! He was meeting the Langton Stage Express, which was carrying $100,000 in gold to the Marysville Bank as a miner's payroll. Bell wanted that money!

The holdup occurred at a sharp turn. "Throw down that bullion!" commanded Bell. He had donned a mask, and Bill Gristy, as well as a dozen other of his men, were backing up his order with shotguns and cocked pistols.

Bell anticipated this robbery would give no trouble, but he hadn't counted on the Langton Company filling their stage coach with sharpshooters who lay huddled and out of sight at the feet of the worried passengers.

The bandit's command was answered with a surprise response of fire from the coach. Infuriated and stunned, the medic blasted back, as did a member of his gang, called Gristy. A passenger named John Campbell, dropped from his seat, severely wounded. A woman named Mrs. Tilghman, wife of a Marysville barber, silently slumped into death as Bell's gun blasted a hole in her temple. Another man caught a bullet in his leg.

During this murderous exchange, the driver of the coach prompted his horses and they bolted away in the direction of Marysville.

"Let them go!" commanded Bell as his henchmen started pursuit to get the bullion secured in a trunk under the driver's seat. The bandit strode over to Bill Gristy, who had dropped from his horse, gravely wounded, the blood gushing from his chest.

"We'll use that large flat rock under this tree as an operating table," ordered Bell. "Tear your shirts into rag strips quickly. Bill has a hole in him bigger than a chestnut!"

The highwaymen obeyed, although every one of them would have preferred to let Gristy die while they made off with the gold, but no one dared cross Tom Bell. He would gun down every man who disobeyed him.

The dedicated medic was now at work, and performed a surgical miracle that August day! He probed for the lead slug with forceps and then packed the wound after carefully stitching a torn blood vessel. The shirt strips served as bandage dressing.

Whiskey helped Bill Gristy through the ordeal, and the wounded man was carried on a pallet to a distant hideaway. A few days later, when Tom Bell was certain he had avoided infection, he moved his lieutenant to a cave near Stockton.

"It will be five weeks before you can ride a horse," he told Gristy. "Meanwhile, some of us will lay low here, and the rest will foray."

In the Sacramento Valley, the citizenry were enraged. No highwayman had killed a defenseless woman before, and mobs gathered in the towns intent on forming posses to find Tom Bell and hang him.

"Doubtless," wrote the editor of the Sacramento Union, "this man (Bell) is now emulous of the reputation of Joaquin —(Murietta)—and is striving for the character of the dashing highwayman! It is incumbent upon our authorities to take immediate steps."

The article made Tom Bell reflective. The newspapers were writing about him frequently now, and he was becoming too well known for safety. It was also obvious that his trusted friend, Bill Gristy, would never again be handy with a gun, for the wound had crippled his shooting arm.

As for the cutthroats in his gang, Bell felt he owed them nothing. They had joined him on a "catch-as-catch-can" basis. He also had another reason to wish to pay them off; he wished to disband his gang and live a new life as a retired medic, rich with the loot of the Sacramento Valley.

Tom Bell had stopped at the Western Exchange Hotel, a small inn along the road to Nevada City. He had planned to rob the proprietor, but was amazed to find a woman named Betty Hood operated the place with her lovely daughter, Sarah.

The girl was radiantly beautiful and she didn't cringe in horror as she gazed at Bell's caved-in face when he came calling after that. Would Sarah marry him? Bell was certain she would. He had risked his life on it. He had confided to her that he was the much hunted gun and scalpel bandit, but she had said she loved him anyway.

Dismissing all of his men after paying them off handsomely, Bell had one of them drop a note off at the Western Exchange. It was a confidential note asking Sarah to meet him at a riverbank shack a week hence. Bell said he would find a preacher and make Sarah his wife. Then they would take the back trails to Los

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Angeles, where he would be safe.

He had enough money to keep them comfortable for life, and he might even open a medical office, if necessary, and become a respectable doctor again. Bill Gristy was recovering quickly and would take his share of loot and escape to Reno.

Seemingly, this appeared to be a perfect ending, but fate intervened in the form of a posseman named Robert Price, a rancher from Sonora, who had joined lawmen at Knight's Ferry in the hunt for Tom Bell.

Riding his horse along the banks of the San Joaquin River, Price spotted a lonely shack, and hoof prints in the sand leading to it. Could the man inside be Tom Bell?

Price knew he would be cut down if he tried to capture the dangerous bandit himself, so he raced to Knight's Ferry and told what he had seen. A large posse was formed by Judge Belt and Sheriff Mulford of Stockton, and the lawmen surrounded the shack.

They intercepted Sarah Hood trying to get through to her lover, and then they knew the man trapped within was the hated gun and scalpel bandit.

While Sarah was taken, weeping and protesting, to Stockton, the lawmen closed in, and Bell gave up when he faced the largest bristle of rifle muzzles he had ever seen.

A quick vote was held by the posse. "Hang him here and now!" a spokesman demanded. "If we have a legal trial in town, he may break away. Besides, he's certain to swing, so why wait?"

Over the protests of the judge and the sheriff, Bell was taken to a tall sycamore tree. "Time for you to die, Doc," a deputy said as he fastened a noose around Bell's neck.

The bandit was asked if he wanted to say some final words, but he smiled grimly and maintained silence. Willing hands pulled him up, and there was then that familiar, deathly drop, and Tom Bell, outlaw and healer, choked to death.

Tom Bell died on October 11, 1856, sick at heart because the woman he loved had been wrenched away from him at the last moment. All his banditry had been in vain—his final decision to lead a righteous life had come too late.

Ironically, this man left his mark on western history, but it was not as a dedicated physician which he could so easily have been. Tom Bell remains on tattered, age-worn news-sheets as a notorious killer, a man who wasted a great talent.

In the annals of western history, no one else was quite like this violent young man, a deadly marksman and superb surgeon who had lived violently—and met death the same way. ●

PONY EXPRESS *(Continued from page 29)*

Tom Polson and a U.S. Postal Service employee shake hands before beginning the race. The race may become an annual event.

pitching and watermelon eating contests, the judging of a two-month long beard growing contest, and a big barbecue.

Concluding the festivities at night were a junior rodeo and a dance. And to further commemmorate the occasion, a special $5 Pony Express stamp was issued—the same stamp used to mail the letters over the 66-mile run.

The idea of the race so intrigued everyone that crowds of people lined the area near the Arena. And at 8 a.m. the race was on.

There were 56 Pony Express riders used, each riding slightly more than a mile. The riders were drawn from among the Sheriff's posse, local riding clubs and just about any citizen with a horse and a grudge against the Post Office.

Whereas the mail truck faced limitations both from bureaucratic red tape and the gasoline shortage, the Pony Express riders weren't without problems of their own—Indian attacks. Of course, the attack was scheduled in advance to occur on the outskirts of Fort Stockton just to add a little more color to the event. Fortunately, the Indians, when they did attack, chased the Pony Express rider into the arena some 23 hours before the mail usually would arrive.

Tom Polson, the Pony Express ride Grand Marshall, started the journey from Alpine and 54 other riders later, radio personality Tumbleweed Smith rode the last leg and handed the mail to Mayor Gene Cummings just minutes before the ribbon cutting ceremony for the new arena.

The race sparked such interest that no fewer than five TV film crews were on hand to record it and one of them filmed it for a nationally televised documentary. The extravaganza, which will probably become an annual event, was not, however, without its problems.

Alpine borrowed the idea and staged its own race from Fort Stockton to Alpine at the same time. In addition, Texas Governor Dolph Briscoe did not accept an invitation to attend because, as an aide stated, carrying the mail in opposition to the U.S. Postal Service "was a slap at the federal government" and the Governor would not be a party to it!

The Governor's humorless aide notwithstanding, reports indicated the contest was an unqualified success and the possibility of it becoming a tourist attraction (next year's might be combined with a county fair) is quite good.

The statistics were impressive. The Pony Express riders completed the journey in just under four hours. The mail truck took almost 26.

"I hope this'll have its effect," said Fort Stockton Chamber of Commerce Manager Clark Carpenter. "I think it'll make the postal authorities a little more aware of what some rural towns go through to receive their mail. It is a bit ridiculous."

As of this writing, it is still undecided if the race will become an annual event. However, if you're interested in attending next summer's festivities (if they'll be continued), just drop a line to Clark Carpenter at the Chamber of Commerce, 222 W. Dickinson, P.O. Box C, Fort Stockton, Texas 79735.

Oh yeah. Just to make sure, maybe you'd better send your letter by Pony Express. They KNOW how to deliver the mail! ●

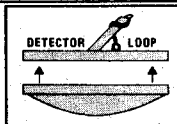
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

195 FREE WHOLESALE CATALOGS!

Buy below wholesale! 5 ways. 76 countries. Biggest import bargains! Profitable mail-order business from home — without capital or experience. 315 drop-shippers. Your own business catalog imprint. Automobile discounts.

Send no money — Request "Free Digest"

VAULT INTERNATIONAL
Box 7284GU Lexington, Ky. 40502



COIL GUIDE fits Garrett, Fisher, White's & others. BFO or T/R. Maintains tuned height. More efficient operation means more finds. Loops to 7.9"-$3.98. 8" to 11.75", $4.98. Send EXACT loop dia., edge thickness, year & make of detector. Add 35c handling & shipping. Vann's Custom Plastics, Box 4263, Dept. C,, Amarillo, Texas 79105

APACHE TRADERS...

Zuni, Pueblo, Navajo JEWELRY. Ask to see collection or write us regarding your needs.

Post Office Bldg.
Cibecue, AZ 85901 338-4397

Authentic Frontiersmen And Indian
Buckskin Outfits

Buckskin Beaded Rifle Cases, Hunting Pouches, Powder Horns, Moccasins, Tomahawks, Knifes, etc. Catalog 60c.

Tecumseh's Indian Trading Post
Strausstown, Pa. 19559

WESTERN BOOKS CATALOG

Over 450 popular and rare (cloth and paper) editions. For a truly complete catalog of authentic Old West books send 25c to:

WESTERN AMERICANA BOOKS
226 SPRING CREEK ROAD
ROUTE 2, PARKER, COLO. 80134

"RELIVE THE OLD WEST IN BOOKS"

50 BRAND NEW
TOWELS $1.00!

Biggest Towel Bargain In U.S.

UNWOVEN COTTON AND RAYON—Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW—NOT Seconds—50 Towels for $1.00, or 100 for only $1.89! Super Quality. Pls. include 35c extra for pstg. & hdlg. with EACH set of 50 Towels you buy. Make good money selling these Towels. We've sold *65,000,000* already and include sure-fire MONEY-MAKING Plans with your order. Money-Back Guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Order NOW!

50 TOWEL CO., Dept. CR-745 Box 662, St. Louis, Mo. 63101

Have You Sent In
For A Subscription
To
THE WEST
And
GOLDEN WEST?
If Not,
There's No Time
Like The Present

EMMA NEVADA

(Continued from page 17)

Then, after appearing in Lucia di Lammermoor and Mireille, she entrained with the troupe for the East and opened in Chicago on April 6. The Nevada girl was calm, courteous, considerate, and never temperamental. But in the same company was the Italian star Adelina Patti, who grew green eyed with jealousy over the success of Emma Nevada. Patti pitched a king size tantrum in Chicago and refused to appear with the American star unless the billing for Nevada was made smaller than her own. Emma continued on to New York, Boston and Philadelphia, then sailed to London to keep a June engagement.

In the fall of 1885 she returned to the West Coast. This time she was in private life Mrs. Raymond Palmer, having married her physician-manager in Europe. Again she took San Francisco by storm. After completing her engagement on the coast she rode over the Sierra in her private car, the Nevada, to the beloved home of her childhood, the sagebrush state. Her first stop was at Virginia City, December 3. A crowd of two thousand fans met her train. Also meeting her was a former Mills classmate, Mrs. W. E. Sharon, wife of the Comstock mines superintendent.

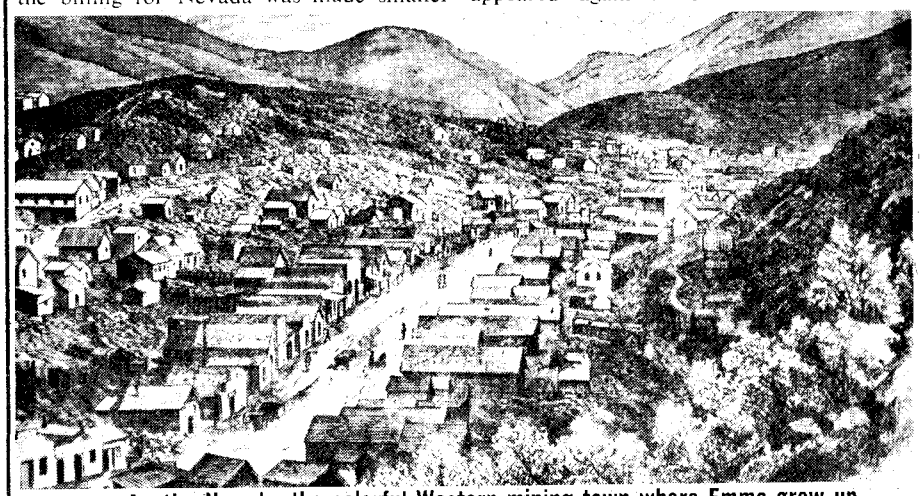
Mrs. Sharon took Emma to her home in a four-runner cutter drawn by four horses wearing golden harness. Behind the carriage came a parade of Comstock miners cheering Emma as the Comstock Nightingale. The following night she sang to a capacity house in the famous Piper's Opera House. As in San Francisco, flowers fell all around her and the audience went wild with applause, encoring her time after time.

The next day Emma entrained on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad line, the Nevada having been left at Carson City since it was too large to negotiate the tunnels of the winding line on to Austin.

At Battle Mountain, ninety-five miles from Austin, Emma changed cars again and rode a special car, the Emma Nevada, over the narrow gauge line. At Clifton, three miles out of Austin, she transferred to a carriage. Miners unhooked the team and pulled the vehicle into Austin. As the carriage entered Emma's home town, the Lander Guard struck up Home Sweet Home. Great throngs lined the slanting streets and cheered wildly. The Shoshone tribe led by Chief Toi Toi was present en masse and gave her the name, the Song Bird of the Mountain.

That night Emma gave a concert at the Methodist Church. The house overflowed with enthusiastic and proud Austinites; and at the end of her most famous song, Home Sweet Home, the audience rose and cheered for a full five minutes. Flowers fell at her feet as the people shouted "Bravo! Bravo!" Never before and never since has the town of Austin known a success story like that of the great Emma Nevada.

The next day Emma said goodbye to Austin forever. She never re-visited the home of her childhood. In 1902 she appeared again in San Francisco, and made a pilgrimage to the place of her birth, Alpha Diggings, in the mother lode country.



Austin, Nevada, the colorful Western mining town where Emma grew up.

Nevada Historical Society Photo

For twenty-five years Emma sang in all the great cities of the world and all of those years the girl from the Golden West held the headlines. When she retired, her only child, a daughter, Mignon, who had inherited her mother's wonderful talent for singing, was ready to become a grand opera star in her own right. Making her debut in Rome, Febuary 15, 1908, in the Barber of Seville, she climbed to stardom just as her mother, the great Emma Nevada, before her had. She sang at the coronation of King George. In World War II, during the German blitz, Mignon's sweet voice could be heard in the dugouts of London and in the hospitals where the wounded soldiers were stationed. Later she did war work in Bermuda where many British soldiers were transported.

In 1939, when Emma Nevada was 80, the Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus, opened the World's Fair in San Francisco and elected the great singer the Empress of Treasure Isle. From her home in England the aging coloratura graciously acknowledged the tribute.

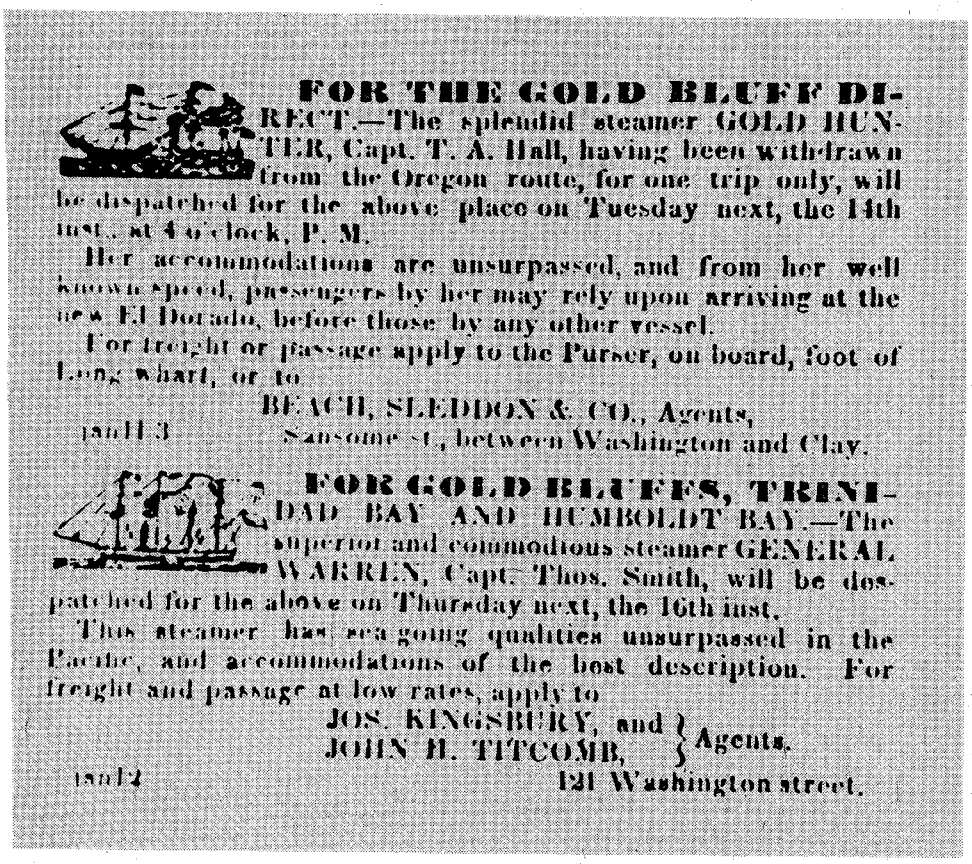
In 1940, when she was 81, the Comstock Nightingale passed away in her home at Wavertree, England, while Hitler's bombs were raining upon the British Isles.

In 1950 the name of Emma Nevada was placed in California's great Hall of Fame.

The town of Emma's childhood, the spot where she sang in Pony Canyon and upon the sagebrush clad mountainsides, Austin, Nevada, still lives. Its great mines have long been closed, but the memory of Emma Nevada lives on. A true pioneer, the Comstock Nightingale will belong forever to the colorful saga of the Old West. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOLD HOAX *(Continued from page 38)*



FOR THE GOLD BLUFF DIRECT.—The splendid steamer GOLD HUNTER, Capt. T. A. Hall, having been withdrawn from the Oregon route, for one trip only, will be dispatched for the above place on Tuesday next, the 14th inst., at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Her accommodations are unsurpassed, and from her well known speed, passengers by her may rely upon arriving at the new El Dorado, before those by any other vessel.

For freight or passage apply to the Purser, on board, foot of Long wharf, or to

BEACH, SLEDDON & CO., Agents,
jan13 Sansome st., between Washington and Clay.

FOR GOLD BLUFFS, TRINIDAD BAY AND HUMBOLDT BAY.—The superior and commodious steamer GENERAL WARREN, Capt. Thos. Smith, will be dispatched for the above on Thursday next, the 16th inst.

This steamer has sea going qualities unsurpassed in the Pacific, and accommodations of the best description. For freight and passage at low rates, apply to

JOS. KINGSBURY, and }
JOHN H. TITCOMB, } Agents.
jan14 121 Washington street.

The Pacific Mining Company of San Francisco took convincing advertisements in local newspapers telling readers of the opportunities to make fortunes at the Gold Bluffs at the mouth of the Klamath River. Passage cost $75 per person but nobody could get closer than 30 miles from the site by boat. When the ads appeared the trips were sold out rapidly.

going, Wilson teased his potential investors with another revelation. He had hired a fleet of ships which would soon hurry to the Klamath to extract the gold ore and return it to San Francisco for processing.

Meanwhile, the *Daily Alta* published one of the affidavits Wilson and Collins had acquired to give proof of the gold cliffs:

"Dear Sir: (addressed to Wilson and his partners)... You wish me to write you all I have seen of the deposits of gold on the beach of the Gold Bluffs. If I should describe all or half that I have seen, there are but few who would not pronounce me a knave or a lunatic.

"The fact is that one must see in order to believe. It is but occasionally that the beach attires herself in her richest and spangled dress. Some six months since, I saw large patches of the entire length of the beach, covered with black sand, literally yellow with small thin flakes of gold. To say that a ship could be loaded with it would be within bounds.

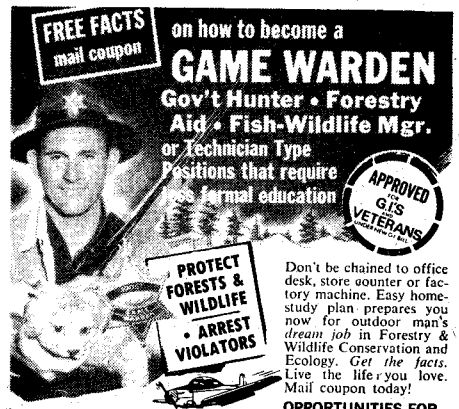
"Today, black sand is visible in spots the entire length of the beach and tomorrow not a particle would be observed by a superficial traveler ..."

The affidavit rambled on and was signed by a man named M.C. Thompson and countersigned by a man named C.W. Kinsey, and taken as a legal deposition by Justice of the Peace L.B. Gilky, a jurist well known to San Franciscans.

All of this news helped pacify San Franciscans but for a few days. Now that so many had invested entire fortunes, there was a slight sense of uneasiness among the population, some of whom had re-read the printed affidavit and wondered if the last statement "and tomorrow not a particle would be observed by a superficial traveler..." might indicate that the gold could possibly wash away in a heavy pounding surf?

Countering this apprehension, Wilson then took advertisements making the spectacular announce-

(Continued on page 56)



Don't be chained to office desk, store counter or factory machine. Easy home-study plan prepares you now for outdoor man's *dream job* in Forestry & Wildlife Conservation and Ecology. *Get the facts.* Live the life you love. Mail coupon today!

THRILLS AND ADVENTURE Many Forestry & Wildlife men hunt mountain lions – parachute from planes to help marooned animals – save life of injured campers – protect forests – arrest game violators. Adventure, public service, good pay. Rush coupon today!

SECURITY-RETIREMENT LOW LIVING COSTS–GOOD PAY Most conservation careers are *permanent*. No layoffs. No worry about your paycheck. Living costs are low, too – and a pension may assure you a good income *for life* when you retire.

HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIFE Hard muscles, bronzed skin and vibrant good health are *extra* rewards of outdoor living. Sleep under pines. Catch breakfast from icy streams. *Feel and look like a million!*

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU IN YOUR STATE? Although we do not guarantee employment, we show you how to seek out job openings, in your own state and other states Coast-to-Coast. Age limits 17-45, sometimes older on game farms and hunt clubs. Accredited Member Nat'l Home Study Council.

FREE! 3 GUIDES! Each jam-packed with exciting Conservation Career Facts! Rush coupon today!

ALL 3 FREE MAIL COUPON

VACATION JOBS FOR STUDENTS *No experience or preparation needed* for vacation jobs in Parks, Forests, Vacation Resorts. Many accepting Applications *now*. Rush coupon today!

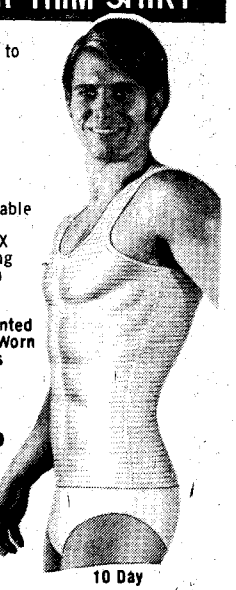
APPROVED FOR VETERANS

North American School of Conservation, Dept. 3349 B
4500 Campus Drive, University Plaza, Newport Beach, Calif. 92663

Rush 28-page **Fact Book** on exciting Conservation Career, **"JOBS FOR SPORTSMEN"** – How & Where to get Them" & 3-mo. subscription to **Conservation Magazine** – **ALL FREE!** No salesman will call.

NAME _____ AGE _____
STREET _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

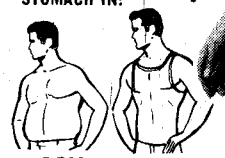


Puts power in your sex appeal as it reshapes you to more manly "tapered" proportions!

- SMOOTHES TORSO
- BUILDS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CINCHES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra-light, extra-comfortable long line undershirt puts power net LYCRA SPANDEX & NYLON to work providing firm, smooth control from chest to lower abdomen. Smoothes out bulges and trims you with unprecedented built-in slimming-power. Worn as an undershirt, it works to keep you in shape. Completely machine washable. White only.

INSTANTLY HOLDS STOMACH IN! **$7.98**



FROM THIS ... TO THIS ...

10 Day **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** *Purchase Price Refundable if not 100% Satisfied.*

R. S. SALES, Dept. 9082
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

My chest is _____ inches. (Exhale & measure chest.)
SIZES: ☐ S (34-36), ☐ Med. (38-40), ☐ Lg. (42-44), ☐ XL (46-48), ☐ 2X (50-52) Add 50c per order postage & handling. Total Enclosed $ _____ Calif. residents add 5% tax. For COD enclose $2.00 deposit.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOLD HOAX

(Continued from page 55)

ment that his hired fleet of vessels in San Francisco Bay would take on passengers for the Gold Bluffs at a cost of $75 per person. Passengers would be taken as close to the gold as possible and would be allowed to prospect all the ore they could carry on their backs back to the ships.

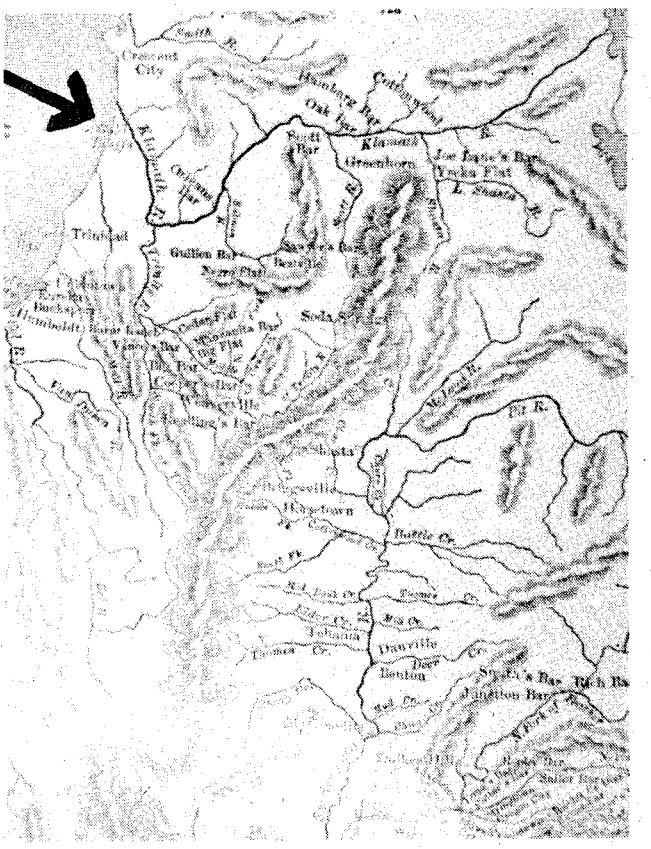
This statement made the stock in the Pacific Mining Company take a huge jump in value. Investors now had the chance to become wealthier than ever!

Meanwhile, only Collins knew that General Wilson had secretly sold the Chesapeake, using the money as a down payment on the Chester, a relatively new vessel, considered then to be the fastest in the area. Like the Chesapeake, it had both paddle wheel and sail. Wilson had hired a captain and crew and paid them well to remain on board at all times, with steam up, ready to depart at an instant's notice. He likewise hired a security guard to surround the vessel so no one could approach it or try to leave.

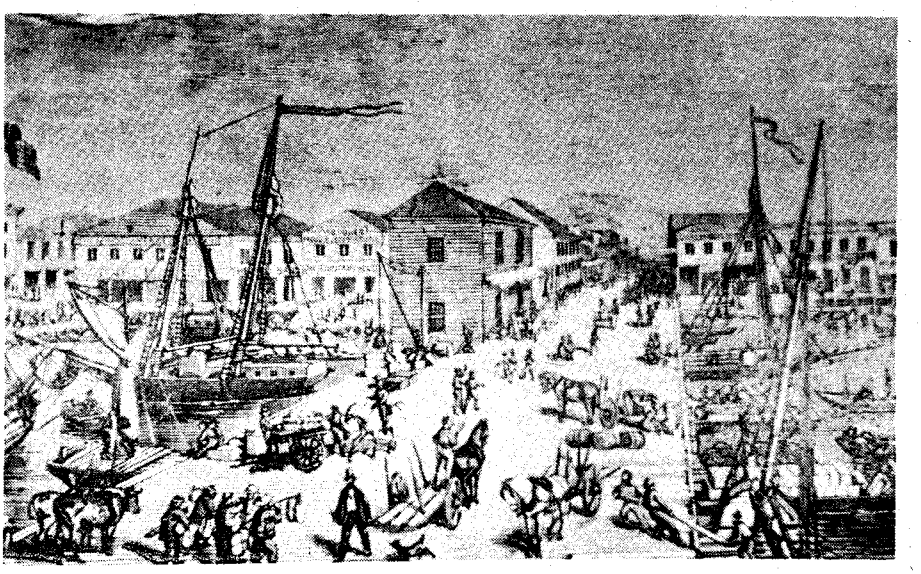
As crowds clamored to get to the Gold Cliffs in greater number, Wilson called a session of his board. "Gentlemen," he began, "Mr. Edward Cole, Secretary of the Central Wharf where most of our fleet is docked, tells me the crowds are now unruly and that we must let more depart for the Gold Bluffs or face a riot. There is also pressure from some others for us to get gold back here and start to process it so we can pay promised dividends to our stockholders. I've had to let a few ships depart for the bluffs.

"I've heard rumors that the Vigilantes are meeting to discuss the situation and that we may be in danger if all of the promises we made don't come off.

"Now, gentlemen, the facts are that it is impossible to land any vessel close to the Gold Cliffs. The surf is much to rough there and would break up any ship. We have to land 30 miles away near Trinity Point and no passenger, strong as he might be, could conceivably haul a heavy sack of gold ore from the Cliffs back to the ship. We need mule trains and oxen and horses for that kind of a job.



When San Franciscans learned of the Gold Bluffs, the legend sounded so authentic historians actually included the Bluffs on maps of the area (left). In order to be sure of a quick escape from angry mobs, Wilson and Collins leased a ship called the "Chester," which was anchored at the Central Wharf and ready to sail at a moment's notice.



"In addition, besides this problem, there's also the chance a prospector might dig away at an area of sand which has only small amounts of gold. Were a vessel of passengers to encounter this kind of poor luck and return before any others with better diggings aboard, we'd be in real trouble."

The statement panicked the members of the board for many had been thoroughly convinced the Gold Cliffs were rich in precious ore throughout their extent. The people of San Francisco had been promised that at least $100,000 could be earned by any investor, as well as those who ventured to the cliffs to do their own digging.

That night, as the meeting broke up, the 19 members of the board quietly gathered up their families and left San Francisco as quickly as they could. It was apparent something was wrong, but no challenge Wilson and Collins at this point over the real mineral assets of the Pacific Mining Company would bring the scandal before the newspapers and the 19 members envisioned themselves hunted down by a howling mob and strung up on the nearest post or tree. It was even risky to demand their investment be returned.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As soon as this unusual and disturbing session was over, Wilson and Collins returned to their offices and began to take everything out of the heavy safes. While a good deal of the stockholders money had to be placed in the banks on Montgomery Street so as not to attract suspicion, Wilson had been able to retain many millions in his offices in order to use the funds to buy equipment and finance the fleet of ships he had hired.

For several hours the men hurried back and forth from the Chester in a fast, horsedrawn buggy. When they finished, dawn was beginning to break and people were beginning to stir in the sleeping city.

For the first time General Wilson showed signs of nervousness as he gazed apprehensively in the direction of Telegraph Hill where a lookout was stationed. A powerful telescope told Wilson the lookout had spotted a vessel coming into the Golden Gate.

It was Wilson's and Collin's intent that day to put on sale another issue of stock, but plans might have to be changed if... and, then the signal came... as Wilson caught the fluttering of flags from the man he had paid to stand guard atop Telegraph Hill.

"Let's go!" he told Collins. "There's a vessel coming in fast and the signal indicates it is among the first of ships we commissioned to go to the Gold Cliffs a few days ago. We'll have to forget everything now and make speed!"

Their waiting hansom quickly got them to the Central Wharf, and seconds after boarding the Chester, lines were cast off and the vessel got under way. It sailed past the incoming ship at full steam, but there was enough time for Wilson and Collins to observe that the passengers aboard were milling about in confusion.

"When you clear the Golden Gate, head due south," Wilson told the Captain of the Chester, "and keep your steam up plus full sail until I change your orders."

In San Francisco, the gold bubble burst that day! Chaos and violence swept the streets as mobs tore apart the Pacific Mining Company's building and raged to find that the great safes within were empty and only new bundles of gaudy worthless shares remained.

Later, after the melee died away, banks containing some of the wealth left by General Wilson, managed to pay partial returns to investors, but most had been wiped out!

Presumably, Wilson had sailed for unknown ports in South America, and while vessels took up a pursuit and Vigilantes offered a reward for his return to San Francisco, neither he nor his partner Collins were heard from again. As for the Chester, it is believed she was refitted and sold as a merchant ship for local portage at a distant harbor.

Oddly enough, many western historians say there was an actual cliff of gold at the Klamath, just as Wilson had maintained. Mineralogists contend it is quite possible a sandbar of gold may have existed only to be washed away by a storm. As early as 1895, State Mineralogists of California have been reporting evidence of gold along the California coast at the mouth of the Klamath River. In 1896, the 13th annual issue of the California State Division of Mines (page 173) made reference to the frequent appearance of gold in bluffs as originally claimed by General Wilson.

"Years ago, the beach along the whole of the gold bluffs was narrow and steep and the waves washed their base at every high tide," the report read.

In recent decades, actual gold mines such as the Bondo, Murray, and Chilton Mines have extracted gold from the vicinity. San Francisco was undoubtedly the victim of a master swindler who had found a deposit of gold and played it for all it was worth. Then again, it is possible for most of the gold Wilson had found in the vanishing Gold Cliffs to have been swept away to sea by a violent storm after he had made his discovery.

There's still gold along the mouth of the Klamath River where it opens into the Pacific Ocean, but it would take hard digging to come away with any reasonable wealth.

History records that the Gold Cliffs are the graveyard for untold millions of dollars paid by gullible investors. It's an experience San Francisco prefers to keep forgotten, for the town was as cosmopolitan a century ago as it is today, and very reluctant to admit it could be the victim of so massive a hoax! •

"POWER AUTOMATIC"
Pellet Firing Target Pistol
and SILENCER
FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only $1.25

Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 35c for postage and handling. Not sold in NYC

HONOR-HOUSE PROD. Dept 580PA21
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

HEARING AIDS
UP TO 50% OFF COMPARABLE AIDS

• BUY DIRECT • 20 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Body Aids $49.95 up. Tiny, inconspicuous All-in-the-Ear; Behind-the-Ear; Eye Glass Aids. One of the largest selections of fine quality aids. Very low battery prices. Write for FREE literature. No salesman will ever call. Good hearing is a wonderful gift. LLOYD CORP.
Dept. WGW 905 9th St., Rockford, Ill. 61108

Help those who can't help themselves... Train At Home to be a
VETERINARY ASSISTANT

Pets Are Big Business.. and now you can get in on this ground floor opportunity. Here is your chance to combine your love of animals with a rewarding career—and work side-by-side aiding a man dedicated to helping those who can't help themselves.

Thanks to the intensive training you will receive from North American School of Animal Sciences, you will be able to earn the trust of this man. He will come to depend on your skill and knowledge to assist him.

Your training teaches you how to help him in examination, treatment, laboratory work, office procedure, and put to use the specialized knowledge that will distinguish you as a member of his animal care team.

Which of these ANIMAL CARE CAREERS Do You Want?
• Zookeeper • Humane Agent
• Pet Shop/Kennel Owner
• Laboratory Aide
• Veterinary Assistant
• Animal Hospital Aide

Study at Home. Keep your job and paycheck—learn in spare time. Thousands of others are doing it... so can you!
Find out today!
Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

Mail Coupon Now for FREE "Career Kit"
207

North American School of ANIMAL SCIENCES Dept. 3349 B
Careers by Home-Study
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport Beach, CA 92663
Rush me free "Career Kit"
☐ Mr. ☐ Miss ☐ Mrs. _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIONEER DAYS IN KANSAS

(Continued from page 27)

made by a man in Randolph who was a fine cabinet maker. I can still remember how glad we were when father brought them home.

Our first furniture was homemade. The bed was made from split logs and joined together as a bed and then legs attached to it. Instead of springs, rope was strung through holes in the side and ends and crisscrossed. The mattress was laid on top and both mattress and pillows filled with hay. Mother used to tell how she picked a substance resembling cotton which came around cottonwood tree seeds to make her first pillow. She saved every chicken feather and even stripped the wings and tail feathers to make feather pillows.

When the family moved into the stone house, they bought beds, chairs and a sitting room table. The first homemade chairs were made of large round logs and sawed in rounds about two inches thick and with legs attached. Some small benches were made the same way which would seat two or three. Our china was heavy stoneware, plate, cups, and bowls. There was no silverware. Our knives and forks were made of some metal that required polishing every day with fine dust to keep it bright. There were also a few tin spoons.

Our first wild fruit was dried and canned in tin cans which were covered with sealing wax. While father was working on the railroad a lady asked him to bring her some tin cans from Manhattan. The storekeeper showed father some glass jars which he said were much better so he took them. The lady would not accept them and said that fruit would surely spoil in them. Father gave them to mother and that was how she got her first glass jars. I still have one of them. It had a glass lid, too.

In those early days, the grain was cut with a scythe and tied into bundles. When dry it was pounded by hand and ground into meal. For coffee, they ground rye, corn and wheat to make a drink something like Postum.

Hogs were butchered and the meat cured at home. What was not used by the family was hauled to Manhattan and sold directly from the lumber wagon door to door. The extra butter and eggs were sold in the same way.

Neighbors were few and far between, but everyone was glad to help the other fellow. They shared food and cabins with the new settlers as they came out and until they could build cabins and break ground for crops. Food was simple, often dried peas and beans that were raised in our gardens and corn bread from ground corn. There was usually plenty of potatoes. Milk and butter came from the family cow.

Father helped many young men come out to Kansas by sending them tickets. Sometimes he hired one or two for the summer and in the winter they worked for their board and room. There were others who had no place to stay and father took them in. They were free to do as little or as much as they chose. Some of them would saw wood or grub out trees and do as much as they could to help out. Others did very little. Often we had as many as six or eight men during the winter and it meant a heavy task for mother to care for such a large family. Often there was nothing that could be done except saw wood and we would have more than we could use. Then father would haul the wood into Blue Rapids and sell it.

One day when he was going to Blue Rapids with wood he passed the cabin where a widow lived alone with her two small children. Although father was anxious to get the wood to town, he felt he should stop and see how she was getting along. When he went in the lady said she had been praying God would send someone to her as she was out of wood and it was terribly cold. So father unloaded all of the wood right there, and the lady praised God for answering her prayer. She told father that she had no money to pay for the wood. He said he didn't want any money for it so she went inside and got some dried peaches and gave them to him, which was all she had to share. Father did not want to accept them but she insisted and so he took the peaches because it made her feel better.

When father returned home mother said, "You surely got back quickly from Blue Rapids."

Then he told her what had happened. He said, "She was praying for someone to help her in her great need and I was the one that God sent."

Father loaded another wagon with wood and went to Blue Rapids to trade for groceries. This is an instance of how everyone helped the other fellow in those early days. In this way father repaid the man who lent him the pony when he staked his claim and also Uncle Jacob, who kept him before his cabin was built, as well as the man who lent him the oxen to break ground. As each settler became self-sufficient he helped those who were starting out or who had met with some misfortune.

All settlers had great trials in those days. There were drouths, floods, prairie fires and grasshopper invasions which darkened the skies. I remember when Grandma Swenson told me about seeing what she thought was a big, dark thundercloud coming from the West. As it drew nearer she saw it was a great cloud of grasshoppers. She called all the children and they got down on their knees and prayed that the grasshoppers would pass over without stopping. How happy they were when the horde did not settle but went on. It was truly an answer to prayer. They had experienced such an invasion years before when the grasshoppers devoured every green thing and left the stripped fields a pitiful sight. Even the trees were stripped of their leaves.

Although the pioneers of mother's day were faced with much hardship they were determined to stay on and with their faith in God they were able to make out. I often thank God that we had Christian parents and that they gave us faith in God when trials came. Father always had morning devotions but one day he was going to take some hogs to market and was anxious to get on the road before the heat of the day. He missed the morning devotions. He went out and tried to load the hogs, but everything went wrong. So father asked mother to call the children together so they could have the family worship which had been omitted. Then father went out and loaded the hogs and everything went like clockwork. This made a great impression on us and has stayed with me through life.

In my family, as soon as our children were able they would read a verse from the Bible along with us. This took time but it paid in many ways and made the children feel they had a part in the morning worship. They were also less restless than when my husband read alone.

As young people we had many good times. These are some of the pleasant memories I have of my childhood and as a young girl. We often had swimming parties in the Big Blue River. We young people would get together at twilight on moonlight evenings. The big yellow moon rose and shone on the water. It was just beautiful and we were young. We would build a big campfire after we tired of swimming and would sit around the fire and sing. It seems like yesterday. We would have a picnic lunch on the sandbar before going home.

The first day of May was one of excitement. We would gather in the lumber wagon and go from place to place hanging May baskets. What fun we had! The hayrack rides of long ago were not like today when they hitch a hayrack behind a tractor. Then we jolted along behind a lazy team and sank deep in the sweet smelling straw. There was always singing when the young people got together. They would sing until the very hills seemed to ring with melody and the big moon smiled down and appeared to be almost within reach. Taffy pulling was great fun, too. When the boiling syrup or molasses was just right we would grab it and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

handle it very carefully until it began to cool off, and the long ropes were a golden color and smelled delicious.

Fourth of July was always a big celebration. We got together with big baskets filled with fried chicken, cake, pie and other good things to eat. Oh, yes, and there were box suppers when all the girls vied with each other to create the prettiest box and to fill it with all kinds of good things to eat. You would have to go far to find more fun than a box supper. Each man tried to single out his favorite girl's box and when he did not get the one he wanted he was desperate, especially if he had bid a very high price for it. In winter we used to have exciting spelling bees on Friday nights when the crowd got together. There was as much excitement over the spelling bee as we have at basketball games today. We did not have the advantages we have today, but community spirit was very high and we did have very good times when we young people got together.

Farming was different, too, and there were no big combines that do the job as today. Father got the first grain harvester in the neighborhood that cut grain and laid it in piles. It took five or six men to keep up with the machine. They would take some straw and tie it together and then tie the grain in bundles and shock the wheat and later stack it. The first threshing machine was run by horse power. Several teams were hitched to a beam and then tied to another beam in front of them and they would go around and around and that would run the threshing machine. They had to measure the grain in half bushels and sometimes the man who measured the grain would disagree with the thresher and there would be some hot disputes. Threshing is more of a pleasure in this machine age, for in the early days women had to cook for a large crew in the very hottest part of the summer.

We had an orphan boy by the name of John who lived with us. He was about 15 years old. He could not tell the milk cows from the rest of the herd so we girls would go along to pick them out. Uncle Vilander's, Mr. Lundin's and our pasture were all in one. Sometimes we could have quite a time finding the cows. One night when we were slow in finding them, John got turned around and insisted on driving them the wrong way. We did not want to leave him alone with the cows so we went with him begging him to turn around and go the right way. It grew dark and he would not listen to us so we left him and started home to get father. We met father and Uncle Vilander coming with a lantern along the dark pasture looking for us. We told him where we had left John with the cat-

(Continued on page 60)

save a kid... NATIONAL SOCIAL CONDITIONING CLASSES NSCC U.S.A.

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet WG. It's free Vantage Press, 516 West 34th Street, New York.

GOLD & SILVER

LOCATE FROM A LONG DISTANCE AWAY WITH MY SENSITIVE

DIRECTIONAL LOCATOR

Send for my FREE INFORMATIVE PAMPHLET and read about this remarkable device.

CARL ANDERSON
P. O. BOX 13441-KK
TAMPA, FLORIDA 33611

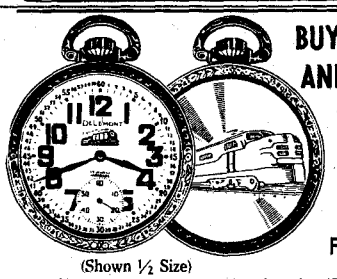
Hollywood Needs POEMS for Music & Records

WE GUARANTEE PUBLISHING CONTRACT on selected material

MONTHLY AWARDS

Your New Poems set to music and recorded. 40 styles including - C & W, Soul, R & B, and New Orleans Funk. Send your Poems NOW for Free examination, and our BEST OFFER TO:

TALENT SEARCHERS OF HOLLYWOOD
Suite 11-11, 6311 Yucca Ave., Hollywood, Cal. 90028



BUY DIRECT AND SAVE!

17J SWISS POCKET WATCH!

WITH FREE FOB!

(Shown ½ Size)

No. RRW .... DELEMONT Railroad Pocket Watch 17 Jewel SWISS MADE. Incabloc shock protected movement in heavy duty engraved case with special screw on covers. Has railroad engine on dial and engraved on back cover! Black numerals and hands. Unbreakable mainspring, antimagnetic, 1 year guarantee. Retail $55.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LIMITED OFFER $24.95 postpaid. (With FREE CUSTOM DELEMONT FOB).

Free Folder — Dealer Inquiries Invited — Order direct from:

DELEMONT WATCH COMPANY — Box W2
W. Farmington, Ohio 44491

WIN $500.00 EVERY WEEK

PAY-DAY MONEY PAID EACH AND EVERY WEEK
NO TIEBREAKERS!!! NEW PUZZLE EVERY WEEK
WE PAY POSTAGE BOTH WAYS—OVER $25,000 IN PRIZES THIS YEAR

Yes, we are giving away up to $500 in cash prizes every week, and you could win part or all of the more than $25,000 to be given away this year. Let us put your name on our WINNERS LIST!

The winner of this week's prize will receive his PAY-DAY CLUB money along with a chance to win another $500 every week. This person could just as easily be you! It has to be someone; give yourself the chance. With the weekly puzzle you get a list of PAY-DAY CLUB prize winners and the correct solution to the puzzles.

To receive your first puzzle plus full information on how to join the exciting PAY-DAY CLUB, just fill out the coupon below and mail it with 25c for postage and handling. It could start you on your way to Fun, Excitement, and WINNING BIG MONEY!! Remember, when you join the PAY-DAY CLUB you get a new puzzle for each week, and prizes will be given for each week. There are No Tiebreakers. One and only one puzzle for each weekly prize, and we pay Air Mail Postage Both Ways.

PAY-DAY CLUB, 7313 MELROSE AVE. DEPT. BT-11 LOS ANGELES, CA. 90046
Please rush by Air Mail my puzzle and information on how I can join the PAY-DAY CLUB without obligation. Enclosed find 25c to cover handling.

(Please print)
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIONEER DAYS IN KANSAS

(Continued from page 59)

tle and father told us to hurry on home as mother was very worried about us. It was midnight when we got home, tired and hungry, for we had not had supper. Poor father did not get home with John and the cows until two in the morning. They were all worn out.

Ida and I always had to take the cows to the pasture before we went to school in the morning. The pasture was across the river and we took the pony. One day there was a big rain and it left a large pool in the middle of the road. When the pony came to it she swerved to avoid the water and we slid into the puddle with the pony going full speed. The pony stopped and looked around at us as if to say, "What are you doing there?" We got up not much the worse for our tumble except that we were all wet and dirty. We could catch our pony any place by giving her an ear of corn. When she put her head down we grabbed her ears and slid up on her neck and onto her back. We could ride her without a bridle by slapping her on one side or the other depending which way we wanted her to go.

There were no household conveniences we have today to make the work lighter. Mother did all the washing on a washboard and used flat irons which she heated on a hot stove for her big ironings. Her first washing machine was one that had to be rocked back and forth with a handle. It was not very satisfactory but it was better than a washboard. I used the same method when I first got married. Later, electricity came in and we got an electric iron, washing machine, refrigerator, hot plate and percolator. What a change it made in housekeeping!

We had one deep sorrow when we lost our only brother who was the oldest in the family. He took sick and two of our neighbor's children were also sick. He was only a baby at the time. Our neighbor went to Manhattan and got the doctor to come out and father had him come over and look at my brother before he went back. He looked the baby over and then gave him some medicine. The baby immediately went into spasms and died before the doctor left. The doctor walked the floor and wrung his hands when he saw what happened. They understood he made a mistake in giving the wrong medicine. They could not speak his language and he could not understand them.

After that they never had a doctor if any one of us got sick but took care of us as best they could. We had measles, whooping cough, diptheria and mumps without a doctor and came through all right. I can't remember ever having a doctor except when we were vaccinated for smallpox. Mother was a mid-wife in Sweden and her mother had been one too. When a child was to be born in the neighborhood they would call for mother. She delivered over 200 babies and never lost a one. When her children were born father would call a neighbor woman in and mother would tell her what to do.

We were seldom sick and mother was strong and had lots of courage. We met with accidents as all children do. I remember when my sister, Ida, lost her fingertip in the sausage grinder. Mother had just finished grinding sausage and the meat had stopped coming out when Ida stuck her finger in to make the last bit of sausage come out and the tip of her finger was cut off. Another accident occurred when our stone house was built. They slaked lime in a big box and I came along and fell head first into the lime. They thought for a time that I would lose my sight as I could not see for several days. As I got older my eyesight got better but until I got my glasses, I could not recognize people across the aisle in church. I will never forget when I got my first glasses. It seemed as if I was in a new world. Everything looked so beautiful and I saw so many things I had never seen before. I never realized my eyesight was so poor.

In the fall, we cooked hundreds of gallons of sorghum. My sister Amanda went to work in Topeka during the summer but came back each fall to help cook the sorghum. We girls liked the sorghum cooking time because all the young folks would come over. In the evenings we would rake coals out of the fire and pop corn over them and sit around the fire and sing. My father loved to sing and had a good voice. We often brought schoolmates to stay all night and when it was moonlight father would take us boat riding on the river and we would sing all evening. When he thought it was time to go home he would sing in Swedish about "Pull for the Shore" and we knew it was time to go home.

As I said before, our pasture was on the other side of the river and we had to cross the river on horseback. One day our pet lamb followed us and kept coming into the water. It couldn't swim and started to float down the stream. We had to jump off and carry him to safety and then one of us had to stay with him while the other one went for the cows.

We walked two miles to school and in the winter we wore long underwear with long sleeves and one or two petticoats depending on the weather. We wore a heavy woolen dress and scarves over our hoods, leggings and overshoes and hand knitted woolen mittens on our hands. At school we played many games: Blind Man's Bluff, Auntie Over the Schoolhouse, Hide and Go Seek, Hide the Thimble, London Bridge is Falling Down, and Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?

Among some of the early facts about Cleburne is that it was founded in 1886 the winter before the railroad was built. The first log cabin was built over a cave on the lot of the parsonage and is still in use as a potato cellar and fruit cave. The first frame building was built by Mr. Pit Fenstrom and was mother's old home which is owned today by Mrs. Florence Bergsten Nordgren. Henry and Charley Swensen built the Swensen Brothers Store in 1895. It burned to the ground. It was owned by Albert Samuelson and Son at the time.

The First Covenant Church was organized in 1886 and was held in the Bellgrade Schoolhouse until the present church was built in 1892. Those who went to school before 1900 went to Harmony School about two miles north of town until a small schoolhouse was built on Main Street. Later they built a two story school north of town. In 1927, they built a two story brick high school.

When the Ladies Aid was first started, it met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Lunch was served in the person's home where the meeting was being held. Often the whole family came and the men visited, the children played together and the women sewed, made quilts or knit woolen socks, stockings and mittens. Everybody stayed for dinner, too. In the fall the women had a sale and sold the things they made. The money was used for the church aid and the missions, half and half.

A ferry was used in crossing the river until the first bridge was built in 1889. This bridge was ruined by ice a few years later and the ferry was again put in use. In March, 1912, a terrible accident happened which took the lives of three men. One man, Albert Holt, was rescued by Sig Palmer. The river was high and it was thought the ferry was too heavily loaded with corn and two teams of horses. The cable slipped and everything slid into the water and the three men drowned.

Mother was called upon to bear much sorrow while still a young woman. Her first husband, as has been said, was taken sick when they came from Sweden on a sailing vessel. He died and was buried at sea. She lost her only son when he was a baby and lost her second husband, my father, suddenly and tragically.

Father went to a church conference in Lindsborg. Ida and I went with him to stay with our aunt while father attended the conference. He took us to our aunt's and intended to go to the conference the next morning. But he had a stroke in the night and died before the doctor got there. What a sad ending to what was to be a happy trip! Uncle and Aunt Velen came back home to tell mother the sad news. At first mother was sure there had been a train wreck and we were all killed. She bore her grief with great courage and found comfort through faith in God. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HIRED GIRL

(Continued from page 21)

the grasslands of the west generally treated the Hired Girl with all the civility and respect shown the other members of their families.

News of bad treatment of a Hired Girl traveled fast and a farm woman who used her Hired Girl badly or overworked her was forced to pay a much higher wage, and usually got the type of help she deserved.

The Hired Girl of the west never knew what it was to stand and wait, as her eastern counterpart did, for a "gentleman" to take off his hat and coat and hand them to her to put away. For all ranchers and farmers, unless ill or crippled, were able and willing to remove and hang up their own clothing. And the Hired Girl had more important things to do than keep her employer's clothes free of dust and lint!

Though the girls had no labor standards, they toiled and ate alongside the family members, doing what had to be done. If the family was a large one, there was much cooking, washing and bedmaking. In most western homes the children were taught self-reliance and were able to help with those tasks. Only the babies demanded, and received, full attention.

The Hired Girl had more than enough to keep her occupied. She cranked both the ice cream freezer and the cream separator. She either rubbed the clothes on the washboard or pushed the handle of the primitive wooden-tub washing machines of that day. She turned the wringer handle to help dry the clothes, and she pinned the clothes on the outside lines both winter and summer.

Many a Hired Girl heard the friendly warning made by the housewife, "Be careful, Carrie, and don't crack the frozen clothes when you take them from the line!"

Water was carried long distances from the windmill to fill the reservoir at the end of the Majestic range so the family could have fresh water daily for cooking, for bathing and for dishwater.

Most of these young women who worked out were from poor families. At first, many worked out for board and room, for their families were too poor to feed them. Others left home because of family misunderstandings and difficulties. One such young girl, Harriet Emmaline Upjohn, at 17 left her farm home in Kansas because her step-father insisted that she herd cattle afoot. Emmaline was a proud and sensitive child, very pretty and at the time keeping company with the son of a rich cattleman who ranched nearby. When she made

The Hired Girl helped make the farm and surroundings cheerier.

her decision to leave home, she told no one about it; she just went to a nearby farm and started to work in the kitchen.

Emmaline worked on cattle and sheep ranches, then found herself employed as a waitress in a hotel at WaKeeney, Kansas. She met another young man whom she loved, and they married and raised a good family in California.

The work habits of the Hired Girl of that day produced the climate for good health and regularity of habits. The work introduced into her life during her employment was such that it trained her completely for motherhood and the responsibilities of bringing up her family in a well-ordered home.

The Hired Girl of yesterday became the Grandmother of today. She faithfully performed her duties to her employer, her country and her God. From a lonely existence working in other women's homes, helping to feed and clothe their children, she built her own sympathetic and understanding character. When she married, she helped to make a better world for her husband and their children. She gave an honored name to an humble profession, and she is still revered in the West by all who knew her and shared her life.

Other young women on the frontier — the Dance Hall Girl, the Harvey Girl, the Cowgirl and the School Ma'am — have heard their praises in song and story and on film. But not this young woman who was called, simply, *The Hired Girl.*

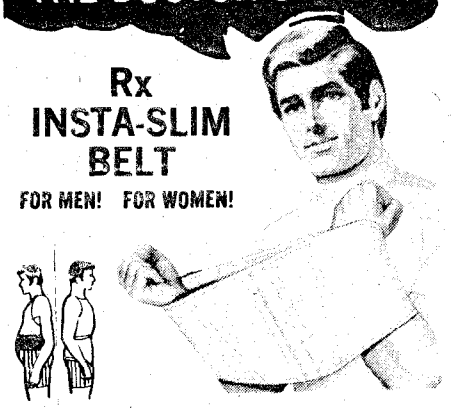
So it is fitting and proper that she should be recognized for this part she played in the Winning of the West, and for the many womanly attributes she possessed and passed on to the younger generation.

As Walt Whitman might have expressed it, "Let us sing the belated praise of America's Hired Girl — the Unsung Heroine of the West!" ●

COLT "45"
22 CAL. PELLET FIRING
Only $1.00
"STINGER AUTOMATIC"
50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.
Looks and feels like a real Colt "45" automatic fully 6 inches long — 4 inches high. Fires 22 cal. pellets as fast as you can pull the trigger. Great for fast action, combat type target practice. FREE supply of targets and 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.00 plus 35c for postage and handling. Not sold in NY City.
HONOR HOUSE Dept 580AT21 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

PELLET FIRING
LUGER® AUTOMATIC
● MAGAZINE LOADING CLIP
● OVER 15 MOVING PARTS
● FULLY AUTOMATIC
ONLY $1.98
Not Sold In New York City
Automatic full size model of a Luger Automatic pistol —contains over 15 moving parts. Loads 8 complete rounds which snap into the hard butt simulating a Luger. Fires 8 bullet shaped pellets. Has automatic slide action. Made of heavy, high-impact styrene with amazing attention to detail.
MOST AUTHENTIC MODEL GUN WE'VE EVER SEEN
Comes to you with working parts disassembled with cleverly engineered springs, full instructions, supply of pellets and targets. Full Money Back Guarantee. Simply send $1.98 plus 50c shipping charge
HONOR HOUSE CORP., Dept. 580LG13 Lynbrook, N.Y.
® T.M. Used by consent of Steeger Arms Corp.
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

"BE INCHES SLIMMER THE DOCTOR'S WAY!"
Rx INSTA-SLIM BELT
FOR MEN! FOR WOMEN!



A FEW FEATURES THAT MAKE THE FAMOUS Rx BELT SO FANTASTIC:
• Take inches off waist! • Vital back support for Lumbar & Sacro • Raises abdomen and keeps it there! • Incisional hernia support!

ABSOLUTELY UNDETECTABLE UNDER ANY CLOTHING, EVEN SWIMWEAR!
Made of Power-Knit SPANDEX to stretch with you. No wrinkle, no roll, no ride-up! Reinforced front and back.
UNCONDITIONAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
MEN'S STYLE (sizes 26" thru 52" $ 5.99
2 for $11.00
WOMEN'S STYLE (sizes 26" thru 42") $ 6.99
2 for $13.00

R. S. Sales, Dept.: 9031
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca. 90028
Waist size _____ inches. ☐ Men's Style. ☐ Women's Style. Add 50c postage and handling. For COD enclose $2.00 deposit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LINK IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN

(Continued from page 33)

at one of my claims, so I took on Black as a partner for six months. But Ed got to boozin' again and I had to let him go. When Tony Martino showed up with an Indian, Albert Leonard, I took 'em on and they worked for me three years. During this time, we sunk a sixty-five foot shaft in quartz at my best claim. Well, sir, that claim looked mighty good—until the rains came. A hard rain ended it all, and filled the shaft with water. We had no way of controllin' it.

"Tony and Albert went back to panning flooded streams, which, after rains, always paid off. I fiddled around and finally went back to the claim and pumped out the water. Well, you know, I hit it lucker'n I expected. I discovered a gold vein cut through by a dike of slate formation, and better yet, this vein was running through gravel into solid quartz—the veins of a blanket type. Now it was clear the shaft required only an occasional post to hold the earth in place while we worked, and trees were plentiful to furnish the timbers.

"That claim paid off and we three men worked it for quite a spell. But as most placer miners are apt to do, we got tired of digging for gold, and I decided to sell out and go back to panning the streams," Charlie Williams concluded.

The district was still very rich and miners were prospering, but Murphys was riding for a fall. Several fires had already threatened to destroy the town, and in 1859 one nearly did. This holocaust started in the Magnolia Saloon on West Main Street, consuming everything on the west end except the more substantially constructed buildings of brick and stone.

Among the buildings spared, and today still serving the public, were the Peter L. Traver, Mitchlers, and the Sperry & Perry Hotel built in 1855.

Since only the inside walls of the hotel were slightly damaged, they were repaired and the hotel went back into business as "Murphys Hotel."

On this afternoon jaunt, Charlie introduced me to an old friend of his, Gus Butler, an aged Indian, dozing in the sun on a "whittler's" bench in front of the hotel. Gus, over a 100 years old, who arrived in Murphys before the turn of the century, pushed back the gray felt hat shading his eyes and studied me intently before answering my question.

"What do I recall about the old days?" replied the kindly old man. "Oh—not much, anymore." A whimsical smile played over the strong-featured dark face. "Had a big explosion here 'round 1880—over there in the Stephens Brothers general merchandise store. They sold everything, includin' Giant blastin' powder. One day a keg of that powder exploded. Blew the store supplies sky-high! Wheelbarrow landed on top of this hotel, bacon slabs spattered the walls."

Gus' bright eyes crinkled at the corners. "Why, next day, everybody in town was eatin' bacon and wearin' new boots... *but me*. I missed out... was up at the Mountain Ranch. Got back next day."

Charlie and I sat down on the whittler's bench beside Gus. "Anything else?" I coaxed.

Gus thought for a long moment: "Yes ... fellow named Buster O'Dell and some of his cronies pulled a good prank on the local butcher we just called 'Butch,' who was well liked 'round here. Butch had a lotta friends. Roomed upstairs here in the hotel. Butch liked to go on a bender now and then. This night he was puttin' on a good one, here in the bar. His friends decided to have some fun. While Butch was gettin' good and drunk, some of the fellers stayed with him, tellin' Butch some hair-raisin' bear stories. In the meantime, several other fellers had got a burro up the back hotel stairs, outside. They tied the burro to a bedpost in Butch's room. By the time Butch was stupid drunk, and stumbles upstairs to go to bed, he's got bears in his hair. While fumblin' 'round in the dark for the bed, Butch, grabbin' a handful of burro fur, thinks it's a bear—and passes out cold.

"The boys, sneakin' 'round watchin', was splittin' their sides laughin', while puttin' Butch to bed. Didn't turn out so funny for the pranksters, later, though. They had an *awful* time gettin' that danged burro back down that steep, narrow flight of back stairs. Butch tried hard ... but he never did find out who pulled that one on him."

"Were you one of the fellers?" I asked.

Gus grinned sheepishly. "Meb-by."

Murphys Hotel played its part in the town's early-day history. The desk clerk handed me the ancient Guest Register, and from its yellowed pages, sprinkled with signatures of those stopping in Murphys during the gold rush days, I learned that Murphys Hotel had been a popular stopping place for both the famous and the infamous: J. Pierpont Morgan, Mark Twain, Henry Ward Beecher, John Jacob Astor, Le Count Rothschild, Ulysses S. Grant, George Hearst of Sheep Ranch and Modoc mining fame, and later U. S. Senator. Also the name of Doctor Adonis, correspondent for the New York Herald, appeared, and Sir Thomas Lipton, the tea tycoon.

Although Murphys, itself, was never considered a wild town, in the sense that it was considered 'bad' in those days, still it attracted its quota of desperadoes and highwaymen. In the ancient Register I also came across the names of Bill Holt the outlaw, and that of Charles C. Bolton, a handsome, soft-spoken gentleman of the highways—robber of Wells-Fargo fame—and best known as the Black Bart who had operated out of Angels Camp and Murphys, while fleecing a number of stages in this rich mining area.

The hotel clerk called my attention to a bullet-spattered side wall in the lobby, then to several bullet holes above the front door—mementoes of the "wild old days."

"This hotel," he said, was the scene of a couple of lively brawls, some of them ending in knifings and killings. Right here at this bar one night, trouble started between a fellow named Schowrer, and Bill Holt the outlaw. That one ended in murder. Holt cut and slashed Schowrer so badly that after he managed to crawl out that front door, he bled to death only a few yards from the hotel."

Joaquin Murrieta also had a hideout in French Gulch, not far from Murphys. It was locally known that from a lookout on Soapstone Mountain, he signaled to members of his gang on Bear Mountain. As the legend goes, Murrieta turned outlaw after several American miners took turns ravishing his common-law wife, then hanged his brother for a crime he did not commit; for good measure they unjustly whipped the proud Joaquin for stealing a horse. In retaliation for these outrages, Joaquin began killing and robbing, handing out the profits generously to his Mexican friends at Hornitis—his favorite hideout when posses were hot on his trail.

Joaquin's generosity appears to be borne out as truth by this incident told to Charlie Williams by the wagon driver to whom it happened.

On this occasion, Joaquin, obviously riding hard to escape a pursuing posse, was badly in need of grain for his shining black steed when he chanced upon Old Jim, hauling a load over a back road into Murphys.

"Halt!" commanded the outlaw.

Old Jim, recognizing the "dashing" Joaquin, and knowing his specialty was murdering American men, begged in terror, "Don't shoot; please, don't shoot!" To Old Jim's utter surprise, Joaquin didn't shoot; instead he lifted a bag of grain from the wagon, fastened it back of his saddle, then tossed four twenty-dollar gold pieces into Old Jim's lap.

"Thanks! Thank you, sir! Take it all, if you wish," cried grateful Old Jim, as Joaquin wheeled his shining black mount and raced on his way.

Charlie and I left aged Gus Butler sunning on the whittler's bench in front of the hotel, and drove three miles northwest to French Gulch, once a sizeable settlement, to visit old friends of Charlie's at the Carley Ranch.

Olga Carley, a stately blond living with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her mother, Lelia Carley, greeted us at the door of the original ranch house almost hidden in a maze of shade trees, shrubs and roses.

We settled down in the living room—dim, quaint and cool—which had been occupied by the Carley family for three generations.

"Now," explained Olga Carley wistfully, "it's only Mother, myself and my three brothers, Jim, Mark and Steve, now mining in Alaska. We're about all that's left of the old settlement of French Gulch. Just us and that ancient oak tree at the upper north end of the ranch." She pointed in the tree's direction. "Nine men dangled from a rope tied to one of its lower limbs.

"The history of French Gulch dates to 1850. As I've heard it, two Mexicans, whom I'll call Juan and Jose, were the first to discover gold here, (the Falcon.) However, neither the Mexicans or the Falcon lasted long.

"One day Juan and Jose got in a fight over the claim, which ended in Juan killing Jose, and in fear of being hung for murder—quite a pastime in those wild days—Juan erased every trace of the Falcon, fled to Mexico and was never again heard of.

"However, word of the killing leaked out, and, as naturally as sunshine follows a storm, miners flocked into the area, searching for the Falcon. They never found it but in the search, they located and filed on rich claims of their own. This sudden activity, of course, started the settlement of French Gulch, where once flourished a sawmill furnishing timbers for mines and several stores, etc.

"Then Mexicans moved in and opened up two Fandango dance houses—pretty wild places even for those days—and Mexicans kept coming.

"Hot-headed miners in the area resented this and cooked up ways of getting rid of them. So, one night, a brawl started in one of the Fandango houses, so the story goes, that ended when three Mexicans were strung to a limb of that old oak tree."

In answer to my question about gold in the vicinity Olga replied:

"Oh—there's still plenty! We still keep up assessment work on several good claims: The Buckeye, Crown Point, Lucky Strike, and the Falcon #1 and 2; the first one which so many miners failed to find! With so much mining around here to do, I just can't understand *why* my brothers keep going to Alaska to mine, when we have Alaska right here on *our* own ranch!

"For instance, Steve has gone out on the back field and from a two-foot cut, washed out $500 in gold one time, and later got $1,600. His last big haul brought $3,500 from one load of ore. It's not unusual for us to bring home anywhere from $25 to $30 from a casual field jaunt.

"Pocket mining's best after a hard rain, especially after the road scraper comes through. Then I've picked up some very nice nuggets exposed by the road blade. The last one weighed an ounce! Pure gold." Olga took the nugget from the writing desk to show us.

Although inclined to tarry and do some pocket mining myself, time had flown. Charlie and I had to leave the charming Carleys and the quaint old ranch house in French Gulch, and head for Murphys before dark.

"So you see," reminded Charlie, "Calaveres County is still rich in gold. The Mother Lode, a narrow strip of quartz formation running through it, is still the greatest gold bearing section in the United States. There're still millions of uncovered metal deep in the earth, waiting to be mined. But it's no longer easy, in most instances—like up at the Carley's—to pick up a big amount of gold from a day's work. That possibility, along with the romance and excitement of the gold rush days, has passed.

"Modern ways of mining has killed all that! However, we old-timers are still doing fair in placer mining along the creeks. Now I hear there's a new wrinkle in mining on the Stanislaus River; some fellers there are using a power raft and diving gear and doin' all right! Pickin' up nuggets weighing up to an ounce from the bottom of the river, and diggin' em from crevices between the rocks. I guess anybody can do the same thing—if they can afford a power raft, divin' gear, and *know how* to use 'em.

Charlie, widowed several years ago, his children married and gone, likes life as he finds it at his comfortable white cottage, where Murphy Creek sings through his yard and where miners mad for gold once camped on its banks.

"Believe it or not," chuckled Charlie, "I've been offered outrageous prices for this place. Turned 'em all down—even the last offer just the other day—when a fellow offered me $10,000 *cash*!" I asked what his answer was to that. A slow grin crept over Charlie's lean face: "Just what I'd told the others. Oh, I'd let him know if I changed my mind. And you know what? That guy walked away lookin' like he thought I was plumb nuts.

"Most of the old-timers," added Charlie Williams, "are gone, but anybody with some patience can still make beans and bacon at placer mining."

Another day had passed and I strolled back to my trailer, pondering on charming and hospitable old Murphys. I did not regret the lack of time for panning gold in the sparkling mountain streams... I had found my gold along Main Street where grizzled old-timers, sunning on whittler's benches, had told me about town characters, and tales of old mining camps still strung up and down the "Golden Chain" on Route 49. ●

WANT TO MAKE some easy money?

Let us show you how to begin AT ONCE... full or spare time. Many report $10 to $50 PROFIT FIRST HOUR! Nothing to buy...no salesman will call. EVERYTHING NEEDED SENT FREE including BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE!

Write: **Russell Products Co.**
DEPT. K86 COLUMBIA, TENN. 38401

SONGWRITERS
FREE PUBLISHING ON SELECTED MATERIAL
We offer **CASH AWARDS** – a new & different way for you to pursue your song writing ambitions. Send your best songs or poems today!
HOLLYWOOD MUSIC PRODUCTIONS
Dept. P 72 6425 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, Calif. 90028

THROWING KNIFE
Eight sharp, piercing points make this knife unique. Even the amateur can make this knife stick, first time and every time. Great for small game, or just target practice. Full 6 inches overall. Precision made from 1/8 inch thick steel. Only $3.00. California residents add 5% sales tax.

J. KLAUS
P.O. BOX 3741, ANAHEIM, CALIF. 92803

MICRO-MINI MIKE
Self-Contained. Picks up slightest sound & transmits it without wires up to 450 ft., thru any FM radio. Tunable 88-108 mcs. Use as a silent monitor, burg. alarm, music amplifier, intercom, baby sitter, hot line, etc. Only 1⅞ x ½ x ⅝". Complete with batt. Money back guarantee. —— Only $13.95.
Add 50c for postage & handling.
AMC Sales Dept. W
PO Box 610 Downey, CA. 90241

Hand-crafted by Iroquois Indians

We are now recovering from the devastating flood caused by last year's storm, Agnes, which flooded our plant here on the Reservation. We now have new 1973-74 products for you, and need your assistance. Order now!

New, Handcrafted Iroquois Desk Set with your initial and Gold Tone Banker's approval Ball Point Pen. Regular price, $2.98. Now $1.00

Two-color Ball Point Pen with blue ink. Twist and it writes in red ink. With matching Mechanical Pencil with two erasers and extra leads inside chamber. Retail price for BOTH, $2.49. Your price $1.00

Mechanical Indian Wax Lead Marker, writes on anything; with four pieces of wax leads ..... 25¢

Solid Copper Key Chain with Indian Head ..... 59¢

Long-writing Indian Stick Ball Point Pen, 7½-inches long. 2 for only 50¢

Ball Point Retractable Pen /Refill .... 25¢

Hand-painted Iron Indian Bank ... $2.95

Ceramic Hand-painted Indian Salt and Pepper Shaker $2.50

Fine Line Felt-tip Marker ..... 25¢

Desk Pen with Chain ..... 25¢

Collector's Item! Hand-painted Iron Statue Bank. Shows Large Grizzly Bear and Indian Scout with Rifle that Shoots Coins into Bear. Highly Desirable item $24.00

We also make Leather and Plastic Items. Inquire about them. We do appreciate your patronage!

Indian Made Products Company
Alleghany Indian Reservation
Salamanca, N.Y. 14779
Phone: 716-945-3450

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

It's so easy to place your own advertisement in this sure fire classified section—and it costs so little. Here's all you have to do:

Type or print what you want to advertise. Then count each word in your ad, including your address, and multiply the number of words by two (the rate is only 20 cents per word). For example: If your ad contains 20 words, the cost to you would be only $4.00 (20x20¢). Send your ad, together with a check or money order for the full amount, to:

STAGECOACH PUBLISHING COMPANY
P.O. BOX 58
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, NY 11571

(While you may use a post office box address in your ad, you must provide us with your home address and telephone number when submitting your ad for publication.)

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

SURVIVAL BOOKS! Guerrilla warfare, wilderness living, hunting, fishing, guns, self defense. Books—vital, fascinating, extraordinary, fast! Catalog free. Adobe Hacienda, Route 3, Box 517-E, Glendale, AZ 85301.

BOOK HUNTING IS OUR BUSINESS. Customer satisfaction guaranteed. No charge for worldwide search. D-J Books, Box 3352, San Bernardino, CA 92404.

THE LADDER OF RIVERS—the true story of I.P. (Print) Olive, by Harry E. Chrisman, 425 pages. 100 original photos of Olive ranches, family, cowboys, etc. The true facts of this controversial cowman: roundups, gun-play, lynchings! Send $7.25 cash, check or M.O. for your copy (Autographed by the Author) to: Harry E. Chrisman, 10245 W. 14th Avenue, Denver, CO 80215.

70-YEAR-OLD AUTHENTIC MAP reprints, $2. Books on treasure, history. Send stamp for Northwest Treasure News and Catalog. Box 5075, Spokane, Wa. 99205.

MUSHROOM HANDBOOK. 560 pages. $4.15. ANTHONYS SCIENTIFIC, Box 10187-A, Panama City, Florida 32401.

U.S.M.C. "Hand To Hand Combat" $1.50. Books/Manuals Catalog 25¢. Hillcrest Publications (Y-10), McDonald, OH 44437.

FIFTY YEARS ON THE OWL HOOT TRAIL, by Harry E. Chrisman. The fantastic, romantic and adventurous life of Jim Herron; first Sheriff of No Man's Land; Cattleman, cowboy, outlaw in Arizona and Mexico. In paperback, Ppd. $4.00. Hardback, $10.50 ppd. 355 pages, maps, many photos. All true. Western Library, 10245 W. 14th Ave., Denver, Colo., 80215. (No books sold in Colorado).

BOOKS LOCATED. SEND WANTS. No obligation. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chico California. 95926

SIOUX INDIAN DICTIONARY. Pronunciation-At-A-Glance. 4,560 words, two dialects. $3.50. WarCloud Products, Box 153, Sisseton, SD 57262.

BIOGRAPHIES OF BADMEN. "Billy The Kid," "Sam Bass," "John Wesley Hardin," "Joaquin Murieta." Hardback, illustrated. Each $2.95 postpaid. Free booklist. Western Lore, Box 9831-D, Fort Worth, TX 76107.

GHOST TOWNS OF ARIZONA. 130 ghost towns. Maps included. Over 200 photographs. 192 8½x11 pages. Hardback, $9.15. Paperback, $4.15. Cusher (4W10), Box 3567, Tucson, AZ 85722.

WESTERN HISTORIES, new and reprint. Book Club. Details, Box 71, Volcano, CA 95689.

"4000 CIVIL WAR BATTLES," by Carnahan, $3.00. "Famous Gunfighters" by Bat Masterson, $3.00. "Train Robberies-Train Robbers," by Pinkerton, (over early U.S.) cloth, $3.50. "Dalton Gang & Kansas Raid," Bartholomew-Elliott, cloth, $3.50. Postpaid. Frontier Books, Fort Davis, TX 79734.

BUSINESS & EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EARN $60.00 DAILY manufacturing Concrete Fence Posts. Practically no investment. Send stamped-addressed envelope. American, Excelsior Springs, Mo. 64024

$150 WEEKLY POSSIBLE addressing mail for firms. Begin immediately. Details—send stamped, addressed envelope. Fortune Enterprises, Box 607, Canutillo, TX 79835.

STUFF ENVELOPES. Average $25.00 hundred. Immediate earnings. Beginner's Kit, $1.00 (refundable). Lewcard, G392WS, Brea, CA 92621

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT LANDS DIGEST. A Monthly review of government Real Estate offerings throughout the U.S.A....Free subscription information!...DIGEST, Box 25561-GW, Seattle, WA 98125.

LOOKING FOR A RANCH? For the best, ask Bill Thach. Walsenburg, CO Ph. 738-1080, area 303.

THE LINK, a nationally advertised real estate paper has the largest selection of property for sale in the United States & Canada. Subscription rates: 6 months $2, 1 year $4. Advertising rates: Up to 50 words for $10 in Eastern or Western Edition; both editions $15. THE LINK, Box 48-S, Danville, WA 99121.

PERSONAL

UNIQUE CERTIFICATES—Witch, Spiritualist, Sorcerer, Astrologist, Voodoo, Evangelist, Palmist, Hovercraft, Nursing, College, Golf, Pilot, Birth, Mayor, Governor's Aide, Ordination, Flat Earth, Stock Certificates. 50 different certificates, suitable for framing. $1.00 each. List 10¢. Brundage Forms, P.O. Box 9966, Atlanta, GA 30319.

WESTERN STATE PENPALS! 25¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, CA 90405.

PRINTING

BUMPER STICKERS, DECALS, Buttons. Low cost, custom-made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and Save! Write for Free Brochure, Price List and Samples. Please state intended use. Reflective Advertising, Inc., Dept. W, 8551 Page Blvd., St. Louis, MO 63114 Ph (314) 423-5495.

EMBOSSED BUSINESS CARDS, $5.25 per 1,000. Black, Red or Blue ink. Wilhoit's, 6553 TWGW Elvin Lane, Hamilton, OH 45011

COINS & STAMPS

ONE! TWO! THREE! cent stamp approvals, regardless catalog. Klosters, 4164 52nd St., San Diego, CA 92105.

RARE COIN COLLECTIONS—Historical, informative, decorative investments. Information $2.00. J. Starry, Parkers Prairie, MN 56361.

MUSIC & RECORDS

NEW COUNTRY RECORDS - And tape cartridges - Original Carter family - Jimmy Rodgers - Gene Autry - Roy Acuff - Hank Williams - Curly Fox - Bob Wills - Bill Monroe - Fiddle Tunes - etc. Free catalogue - Uncle Jim O'Neal, Box A333 - Arcadia, CA 91006

SCHOOLS

BE SAFE. In your car, plane or boat, you're much safer with reliable two-way communications aboard. Complete tape-recorded, no textbook Code and Theory license courses. AMATEUR RADIO LICENSE SCHOOL, 12217 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025.

BARBED WIRE

ANTIQUE BARBWIRE COLLECTORS illustrated Catalogue, $1.00. **The Barbed Wire Book,** 300 wires illustrated and price guide, $2.95. Wire Sales, Box 6392-K Bakersfield, CA 93306.

FOOD & DRINK

WINEMAKERS...FREE Illustrated Supply Catalog of yeast, equipment. Recipes. Continental, Box 18223-W, Indianapolis, IN 46218.

GENUINE OLD-FASHIONED BEVERAGE RECIPES. Raspberry Shrub. Blackberry Wine. Orange Wine. Honey Wine. Cherry Bounce. Ginger Beer. All only $1.00. Bazaar Delectable Collectibles, Box 496, Chico, CA 95926.

HEARING AIDS

HUGE SAVINGS! BUY DIRECT! Eliminate dealer markups. 20 days FREE trial. Terms arranged. No salesman will call. Lloyd's—92, Rockford, IL 61108.

INDIAN RELICS

FOR SALE: Authentic Indian Artifacts. Contemporary Arts and Crafts. Stamp for list. Four Winds Museum And Trading Post, P.O. Box 66, Washington, AR 71862. Tel: 501 983-2209.

GOOD ARROWHEADS $4.00 doz. Folsom, $5.00, Bone Needle, $3.00. Flint turtles, buffaloes and thunderheads, $3.00 each. "Identification Guide to Stone Indian Relics," over 290 illustrations, $5.00. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for free list of books, spears, bannerstones, birdstones, etc. C. Secrist, Deerfield, MO 64741.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10 BEAUTIFUL INDIAN ARROWHEADS $2.00. Guajardo's, 8713 Shaver, El Paso, TX 79925.

HOW TO FIND ARROWHEADS: Illustrated book tells how, where, when to look, $2.00. Canyon Publishing, Canyonville, OR 97417.

IROQUOIS masks, rattles, husk dolls. List 50¢. Iroqrafts, Ohsweken, Six Nations Reserve, Ontario, Canada.

HUNTING & FISHING

SILENCERS FOR PISTOLS AND RIFLES. Complete details for construction and operation. $2.00 Gunsmith, Box 418 Fairfield, AL 35064.

TREASURE HUNTER

MILLIONS IN HIDDEN TREASURE, Gold, Silver and Jewelry "Waiting to see daylight" in many localities, why not join the hunt? Hidden treasure locating system revealed. Exciting details, send stamp. LO-RIG, 554 South Lake Mitchell Drive, Cadillac, MI 49601.

GOLD NUGGETS, $2.95 each. 3 for $8.50. Guaranteed Genuine. Roy Parker, Box 1974, Oroville, CA 95965.

FREE 1972 140 Page Catalog of Detectors —Books—Maps. General Electronic Detection Co., 16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, CA 90706.

POWERFUL METROTECH LOCATORS detect gold, silver, coins, relics. Money back guarantee, terms. Free information. Underground Explorations, Dept. 10, Box 793, Menlo Park, CA 94025.

TREASURE, METAL LOCATORS tops in sensitivity and depth penetration Free 16 page catalog. Geo-Finder Co., Box 37, Lakewood, CA 90714.

WILL YOU GAMBLE $4.00 to save $200.00? Choose any type of detector from our construction book "Building Electronic Metal and Treasure Detectors." Price $4.00. Trionics, Box 164-C, Brewer, Me. 04412.

TREASURE FINDER locates buried gold, silver, coins, treasures. 6 powerful models. $19.95 up. Instant financing available. Write or call for free catalog. Phone (713) 682-2728 day or night. Dealer inquiries invited. Relco, Dept. A-59, Box 10839, Houston, TX. 77018.

GOLD FOR SALE: Memento of the old days. Placer: Nuggets, Specimen, unusual beauty. Send stamp for details. E.Z.S., Box 709, Costa Mesa, CA 92627.

MISCELLANEOUS

CIVIL WAR RAILROAD ENGINE "General" stationery in full color. 10 folders and envelopes $1.00 prepaid or 6 for $5.00. 3,000 to sell. Nice for gifts. Sample 10¢. Donald J. Brundage, P.O. Box 9966, Atlanta, GA 30319.

"PIONEER FOLK MEDICINE". Folk-cures for Acne, Arthritis, Asthma, Overweight, Tired Blood, Constipation, Wrinkles, Cramps, Falling Hair, Bedwetting, Bladder. Complete book $1.00. Frontier Shop, Box 9832-D, Fort Worth, TX 76107.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS are being won in state and national sweepstakes. Complete registration information to enter all available State and National lotteries sent air mail for only $3.00. Modern, Box 222-AB, Upland, CA 91786.

MAN MADE DIAMOND NECKLACE, one carat sterling silver chain, $9.00. Earrings to match, clip or pierced, $12.00. Edward L Kavich, 6344 Columbia Ave., Nashville, TN 37209

INDOOR TV ANTENNA! Fantastic miniature antenna plugs into wall outlet - home's wiring becomes huge TV antenna! Guaranteed! Only $1.98 plus 50¢ postage. House of Treasures, Dept TW, 3009 Brockbank Court, Dallas, TX 75220.

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR MEN—by mail! Eleven top brands—Trojan... Sultan. Three samples: $1. Twelve mixed samples: $3. Plain package. Poplan, Box 2556-WGC1, Chapel Hill, NC.

MONEY BOOK. Free information. Hobbytronics 844-BTW, San Angelo, TX 76901.

GIVE ADVERTISING PENS TO CUSTOMERS, friends, gifts, fund raising; handsome writing instrument, colorful flag-type design. Hottest advertising specialty to come along in years. Fully guaranteed for one year. Delivery 30 days. 125 for 31¢ each-$38.75. 250 for 29¢-$72.50. 500 for 27¢-$135.00. Print ad copy or message wished with your check or money order to Gene C Moutray Co, Waco, NE 68460.

RECEIVE INTERESTING, DIFFERENT MINERAL SPECIMENS each month. Write for free information. Mineral of the Month Club, 13057-TP California St., Yucaipa, CA 92399.

"CURE ATHLETE'S FOOT" for pennies! Prevent reocurrence. Complete, easy method, $2. Guaranteed. National Research, Rt 16, Box 62, Springfield, MO 65807.

SAN FRANCISCO NEWSPAPER $1.00. California picture postcards, dozen $1.50. Stamped letters-cards remailed 10¢. Crawford, Box 536, Biggs, CA 95917.

INTERESTED IN: Guns, Hunting, Treasure hunting, Hiking, Western history. Wanted: women with similar interests. J T Shinkle, 3500 35th Ave., Greeley, CO 80631.

PENPALS WANTED

MARGARET PARKER (13)
10730 Burl Ave.
Inglewood, Calif. 90304
INTERESTED IN: Camping, studding, Indians, horseback riding.
WANTED: People interested in Indians and American history.

HAROLD ELLIOTT (38)
P.O. Box 352
Greene, N.Y. 13778
INTERESTED IN: Country music, treasure hunting, old cars.
WANTED: Those with similar interests.

PATRICK SWOYER (12)
RD 2
Rayland, Ohio 43943
INTERESTED IN: Antiques.
WANTED: Boys and girls interested in antiques, rocks, other hobbies, and western states.

ALICE PADDOCK (70)
P.O. Box 283
Florence, Oreg. 97439
INTERESTED IN: Nature, the west, camping.
WANTED: People my age with similar interests.

BRIAN ANDERS (16)
Box 772
Wilson, Tex. 79381
INTERESTED IN: Sports, history and the outdoors.
WANTED: People with similar interests.

JOE SMITH DYER (26)
2101 W. Walnut St.
Garland, Tex. 75042
INTERESTED IN: Travel, books, radio, TV and fine arts.
WANTED: People with similar interests.

WILLIE ANDERSON (33)
Box 813
Vallejo, Cal. 94590
INTERESTED IN: Sports, Travelling and dancing.
WANTED: Those with similar interests.

ROBERT WAGNER (20)
403 E. Jackson
Bloomington, Ill. 61701
INTERESTED IN: Pioneer women.
WANTED: People who want penpals.

GEORGE DERBY (88)
512½ W. 7th St.
Hanford, Calif. 93230
INTERESTED IN: Music, bands, orchestras.
WANTED: People with similar interests.

ROBIN POWELL (16)
10 Stewart St.
Charlottesville, Va. 22901
INTERESTED IN: Camping, hiking, exploring, western history.
WANTED: Those with similar interests.

RANDY MOORE (14)
Rt. 1, Box 100 C
Bangs, Tex. 76823
INTERESTED IN: Motorcycles, rock music, horses, the outdoors, sports.
WANTED: Those with similar interests.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLD TIMER'S CORNER

(Continued from page 6)

patenting the idea and making it pay you?"

I said, "No. Remember, I'm just a poor hillbilly and wish to remain so."

However, I would like very much for everyone to know about the remedy for taking out quills as I am an animal lover and the peace and comfort this can bring to the animals and their masters is what counts with me.

Did the camper offer to pay? He surely did. He tried to get me to take money, his boat and trailer, or anything he had. I refused. I only hope he might read this little article and know I am still trying to pass the good word along.

Now my theory is that the quills, being hollow tubes, filled with some kind of acid causing their rigidity. It is just possible that the soda counteracts the acid causing them to wilt. But this I'm not sure of. I only know it works and we fell upon it by accident.

THE TIME THE LADY SAVED MY HIDE

I WAS NOT yet a teen-ager at the time, was going to grade school, and had many friends near my own age.

One especially close friend of my age was named Howard. He lived about three blocks from where we lived, at the time with a younger brother and father and mother. His father was a teamster, drove four horses to a freight wagon most of the time. He was a short man, not over 5 feet 7 inches tall.

His mother, Mattie she was called by all her friends, had a crippled hand, but believe me there was nothing about the house she couldn't do. She is still living and still very active though she is in her 90's.

It so happened we had a big snow that winter and everything was sort of at a standstill. One Saturday Howard came over to our house and said, "Hey Bill, remember that haystack just out of town where the jack rabbits tunnel through?"

I said, "Yes, but what about it?"

"We'll take your dog out there and let him run the rabbits out and we'll catch a couple to eat."

This haystack happened to be right near the railroad and of course the railroad was plowed out so no problem for two strong healthy boys to make the trip out of it. Knowing dad would not be home till evening, as he generally worked till sundown, we headed off, without permission of course, as mother was rather lenient. She felt as long as I was with the son of her best friend I would not get in any mischief and therefore no harm could come of it.

So with "Mr. Dog" we hiked out to the railroad and trotted off towards the fatal haystack. Arriving there in a short time we could see, owing to the ground being covered and not much feed available, there were, sure enough, a lot of rabbits in and around the haystack.

I said to Howard, "You take the dog and hold him on this side till I can get around in back. Then turn him loose and let him spook those rabbits out of there and I'll catch them as they come out. You watch this side so if any get by him you can get them."

I got around on the other side and got all set. Then I yelled, "Turn him loose," as I dove into the hole to stop it up.

That is when the fun began.

I didn't realize what claws a rabbit had or how well he could use them if he was scared. Both Howard and I found out this day.

Well, we went home without any rabbits. Also, we were pretty scratched up and needing medication. Naturally, we went to Howard's house as his mother was so sweet and kind and we were really hurting. Mattie washed our wounds and put some salve on them, bandaging where needed.

Then I began to worry. I said, "You know dad will kill me as I went out there without permission I'm so scratched up I can't hide it. What will I do?"

Mattie was washing dishes. All at once she said, "Robert, (that was her younger son), run over to Billie's house and ask her if they will come over to supper tonight. Tell her we are having fried rabbit."

Knowing how my father liked fried rabbit I felt they were sure to accept the invitation. But we didn't get any rabbits. So I said, "How? We didn't get any."

"Silly," Mattie said. "We are going to butcher a couple of our tame rabbits. Now you and Howard get at it so we can have supper on time."

Well we butchered two nice fat rabbits and Robert delivered the message and asked mother since I was already at their house, could I stay? She said yes and that she was sure father would be more than glad to accept the invitation as he and Charley were such very good friends.

Then Mattie told Howard and I, "You boys keep out of sight when you see your father and mother coming. Hide out in the barn or some place and don't come in till I call you to supper. Also, let me explain the scratches."

Pretty soon we saw dad and mother coming down the path and we scooted in the barn and hid. Soon Mattie called, "Time to eat boys!"

Well we sidled in the door and tried to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible. The grownups were all sitting around the table ready for the feast when we sidled up to our chairs. Dad looked up at me. "Hey boy, what happened to you?"

Mattie spoke up. "Now don't jump onto the boys, they have been very good. It was an accident. I asked them to butcher some rabbits for supper knowing how much you like them and I suppose I was careless, not knowing at their tender age they would not know how to handle rabbits very good, especially such wild ones."

Dad said, "Well they'll learn to watch what they're doing around such things in the future, huh son?"

I just said, "You bet!"

I also said to myself that I'll never forget that wonderful woman who saved me from a good horsewhipping. And she did it without making up a lie. She only avoided telling it all. ●

THE MAIL POUCH

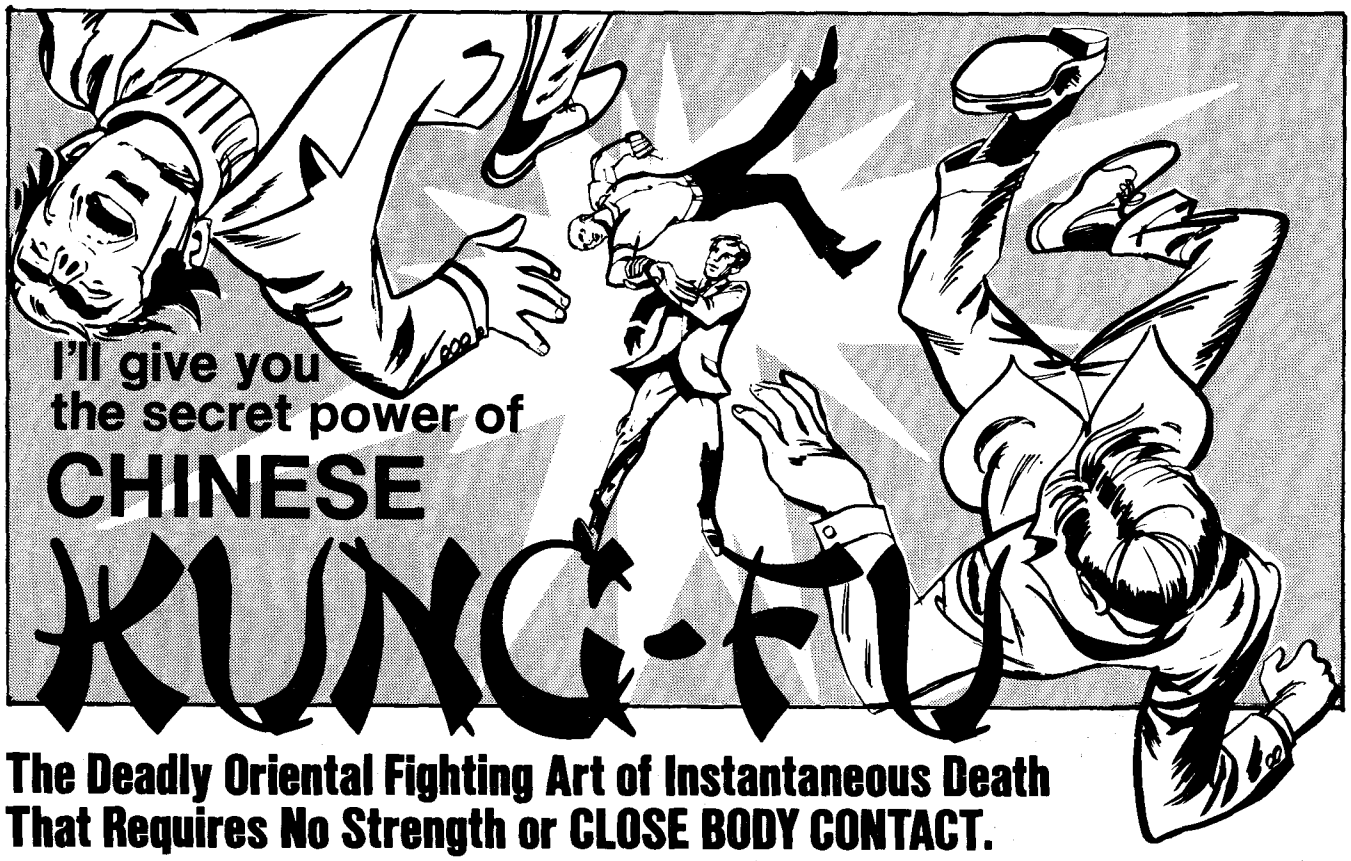
(Continued from page 8)

as one story says, he got trampled by a horse.

I want to know what happened to all the children and where he is buried. My father, before he died, said he knew of his daddy's half brothers—Sam, Wes, Deck and George. And I found an old picture of a Sarah Borton that said on the back, "oldest half sister of Sam, Wes, Deck and George Borton." They were all over Kansas and Missouri.

NELLARAY BORTON HOLT
Union Gap, Washington ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Deadly Oriental Fighting Art of Instantaneous Death That Requires No Strength or CLOSE BODY CONTACT.

★ **Self-defense without torturous training or rigorous exercise.**

★ **Instant self-defense for the weak, the defenseless, the fearful and the untrained.**

★ **Makes your body a live fighting machine! Hands, feet, elbows even fingers become deadly weapons of defense.**

★ **Faster, deadlier and easier than Judo, Savate or Karate.**

Revealed at last! The most secret, the most respected, the most effective of all the Oriental fighting arts—KUNG FU. ***So simple that if you can read then you can easily master the theory of this "flick-of-the-wrist" technique.*** **KUNG FU works on a secret principle yet its deadly force is easy to learn and easier still to apply. KUNG FU can take any one * without training and make him a fighting machine in seconds.**

THE SECRET OF KUNG FU REVEALED AT LAST

KUNG FU is a fantastic method of self-defense that was buried in the mysteries of the past. Once a part of a mystic Oriental rite, its deadly fighting secrets were only taught by Shaolin Priests to those considered worthy only after years of preparation and testing. KUNG FU was hidden from the public! Yet in spite of serious efforts to keep it from the world, word of its amazing power spread. Masters of other fighting arts soon learned to fear and respect its techniques. *They learned that KUNG FU harnesses certain dormant forces within you, enabling you to disable and destroy with just a lightning flick-of-the-wrist, and that KUNG FU requires no strength or extraordinary skills, in fact KUNG FU's brilliant defense never requires strength, size or undo exertion.*

HOW KUNG FU WORKS

KUNG FU is based on a simple yet lethally effective principle. *It is not necessary to physically match strength with your opponent in order to overcome his attack.* You harness the enormous natural power of your own movements. KUNG FU shows you how to take advantage of these fundamental laws of natural movement. Your rhythm is added to the very movement against you... so that **all forces are added together and unleased against your opponent.** This is KUNG FU—a force so simple yet so devastating that its techniques have stunned the world.

KUNG FU IS BETTER THAN OTHER FORMS OF SELF DEFENSE

KUNG FU is better than all other forms of self defense! Its secret lies in its simplicity and in its ability to overcome an attacker WITHOUT INTRICATE BODY CONTACT. Now, if you can read or look at pictures then you should be able to master the theory of this "flick-of-the-wrist" technique. YOU CAN WIN...EVEN IF YOUR OPPONENT IS BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN YOU. You can win if your attacker surprises you. And more—KUNG FU **means** deadly, often crippling self defense where **every part of your body is a fearful weapon.** Your feet, your hands, your elbows, your fingers become lethal weapons WITHOUT REQUIRING SUPER MUSCLE-POWER OR BRUTE FORCE. And you can do all this without years of training, special exercises, and especially hundreds of dollars in cost.

WHAT KUNG FU WILL MEAN TO YOU

With so many crimes of violence about us you could be in danger—anytime—of being hurt or worse humiliated! BUT NOW YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. **You can protect yourself, your family and your property with deadly efficiency in mere seconds.** Yes, and you can do it without years of training, hundreds of dollars in cost, and without long, painful practice. Regardless of size, strength or build you can beat the bullies and better the odds. Thanks to KUNG FU you need never be afraid again. You too can learn to overcome the fear of being shamed. You too can be the one that gives the beating! You too can control threatening, dangerous situations.

WHY KUNG FU MAKES ALL THIS POSSIBLE

Why??? **Because KUNG FU is as deadly as it is simple.** And it works for anyone.* Other forms of self defense like Judo or Karate require something special such as strength, speed, etc.... to say nothing of endless practice. A judo Black Belt Master, for example, must practice technique after technique... and take years to master it all. NOT SO WITH KUNG FU! **It's based on an entirely different concept.** Technique and form aren't very important. DEFENSE IS! KUNG FU is designed to help you defend yourself in most situations* with *an absolute minimum in effort and a maximum in protection.*

COMPLETE COURSE REVEALED NOTHING ELSE TO LEARN

The SECRETS OF KUNG FU are fully revealed in one amazing "how to" book. The course comes complete and there's nothing else to learn or buy. You find all the secrets, principles and techniques simple to master and easy to apply. You don't need any special apparatus or practice dummies. And once you master the SECRETS OF KUNG FU you can forget about other systems and other methods. Now, in the privacy of your home, you can learn the deadliest fighting secrets of all time *at your very own pace!* In just minutes you can find out how to deliver a crippling blow that leaves your opponent powerless and more... in seconds you can learn how to destroy your attacker's ability to fight... and much, much more. The fully revealed SECRETS OF KUNG FU, are so sensational that we make you this surprising UNCONDITIONAL 3 WAY GUARANTEE. You must be satisfied not just one way but fully 3 different ways or it costs you nothing.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
3 WAYS OR MONEY BACK AT ANY TIME

We're so sure that SECRETS OF KUNG FU is everything you'll ever want or need we make this unprecedented 3-Way Guarantee: (1) You must be absolutely and completely satisfied with the SECRETS OF KUNG FU and (2) KUNG FU must never fail you, in fact, KUNG FU must help you turn every threatening "confrontation" into victory, and (3) KUNG FU must give you a sense of confidence and assurance you've never had before. Yes, SECRETS OF KUNG FU must do all this and more or return **at any time** for a refund of your purchase price with no questions asked. You are the sole judge... could anything be fairer?

NO RISK OFFER—
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED 3 WAYS

CAPITAL ENTERPRISES, Dept. 145
227 East 45 Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Rush me the complete course of SECRETS OF KUNG FU. You guarantee me complete satisfaction 3 Ways... or I'll return the course at any time I wish for a refund of my purchase price and there will be no questions asked. I promise in return to use the deadly knowledge of KUNG FU for defense only and that I will never use its secrets as an aggressor ever.

I enclose $5 in ☐Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Please add 50¢ additional to cover postage and handling). SORRY NO COD's.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

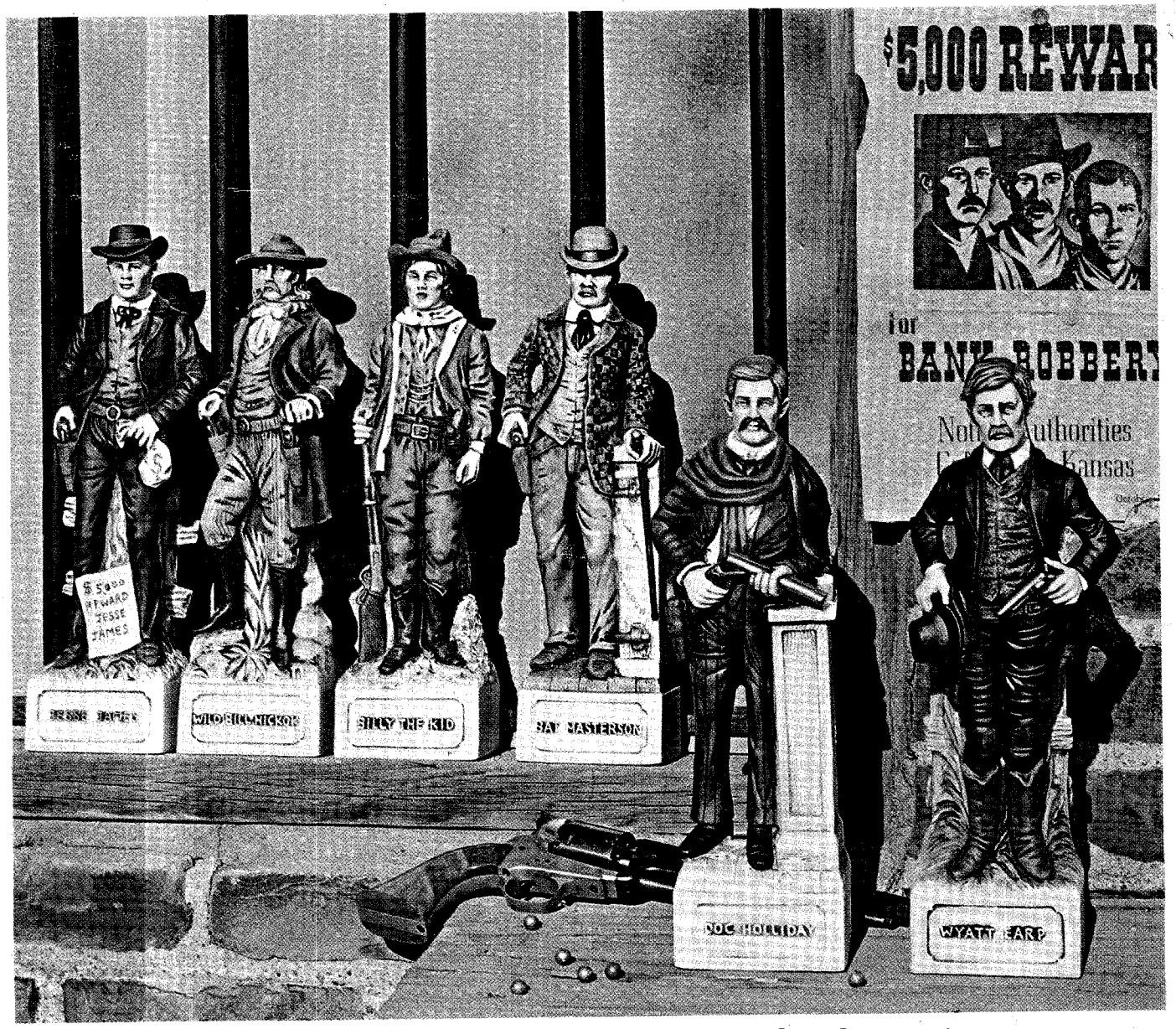
CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

*We do not claim that physically handicapped or other disadvantaged persons can perform these feats. Nor are these techniques claimed to be effective against anyone armed with a loaded gun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE GUNFIGHTERS"



A distinguished collection of authentic decanters—now available to everyone who reveres the Old West!

A MUST FOR WESTERN BUFFS! Six authentic portraits from the Old West. Each "Gunfighter" decanter has been created as an authentic portrait of each man, and is as accurate as detailed studies of historic photographs and records can make it. Each decanter is beautifully hand-decorated china, stands about 13½ inches high on its identifying base, with a removable head for filling.

LAWMEN AND BADMEN! Six of the greatest names to come out of our Western Heritage. WYATT EARP, marshal of Dodge City and Tombstone. His close friend, JOHN H. "DOC" HOLLIDAY, derelict dentist, gambler, and killer. The flamboyant JAMES BUTLER "WILD BILL HICKOK," Indian scout and federal marshal. WILLIAM B. "BAT" MASTERSON, frontier gambler and lawman. "BILLY THE KID" (William H. Bonney), credited with a man killed for each year of his short life. JESSE JAMES, who invented the daylight bank robbery and perfected train robbery.

FOR SERIOUS WESTERN BUFFS ONLY! Authentically created for the student of the Old West who knows his history. Every detail was carefully researched—right down to the shape of Wild Bill's belt buckle.

YOU'LL FEEL PROUD to display this collection anywhere in your home—rec room, family room, or den—and be the envy of friends, because you took advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity **first. VERY LIMITED EDITION**—and that's no bull. We have only limited quantity of these distinguished decanters available. Don't miss out. Order today. Each decanter is a bargain at only $18. Or, save a hunk of cash when you order all 6 for only $98! Prices postpaid, include postage, handling, and delivery.

HURRY! SUPPLY IS LIMITED! TEAR OUT COUPON NOW!

WESTLORE, UNLIMITED A
P. O. Box 1297, Kansas City, Mo. 64141

I enclose $_____ for the following "Gunfighter" decanters at $18 each:

☐ Wyatt Earp ☐ Doc Holliday
☐ Wild Bill Hickok ☐ Bat Masterson
☐ Billy the Kid ☐ Jesse James
☐ I enclose $98 for the full collection of all 6 "Gunfighters."

I am paying by ☐ Check ☐ Money Order.
Make check payable to "The Gunfighters."

PLEASE PRINT

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—OR RETURN FOR FULL REFUND!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED